THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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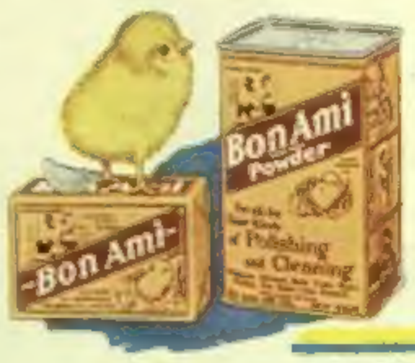

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More Letters From a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

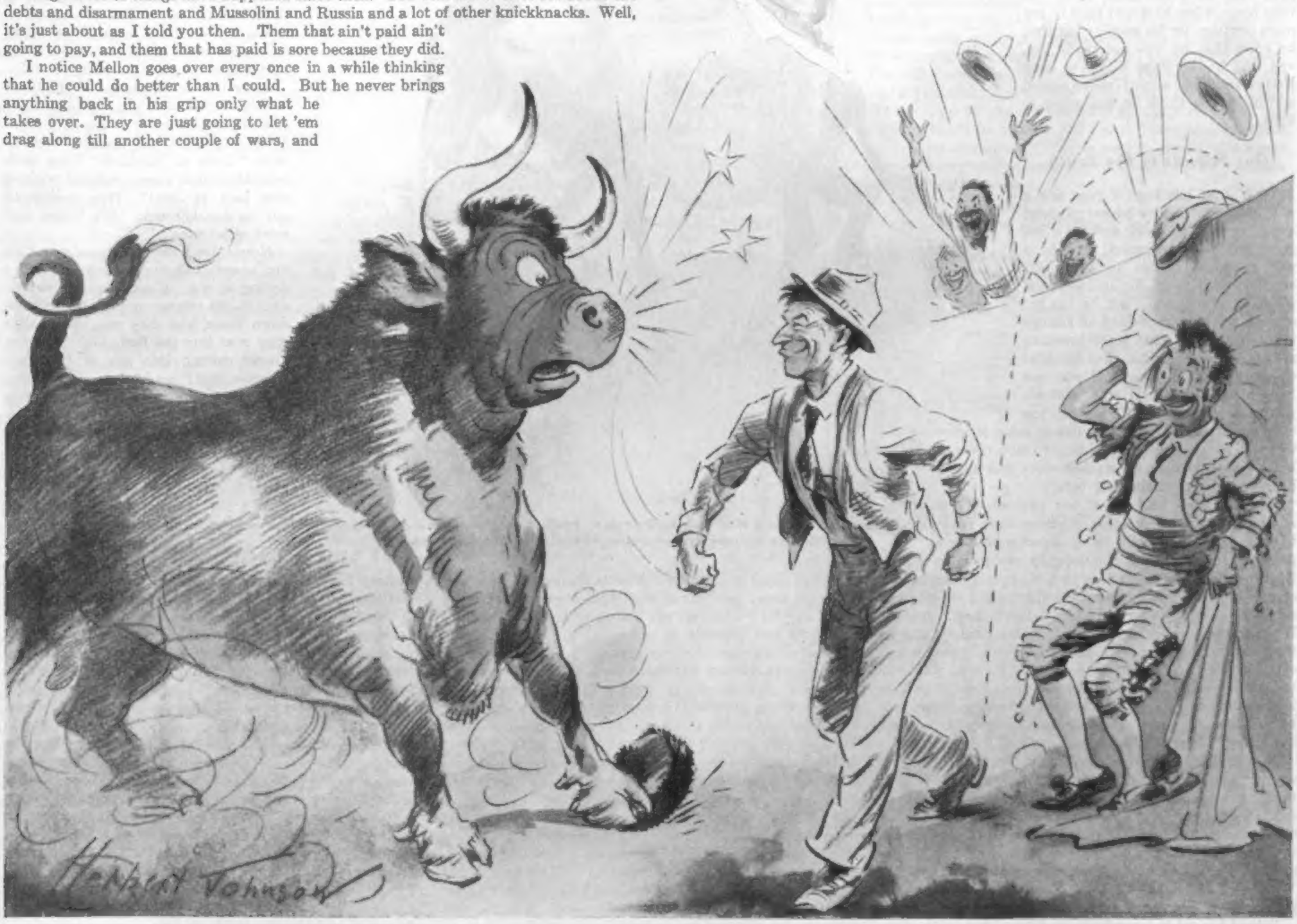
MEXICO CITY.

MY DEAR CALVIN: Well, I just got down here as you suggested me doing. You said I ought to go somewhere, so I figured it was Mexico. I kinder kept waiting for my transportation and expense money, but as it dident come I just figured that with Congress there watching you, and you talking so much Economy, that it would naturally look kinder bad for you to be raiding the Treasury just to send another Ambassador where we already had one. I took a receipt for the fare and will put in a claim, and by the time it goes through all the various departments it will mean a nice little nest egg for my grandchildren.

Well, it's been quite a while since I carried on a correspondence with you, and you might have forgotten the old handwriting. But we will just take up where we left off, although a lot of things have happened since then. You sent me over to see about the debts and disarmament and Mussolini and Russia and a lot of other knickknacks. Well, it's just about as I told you then. Them that ain't paid ain't going to pay, and them that has paid is sore because they did.

I notice Mellon goes over every once in a while thinking that he could do better than I could. But he never brings anything back in his grip only what he takes over. They are just going to let 'em drag along till another couple of wars, and the first thing we know we will be so many wars behind with our collections that we will forget what war we are trying to collect for. Personally I would like to see Andy get something out of 'em. For he has made a good showing here at home with what little resources he had to work with, and a nice chunk paid in over from France would have just about put him in the Alexander Hamilton class.

You know, Alexander and Andrew both took over our Treasury when it dident have anything in it. A war against England had just put us in the red when Aleck quit d[illegible]eling around one day and built the thing up into a going concern. Well, Andy took [illegible]er after we had just had a war on England's side, and we were broke flatter than [illegible] when we f[illegible]ught against her. It's cost us more to fight with her than it did



Well, I Just Got Down Here as You Suggested Me Doing

against her. So Andy has done mighty well. He has built up a surplus that calls for a Congressional raid. This is the first time the boys have met in years when they really had something to divide up.

Well, that, as I say, settles the debt question as well as it will be settled. Now that brings us to Disarmament. Summer before last I wrote you about that. I told you then that the Washington Conference was a success because we did the sinking, and that the Geneva Conference would be the same success under the same conditions. But as we had nothing to sink, the party fell flat. Where we made our mistake was in not building something in the meantime to sink. It's a mistake to say that disarmament is not possible. It is possible as long as we are the hosts and provide the sinking. Well, I am glad we found that out as quick as we did.

And don't overlook that little fellow Hugh Gibson and Admiral Hilary Jones. We thought when the conference was called that they wasent hardly big enough; that we should have some better known and bigger names to represent us. I know the two Kids. I was with 'em on the boat for a week and with 'em in Geneva a week. They wasent very big, but they were the only men we ever sent to a conference in our lives that got wise that we were supposed to furnish the drinks for the house. We have had bigger men go to conferences, but we never lost as little as we did at this one. So if the time ever comes before you choose to get out of there, if you can throw anything those two boys' way, why I wish you would do it. They come nearer being Diplomats than anything we have had at a conference in fifty years.

Now the other things you sent me for was Mussolini and Russia. Well, at the time, you remember, everybody was saying that Mussolini would plunge Europe into war any day. Well, if you will have one of the help there look back over the files of our correspondence you will find where I reported to you that Mussolini dident want to fight any more than I wanted to punch Dempsey in the jaw; that he would fight when the time come, when he would have to get more territory for his people; but that he knew that he was not ready yet, and that he did these things to keep France and these other Nations scared and make 'em think he was going to fight.

Our Friends to the South

NOW that has been a year and a half ago, and he hasent plunged anything into war yet, and he is not going to; he is too smart; and he is not going to plunge for the next couple or four years, for he knows the plunging is not good. But he has got something that France and all Europe is jealous of, and that is the breeding system. They are raising five hundred thousand boys a year; and you can have all the advanced war methods you want, but, after all, nobody has ever invented a war that you dident have to have somebody in the guise of Soldiers to stop the bulletts. So, you see, he knows that every year he will be more ready than the year before.

You see, Boss, with all of our Diplomacy and advancement and education, Nations have never become civilized enough to sell another Nation a piece of ground when they absolutely needed it for their overflow. Some Nations own big dominions that are sparsely settled, but do you think they would sell them to some nation who would settle and develop them? No, sir! It would be a breach of honor if they ever let anything go they got their clutches on. They don't mind losing it in a war, but they don't want to have to sell it; that would be too commercial. So Muss knows at some time, if he lives long enough and Italy's marksmanship don't improve, that he will have to go out hunting and bring in some more land where his people have room to live.

Now that brings us down to Russia. Russia just thrives on propaganda. She does love propaganda. Instead of taking the money and improving her country, why, she sends it out to try and buy propaganda. If she spent that much money at home, then invited people in too see how well she was doing, why she wouldent need any propaganda. So Russia just remains poor, just to show the World they are right. They call each other Comrades, but they don't call each other to dinner very regular.

Poland has got independence, and they want to do something to celebrate their independence, and they figure that taking Lithuania would be just about the fitting climax to a proper celebration.

Ireland quieted down, just as I told you it would. You see, they found out in a war with each other that somebody got hurt, so why shoot each other for no good at all? So Ireland is going fine.

China, while you dident send me over with our Marines, has had a war. It was the usual modern war. Nobody knows who won.

Now the reason I am taking all these things up is just like you did in your message to Congress. You drag in a kind of a rehash of all that has happened since you last lectured the boys before. So you will pardon me for mentioning all the foregoing. But I want to show you that I am earning every nickel I get out of the job, and like yours or any presidential Message, I am trying to prove to you that I am the best man for the job. So it stood to reason that when clouds begin to gather in another direction that I was the one to make a weather report. So we started in to pay some attention to our neighbors on the south. Up to now our calling card to Mexico or Central America had been a gunboat or a bunch of Violets shaped like Marines. We could never understand why Mexico wasent just crazy about us; for we had always had their good-will, and Oil and coffee and minerals, at heart.

You Know What a Burro is, Don't You? It's a Little Old Kind of a Mule; It's Not a Piece of Furniture. That's Spelled Beaureaux

So when our punitive expeditions —— Whenever we lose a foreign military argument we call it Punitive. Well, when the punitive smoke had cleared away we couldent figure out why they dident appreciate the fact that they had been shot in the most cordial manner possible; that we were only doing it for their own good. We couldent realize their attitude in not falling on our necks and blessing us for giving them the assistance of our superior knowledge of government.

Well, to show you that they couldent take a joke and were utterly lacking in humor, they resented it instead of thanking us. We got to counting up and taking census, and we found that our last Southern friend geographically was located at Brownsville, Texas, and Key West, Florida. Well, that dident make us lose any sleep. But the first thing we knew these people were buying things, and we looked close and they dident have our trade-mark on 'em. In fact they was getting things in other countries and not from us. They was going away over to Europe to do it.

And then they got to passing laws, what they could do with their own lands and their own Natural resources, and here they wasent asking us anything about 'em. Well, that was a fine come-off! What right did they have to pass a law telling us what we were to do with their resources in their country? And the funny part the rascals got away with it! Can you imagine the nerve of some little upstart Nation telling an American Oil Millionaire that he could dig Oil only fifty years more before taking out another lease. Or some other little Pup-Tent Nation still further south electing a President that we hadent Vessayed? Here they were, taking themselves seriously. That wasent so bad, but it was interfering with our trade, our Oil and our Bananas.

Well, we just got out the old typewriter, loaded her up with ammunition and commenced to shooting the Notes to 'em. We would show 'em! We would keep 'em so busy reading they wouldent have time to pass laws. But the rascals wouldent even go to the trouble of having the notes translated. We tried Diplomats on 'em, but they wouldent dip. So we begin to realize that we better find some way to fix this up. It's all right to lose a friend; but when you lose a friend that spends money with you it's beginning to get serious.

The Bright Boy of the Class

OF COURSE, as you know up there, Mr. President, some were just for going down and taking Mexico over. Where did this country down here, with no great chains of Commercial Clubs, and Chambers of Commerce and Junior and Freshman Chamber of Commerces, and Rotararys, and Kiwanis and Lions and Tigers Clubs, and No golf pants, and no advertising Radio programs—where did a Nation like that come in to have Oil, anyhow? It was a kind of an imposition on their part to even have us go to the trouble of going down and taking their country over. But we would go ahead and do it and have it over with; we should have taken the whole thing before when we took the parts we did.

But our wiser heads got to thinking, "Well, we picked up the Philippines and now we got no place to lay it down." Then some that had studied History says, "Look at England! They took everything that wasent nailed down and now look at 'em!" Then somebody got to figuring out: "We better find some other way."

Now I don't know if it was you, Calvin, or not. I kinder give you credit for doping it out. 'Cause when those balance sheets commenced coming in from down there, and they was slowly slipping over into the Red, why, that was kinder cutting into one of your pet schemes, and I can just see you looking around for something that wasent a Diplomat and saying:

"I will take one last chance, as it's a business we want and as it's business we are arguing over. I believe just for a last resort I will send a business man."

And as the football season was on and being the only time of year when Colleges ever come into anybody's mind, why, you happened to think of your old preparatory School of Amherst. It was still up there around Northampton to furnish dancing partners for Smith Girls till they could get over in a big town and pick up something permanent. Well, when your thoughts went to Amherst you couldent hardly help thinking of the old Graduating class, and of the fellow that they practically had the graduation for. Amherst had practically existed for four years just to advance the qualities of a student called Morrow. They voted at the end of the graduation as to what boy in the class would be apt to acomplish things that would make people doubt he come from Amherst. Well, Morrow got every vote in the class but two, and you got those two.

Now Morrow voted for you, but there has always been a traditional suspicion that you dident vote for Morrow. In fact the first vote you ever cast is suspected of being a kind of a family affair. Now I am not saying it's so. It's only hearsay with me. I got the story from Morrow. Well, anyhow you showed yourself a good fellow by not holding against him the fact that the rest of the class outside yourself considered him the brightest boy.

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THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD

By Jay E. House

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

I HADN'T seen Cousin Barney Hance for eight years. And so, in the early morning at a point two or three miles west of Princeton, I left the main-traveled road and took the lane leading south. In the shank of the evening I turned in at Barney's place, after driving 100 miles in the rain.

It was in the old neighborhood, the one in which Barney and I were born. He is the cousin nearest my own age and the one I have known best. There is nothing restless about Barney. He was born on a farm three-quarters of a mile from the one he now owns, grew up on one adjoining and has lived in the neighborhood all his life. Barney has been around. He has been to Chicago and Kansas City, and once he went on an excursion to Texas to look at land. He has gone to the state fair time and again. But, on the whole, he is a well-rooted citizen of the type and kind in whose behalf certain of his fellow countrymen shout countless jeremiads.

Farmers Then and Now

THIS relation assumes to be no epic of success. Still less is it a melancholy note pitched in the key of despair. It is not in any sense a discussion of farm problems, or a prescription for the relief of farm woes. Nor does it deal at length with the life and work of Barney Hance. He is exceedingly casual to this endeavor, which is that of posting certain vivid recollections of boyhood upon the back drop of the present. It is, briefly, the saga of two generations of farmers personified here by Barney Hance and his father, Andrew.

Probably the picture with which I am most familiar is that of the farmer in unhappy contemplation of his own woes. I have looked upon it all my life. Beginning with the fiat-money craze of the late 70's and early 80's, which is as far back as my recollection goes, I cannot remember when there was not, upon the hustings or in the legislative halls, somebody on his feet demanding governmental relief for the farmer. More paid and voluntary mourners have attended the farmer than have enlisted in behalf of any other class.

There is no assumption here that the grievances of the farmer are entirely imaginary. He has his troubles. Nor is this a concession to the belief that his woes may be healed by statutory enactment. That which is known to a certainty is that they never have been so healed. Anyhow, I have so long been familiar with the farming scene that the injustice wrought upon it no longer moves me deeply. The farmer, it seems to me, has done about as well as anybody else. Compared with that led by his father, Barney Hance lives a life of luxury and ease.

As I have indicated, Cousin Barney is just an average farmer. He has fair intelligence, was given a certain plodding industry and has practiced reasonable thrift and caution. He isn't stingy, but he doesn't spend money he hasn't got for things with which he can get along without. He lacks imagination and is almost devoid of the qualities which create in men the images of great achievements and drive them on to their accomplishment—or to failure. Barney is typical; there are millions like him. They achieve what, in their environment, passes for success, and die satisfied to have done so well.

Barney owns the north eighty of the old Stout farm. Shortly after he was married, now a little more than twenty-five years ago, the place was parceled out in order to facilitate a quick sale, and Barney took the north eighty, on which the farm buildings were located, at a price of $12,000. He owned horses, cattle and hogs in numbers sufficient to stock it, the necessary farming implements, and had about $1000 in cash. His father signed a note with him for the remainder of the down payment; the balance rode along on a mortgage. Barney paid off the note and the mortgage long ago. His place is clear; he owns a little bank stock and has some money out at interest. There is nothing spectacular about Barney's very modest success, but he told me he'd made a little money every year.

A Few More Acres for Corn

THE old Stout farm is all smooth plowland now. Every foot of it is tillable and productive. The rotting stumps are gone. The gaunt deadened trees, depressing skeletons of a green forest, have disappeared, and the hawks and vultures roost elsewhere. But I can remember when the west forty of the north eighty and most of the south eighty were virgin timber. On my way to and from school I traversed the road which bisected the place. John Stout and his hired man, at the expense of prodigious labor, drove the forest back, almost inch by inch. Every spring there were a few additional acres of cleared land—a little more new ground to be planted to corn.

And what a frightful economic waste it was! Men performing prodigies of labor to clear land of timber which Nature had been hundreds

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The Farmer, it Seems to Me, Has Done About as Well as Anybody Else

SILVER BLONDE

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

MISS PEGRAM, looking aloof as Artemis, stood listening to the conference between the lady in moss-green broadcloth and beige fox and Miss Burgess, the head of the department.

"I haven't the shadow of an account here," the lady announced in an indifferent, rather charming voice, "and I don't think I ever have had one. What's more, I haven't any money to speak of, with me. But this young woman has just shown me a dress which is exactly what I want to wear to a luncheon at which I'm due in half an hour. I don't suppose there is any way you could let me put it on and wear it out of the shop."

"You have accounts at other stores?" Miss Burgess asked her.

"Quantities of them. But you haven't any time to look them up. My name is Mrs. Coleman Fahnstock. You'll find me in the Social Register, if that hospitable volume is of interest to you. I belong to the Colony Club and I have made the telephone book."

"I've heard of Mrs. Fahnstock," Miss Burgess said quickly. "You'll pardon me, Mrs. Fahnstock, but just as a formality, have you any way of identifying yourself?"

"You mean a strawberry mark on my shoulder?" Mrs. Fahnstock drawled. "No, I'm afraid not. I've always been able to find myself without much search so far."

Miss Burgess, who was not a humorist, smiled politely. "I thought if you had a card perhaps ——"

"I may have one." The lady opened her lizard bag. "Probably not. Here's a letter, anyway—two letters. I don't know whether they'll prove convincing. They were sent to my address in Greenwich, you see. Of course, I may have picked them up in the streets."

Miss Burgess had glanced at the envelopes.

"That's quite all right, Mrs. Fahnstock," she declared. "Just a formality, you understand. You'll be wanting to start an account with us, won't you, Mrs. Fahnstock?"

"You might start one, though I'll probably drop in tomorrow and pay you by hand. I loathe having bills outstanding."

"At least I'll have the credit department send a card to your address. Now don't you want Miss Pegram to help you into the gown?"

"Can she? That's awfully nice. I won't forget how courteous you've been."

"We're delighted to be of service," Miss Burgess declared.

Mrs. Fahnstock walked back to the French-gray cubicle, where she had tried on various gowns, trailed by beautiful, cool-looking Miss Pegram, who was raging within.

That was the way. If you were rich you could get away with anything. Two letters and a few arrogant words, and the choice of the stock was given to you. Hot chance she, Helen Pegram, would have of walking into a two-hundred-dollar dress without paying a cent. And she needed a dress. Absolutely must have it.

It was, as may be judged by those reflections, at life that Helen was aggrieved, not at Mrs. Fahnstock, who had treated her like a human being and continued to do so while she changed.

Miss Burgess Had Glanced at the Envelopes. "That's Quite All Right, Mrs. Fahnstock," She Declared. "Just a Formality, You Understand"

"I haven't bought a dress of this sort since I don't know when. But I happen to be going to an old-lady luncheon and that generation always thinks simple clothes a little disrespectful."

"Yes, I know," Helen Pegram answered, although all she knew on the subject was that that was what she was supposed to say.

Fortunately the instinct for the required response had become practically automatic in Miss Pegram, for she was not thinking very much about Mrs. Fahnstock. She was wondering whether she would be able to stall off Mr. Montgomery for yet another time with her headache story. Not a chance. It had even sounded a little suspicious when she used it last.

A new dress for that evening! It was a cable over which she might cross the chasm to the land of her dreams—to society.

PEGRAM–MONTGOMERY

At the Little Church Around the Corner were married today, Miss Helen Pegram and Mr. S. Otis Montgomery, the well-known business man and society favorite. Miss Pegram has recently moved to New York from Mumford, Indiana, where she was well known socially.

That might have been, with more details about Mr. Montgomery, of course, and a description of her clothes. In fact, it very probably would have been if Ed Pegram had hurried a little in sending the money which was Helen's share of their mother's small estate, and about which Helen had been sending passionate telegrams for the past week and receiving infuriating ones.

EDWARD PEGRAM,
MUMFORD, INDIANA.

HAVE YOU SENT MY CHECK? VERY IMPORTANT. HELEN.

Ed had wired back: "What's the hurry?"

"Vital," Helen had replied. "Whole future may depend on getting it at once."

Then Ed had tried to be funny: "Slow down to twenty miles an hour."

Helen answered: "No joke. Need money horribly. Has check been sent?"

To that, there was no reply, which was if possible more maddeningly like Ed Pegram than the telegrams. Ed would take his time. Meanwhile her society romance would be lost forever, dead of sartorial inanition.

It was the second time Helen Pegram had pursued romance. She had an impulse, as she knelt to judge the hem of Mrs. Fahnstock's gown, to employ that attitude of supplication for an appeal to Mrs. Fahnstock, who seemed so kind.

"Mrs. Fahnstock," it was in her mind to say, "have you a dress you could rent or lend me just for tonight? I can't tell you how badly I need one."

But if Mrs. Fahnstock asked why, she couldn't give the kind of explanation which would appeal to a really nice woman. And Mrs. Fahnstock would undoubtedly ask why.

Then she would probably say to Miss Burgess: "Really, you have the most extraordinary saleswomen in this shop! The one you gave me asked if she could borrow a dress from me tonight."

Miss Pegram had seen customers in Benson's do things as ugly as that. And if that happened she would be out of a job. Her job was a thing with which Helen Pegram would take no chances.

Mrs. Fahnstock was finished. She stood for a moment examining her reflection in the glass. "I think I look very lady-come-to-see," she commented gayly. "Well, it should please the dowagers."

Helen Pegram had the dress Mrs. Fahnstock had worn in, over her arm.

"Do you want this sent out to Greenwich?" she asked.

"No, I'm staying in town overnight with a friend. Send it to No. — West 56th Street, in care of Miss Edith Brown. Thanks a lot for helping me."

"It was a pleasure," Miss Pegram said.

Mrs. Fahnstock started out but turned at the door of the cubicle. "I think I'll take that georgette-and-strass evening dress, too—the citron one. Is it in that pile?"

"This one?"

"Yes, send it to the same address—that is, if there's no difficulty because of my being unknown. If there is it doesn't matter."

After she had escorted Mrs. Fahnstock to the elevator Helen went back and consulted Miss Burgess about the citron georgette. There was no difficulty of course.

"Sure, send it on," Miss Burgess told her. "That's a good new customer for us."

"Oh, did you look her up?" Helen asked.

"Haven't had time," Miss Burgess replied. "But a woman doesn't grow a manner like that on unpaid bills."

It was past the usual hour for Helen's luncheon. After she had arranged for the delivery she spoke to Miss Burgess again and went down to the lunch room Benson's ran for its employes.

There was a good, rich-looking soup which Helen supposed she should take. It was a whole meal in itself. But what was the use of economizing and saving a few cents? She offered her unhappiness the consolation of a chicken salad and a wedge of coconut cake.

As she ate it she contemplated what the immediate future held for her: An afternoon of being servile to difficult women; of selling clothes she adored to people whose possession of them was a crime; and about half-past four the necessity of telephoning S. Otis Montgomery, who had told her that half-past four was about the best time to speak to him.

"We usually have a little tiffin in the office about four. Very bloody English, don't you know!"

Helen could foretell the conversation almost to a word:

"Is Mr. Montgomery there?"

"Just a minute, I'll see. Will you hold the wire, please?"

At last his "Hello!"

"Is that you, Mr. Montgomery? This is Miss Pegram."

"Hello, hello, hello. How's tricks, little girl?"

"Oh, everything is all right, but I've got kind of a headache and I'm afraid I can't come to dinner."

"I'm very sorry for that. I was planning a quiet little dinner I think you'd have liked. Nothing gaudy, but real class, you know."

"I'm sorry, too."

"Well, see you sometime."

And this time the conversation was sure to close on that terrible sentence—that sentence which was so much more final than any "farewell forever." If he hung up after it the Pegram-Montgomery incident was closed. She could be so sure of what would be said, because the conversation had taken place on two successive Fridays. On each of them, just at the last moment, Mr. Montgomery had relented and spoken again:

"Hey, wait a minute. How about next Friday?"

And she, relying on Ed Pegram, had accepted. Mr. Montgomery would never postpone the engagement a third time. There was a brittle side to his nature. Helen had seen it at tea one day at the Roosevelt, when the waiter had not brought cream for their tea and their muffins were getting cold.

"Hey, what do you think we are," Mr. Montgomery had demanded of him sharply—"a couple of hicks? You've got to give us better service or I'll complain to the management."

That was Mr. Montgomery all over. Always the gentleman, but not one on whom anything could be put over.

If only, on meeting Mr. Montgomery, she had provided herself with some serviceable alibi: A testy father who watched her like a hawk and could be relied upon to clap her under lock and key whenever convenient, or an aunt who demanded her company at inescapable functions, or some importunate lover whose suit was favored by her ambitious family and whom she could play off against S. Otis Montgomery. Unfortunately, at the time of their early encounters, it had seemed to her more romantic to be free as air, a spirit untamed by life. It hardly coincided with that character to mewl out that she had a headache every time they had a date.

Helen could see Mr. Montgomery now as she had seen him first at the dance to which Minnie Coffin had taken her. It was the subscription dance of the Jolly Hour, a club to which Minnie belonged. Minnie had been too bashful to ask a fellow, so she had invited Helen. The party was given at a hall down in Greenwich Village and it was the swellest function Helen Pegram had attended up to that time. In sizing up the fellows there, Helen had put down the one who developed into Mr. Montgomery as the very swellest of the lot.

He was not good-looking, but Helen Pegram was through with good-looking men. Eric Peterson, her first love—the love Mumford had enshrined—had been blond and beautiful as the sun. But he had gone away to New York, probably because she taunted him about not being ambitious or amounting to anything, and that had been the last of Eric Peterson—not even a post card. That was why Helen herself had come East. And it had been in vain.

Mr. Montgomery was something that books described with a French word which Helen, in reading, pronounced to herself, "disting." He had yellow-green eyes, a retreating chin and he was slightly bald, but a light mustache drooped over his mouth and his every gesture was an elegance.

Helen had been standing around waiting for Minnie Coffin to get through a dance and introduce her to somebody maybe, when she saw that the impressive stranger was coming straight toward her. Panic may have increased the expression of indifferent scorn with which she was hiding her lack of ease. Was it all right to speak to people at a party without being introduced to them, she wondered. People did in books sometimes.

"Awful bore, isn't it?" were the first words he pronounced.

"Awful," Helen answered with that instinct which was so useful at Benson's.

"Girls dancing with girls—that's not what you're used to, I'll bet."

Helen Pegram was not a talker. She merely bestowed on him a smile consonant with the disdainful spirit of his remark. "My name's Montgomery," he announced—"S. Otis Montgomery."

"And mine's Pegram."

"Pleased," he said. She merely looked at him distrustfully. "Say, that's an awfully snappy little number you've got on," he commented.

It was a black chiffon she had bought the minute Miss Burgess had reduced it. Bertha Katz had been quite mad at her, because Bertha wanted it too. It was not a glaring bargain, but Miss Burgess had approved their rivalry.

"It's the best dress that's going to be in the sale—best lines. You've got to go to Paris for lines like this."

Helen was at once impressed with Mr. Montgomery's knowledge of the world. Ed Pegram or Eric Peterson would have thought it was just a rag.

"It's a simple little dress," she told him, "but I like it."

"Makes the other girls here look like bargain day in the Bronx, if you know what I mean."

If there was one thing Helen Pegram had learned from her brother, it was how silly it looks for one girl to run others down in front of men.

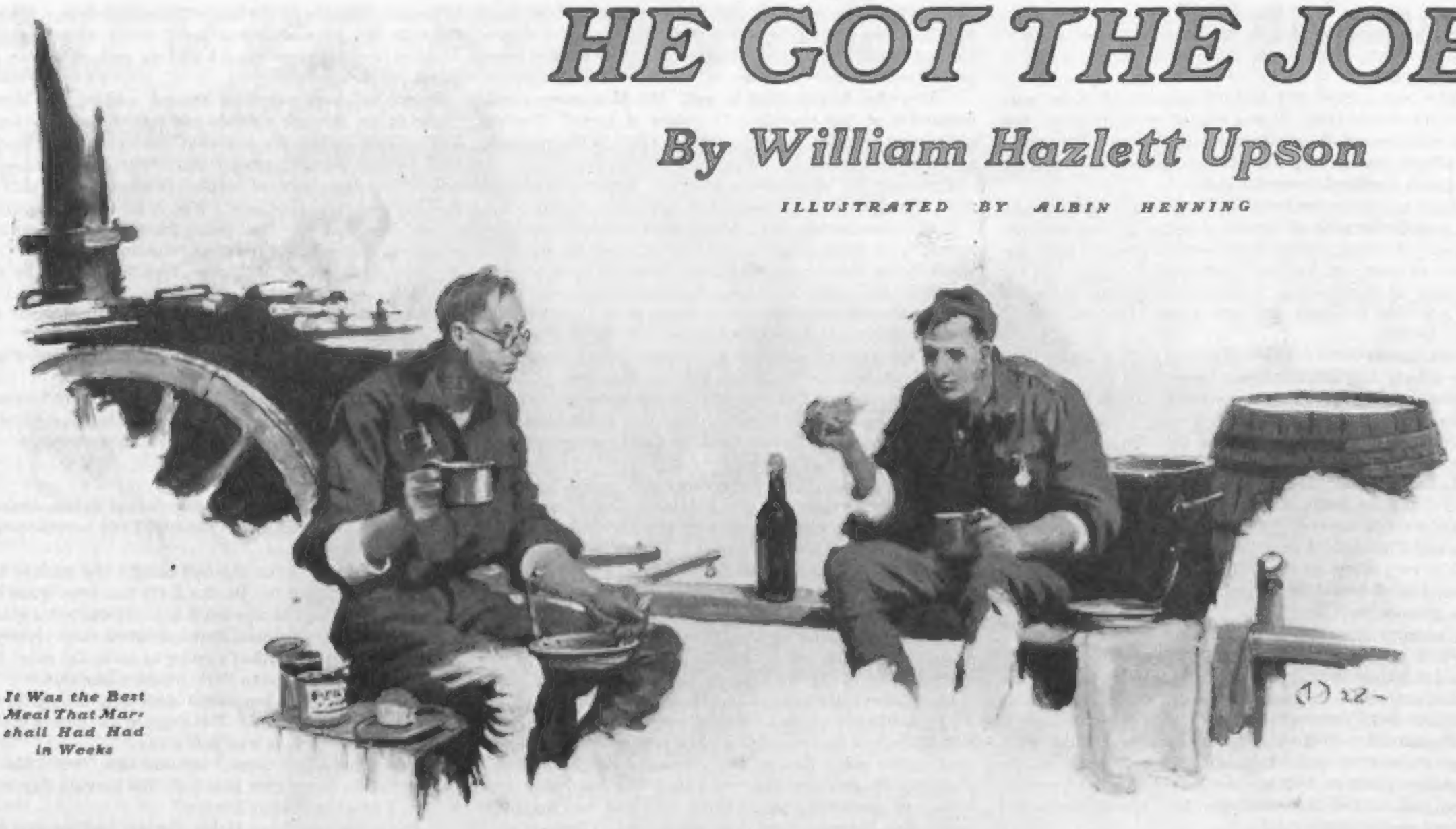
(Continued on Page 94)

"I Suppose You Think I'm Terrible," She Told Him

HE GOT THE JOB

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING



It Was the Best Meal That Marshall Had Had in Weeks

ONE pleasant evening toward the end of August, 1918, Private Reginald Marshall sat in the haymow of a barn in the little town of Andelot, Haute-Marne, France. Private Marshall was completely disgusted with life. Everything seemed to be wrong.

It would have soothed him a great deal, he reflected, if he could have gone around to call on some nice sympathetic girl and told her his troubles. Almost any girl who understood English would have served the purpose. But apparently there were no girls in Andelot except French ones, so he had to content himself with going over his misfortunes in his own mind.

His main grievance was that he was in the artillery. He wasn't interested in the artillery. He was a graduate of the civil-engineering course at Cornell, and at the beginning of the war he and all his college friends had applied for enlistment in the engineer corps. His friends had been accepted, but he had been rejected because he was slightly nearsighted. A year later he had been drafted and passed right through. At his own request he had been put in the engineers, but when he got to France he had been transferred—in spite of all his protests—to the artillery.

About half an hour ago he had arrived in Andelot along with a dozen other replacements for a battery of the Thirteenth Field Artillery. At once he had applied to the captain in command of the battery for a transfer back to the engineers.

The captain had made him feel like a fool—had insisted on his standing at attention and tacking a "sir" onto each sentence. When Marshall explained the situation, the captain had replied that he had no time to bother with getting him a transfer.

"But, sir," Marshall had pleaded, "I think I could serve my country more efficiently in the engineers."

"As a private," the captain had answered, "you are not expected to think; you are expected to do as you are told."

This wise crack had ended the interview. Along with the other replacements, Marshall had been assigned to this barn as a billet, and here he was.

It was a damn shame. Marshall had an uncle who was a colonel in the engineers, and this uncle had often told him that the engineers were the brains of the Army. All the honor graduates of West Point went into this branch. And Marshall had never forgotten the words of the engineer recruiting sergeant to whom he and his Cornell friends had applied for enlistment.

"The engineers," said the sergeant, "is the only place for you birds. You start as privates, but with your education, you'll soon work up to be lieutenants, captains, or even majors. And you'll be in with a swell crowd. Even privates in the engineers rank equal to sergeants in any other branch. The engineers work with their brains. They design bridges, fortifications, and highways, and the infantry and artillery and labor battalions do the work."

That is what the sergeant had said. He had no doubt exaggerated a little, but in the main he had probably spoken the truth. Marshall knew he ought to be in the engineers, but he realized he could not convince any of these dumb artillery officers.

There was one chance left, however. He got some Y. M. C. A. paper out of his pack and wrote a letter to his uncle, asking him to use his influence in getting him a transfer. On the envelope he wrote his uncle's most recent address: Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina. He walked over to the company clerk's office, mailed the letter, and then returned to the barn, where most of the other replacements were by this time sleeping soundly.

It would be a long while, he realized, before he could expect any action from his uncle. In the meantime he decided to make the best of things in the artillery.

"I will keep my eyes open," he said to himself, "and grab any opportunities that come along. And sometime, somewhere, I am going to get myself a good job in this man's Army." With this comforting thought, he snuggled down in his blankets and went to sleep.

The next morning he started his first day in the artillery. After breakfast the first sergeant of the battery took charge of the twelve replacements. The sergeant was a hard-looking man by the name of Connor, and he made them a little speech.

"Right at the start," he said, "I'm going to give youse guys a little advice. You're in the Army and you ain't going to forget it for one minute. What's more, you're in a Regular Army outfit that is hard-boiled as hell. Everybody in this outfit is tough, and I'm the toughest of all. Any time I tell you to do anything, you're going to do it, and you're going to like it. You are nothing but filthy recruits. You don't know nothing. You don't amount to nothing. And if you ever disobey an order of mine or try to give me any lip or even look at me cross-eyed, I'll knock you for a row. Come with me!"

He took them to a field outside of town and turned them over to a corporal. Pails, brushes and old rags were issued to them and they spent the rest of the morning washing the battery water cart and a couple of escort wagons. Marshall worked with an insignificant-looking little private by the name of George Scully.

"This is a hell of an outfit," said Scully plaintively, "where they bawl you out and insult you before you've done anything at all. I'm afraid I'm not going to like it."

"I know I'm not going to like it," said Marshall. "But there's no use letting it get your goat."

Marshall worked hard and industriously. He wanted to make a good impression. But he could not help once in a while thinking longingly of the Engineer Corps—where a man worked with his brains. At noon they had an hour off for lunch and then they came back and washed more wagons. It was amazing how many of these vehicles there were in a battery of field artillery.

In the middle of the afternoon First Sergeant Connor came walking by and regarded them severely.

"Listen, youse guys!" he said at length. "I'm looking for a smart baby to put on kitchen police. Anybody want to volunteer?"

With Many Halts and With Much Pushing

Marshall did some quick thinking. Washing wagons was a disgusting job, but it looked as if it would soon be over. The job in the kitchen, on the other hand, might last indefinitely. He decided it would be safer not to volunteer. But one of the other replacements did. A little Greek by the name of Mike Something-or-Other stepped out.

"I'll go in the kitchen," he said. "I'm good at that stuff. I was a cook once in a restaurant in Philadelphia."

"All right, you poor wop," said the sergeant. "Come on, and make it snappy!"

Mike the Greek walked off with the sergeant, and the rest returned to work, and by suppertime they had finished the last wagon.

Private Marshall was tired, and the thought of a good night's sleep on the hay in the barn was most pleasing. But right after supper there was a sudden commotion in the little town. The first sergeant strode through the streets blowing his whistle and shouting orders:

"Roll packs! Harness and hitch! The battery is moving out!"

Marshall rolled up his pack, then helped Scully with his, and the two of them went out into the village street, where the battery was lining up to the accompaniment of much shouting from the sergeants and officers.

"It seems like they can't do anything in this Army," said Scully, "without a whole lot of hollering and yelling."

"Don't let it get your goat," said Marshall.

The noise continued, until finally the battery was formed in march order. It stretched from one end of the village street to the other. There were four big 155-millimeter howitzers, four caissons, a whole string of freshly washed wagons, a rolling kitchen, several carts, about two hundred men and almost as many horses. The officers, noncoms, drivers and telephone men rode horses. The cannoneers, mechanics, cooks and others walked.

Marshall and the other replacements were on foot at the tail end of the column, forming part of a group of twenty or thirty spare cannoneers—extra men who seemed to have no regular job.

Just as it was getting dark the battery started the march, taking the main road toward the north. It was rumored that they were bound for the Front.

The weather was pleasant, not too hot and not too cold, and it was rather fun to be marching along. After fifty minutes' march there was a ten-minute halt, during which everybody sat down beside the road and rested. Then came another fifty-minute march, followed by another ten-minute halt, and so on through the night. Gradually, Marshall's pack grew heavier. The straps cut into his shoulders and his feet dragged more and more. It was a great relief when, just before dawn, after covering about twenty-five kilometers, the battery turned into a small woods.

Marshall had rightly supposed that the march had been made at night in order to conceal the movement from any German planes that might chance to come over. It also occurred to him that after marching all night he would be allowed to sleep most of the day. But in this he was mistaken.

They were no sooner in the woods than he heard the disagreeable voice of Sergeant Connor:

"Spare cannoneers, this way!"

He dutifully obeyed, and helped stretch a heavy rope, known as the picket line, between two trees. The horses were tied to this line and he was ordered to groom two of them. He had never had any experience with horses and was a little afraid of them. They had a way of lifting up their feet when he brushed their legs and it looked as if they were getting ready to kick him. But he kept bravely on and got through the grooming safely. When this job was over the horses were led down to a brook to be watered, and then brought back and fed.

Next came breakfast for the men—oatmeal, bacon and coffee. The oatmeal was ladled out by little Mike the Greek, who was still a K. P.

After breakfast, Marshall noticed that the other men were unrolling their blankets and preparing to lie down under the trees to get some rest. He started to do likewise, but before he could get settled, Sergeant Connor dragged him off on a detail that was unloading baled hay from a truck and carrying it in to the picket line. As soon as he got back from this job he was grabbed again and forced to spend the rest of the morning carrying wood for the kitchen. After luncheon he got a short nap, but about the middle of the afternoon he was routed out for stables. Again the horses were groomed, led to water, and fed. Then came supper for the men, and after this the same old order:

"Roll packs! Harness and hitch!"

Half an hour later the battery was out in the road, starting its second night's march toward the north. This time Marshall was all tired out at the very beginning of the hike. He was not used to these long marches with a pack on his back, and the loss of sleep was beginning to tell on him. But he kept on doggedly. And in spite of the fact that he was so tired, his mind seemed to work with great clearness. He began to analyze his situation in this battery. Clearly, the job of spare cannoneer was the worst in the whole outfit. The spare cannoneers had no regular job, which meant that they were grabbed for all the dirty work and all the extra fatigue details. As he sized up the different positions in the battery, it seemed to him that the captain had about the easiest job. It was also pretty soft if you were a lieutenant, a sergeant, a driver or one of the telephone or instrument men on the battery commander's detail. All these people rode horses and didn't have to wear themselves out walking.

Unfortunately, there didn't seem to be any immediate prospect of Marshall's working up to be captain or sergeant, or even a member of the detail. But the drivers—the men who rode the horses that pulled the guns—were nothing but privates, and it didn't look as if their work required any great amount of knowledge or training. Marshall decided that at the first opportunity he would ask the stable sergeant for a job as driver.

Then he thought over the events of the day just passed and came to another decision. Apparently when Sergeant Connor was looking for men to put on a fatigue detail he didn't go after any particular men; he merely wandered around and grabbed the first ones he happened to find. The next time they made camp Marshall resolved to take his pack and sneak off to some spot as far as he dared from the center of activities. In this way he would have a much better chance to get the rest he so much needed.

The hike dragged slowly on. It seemed twice as long as the one of the night before. But at last, just as the east got light, the column swung into another piece of woodland. Marshall watched his chance, and before the column had come to a halt he had ducked into some thick underbrush and made his way to a little grassy open space a good hundred yards away. From here he heard the shouts of Sergeant Connor as he gathered in the rest of the men to stretch the picket line.

Marshall spread out his blankets, slept soundly for a good hour, and was finally awakened by a distant cry: "Come and get it!" This was the signal for breakfast. While he had been pleasantly resting all the battery had been working hard, grooming, leading the horses to water, feeding them and doing other odd jobs. He sneaked back and slid as unobtrusively as possible into the long line which was filing past the kitchen. He held out his mess kit and received a lot of corn-meal mush, with milk and sugar, bread and coffee. The breakfast was unusually good that morning and Marshall felt fine. By using his intelligence he had beaten the Army and got a nice little nap.

After breakfast he approached the stable sergeant. "I would like to apply," he said, "for a job as driver. I was brought up on a farm and I know all about horses."

This last statement was a pure lie, but Marshall felt that it was justified by circumstances. If he had to march on foot another night he knew that he would give out completely, in which case he would be absolutely useless to the Army. But if he could ride he could keep up and would be in a position to do his bit toward winning the war.

The stable sergeant eyed him coldly. "I don't need any advice from you," he said. "When I need drivers I pick them out myself, see?" The sergeant walked away, and Marshall sneaked back to his secluded bed.

"It doesn't seem to do much good," he said to himself, "to ask for anything in this Army. But there must be some way of working things. I have already found out how to get a little sleep, and I may find out how to get to be a driver."

He settled himself in the blankets and slept undisturbed until noon. Ordinary sounds didn't disturb him, but he found that his ear had become very sensitive to the sound of mess kits clanking and the mess sergeant crying, "Come and get it!" Promptly at noon, when these glad sounds burst upon the air, he sprang up and made his way over to the kitchen for lunch.

As he ate he noticed little Mike the Greek peeling onions

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on the Wheels, the Guns Were Finally Dragged Across the Swamp Into the Town of Malancourt

TED'S LEAVE

By C. E. MONTAGUE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. STEVENS

She Said With a Giggle, "Ow, Ted, You are Funny!"

TELL me honestly, Fred, is it as light as it should be?" my cousin Helen asked, with grave eyes, when I had tasted the cake.

Helen was giving me tea in her cottage. It's a real cottage—not a titbit of luxury nicknamed the Hut or the Shack, but just the cheapest bit of cover that Helen could find when her husband, Jack Aimes, and his income were killed in the war. Helen is forty-four now, to my fifty.

"You see," she explained, "it's a kind of cake that Ted used to like when he was little. It came from a shop in those days, but now I'm trying to make it."

"Hullo!" I said. "Ted coming home?"

This Ted was the only child of Helen and Jack. From school he had gone out into the great world, six years before, to slay such dragons and giants as he might meet in the counting house of a big trading company in West Africa.

"Isn't it glorious?" she said, with a glow in her face. "His first leave! He's sailing in the Timbaru next Monday. Think of it—three months of having him here! Isn't it wonderful?"

As she spoke Helen's brown eyes looked almost glazed—I think with a kind of high ecstasy held very taut. I had seen people looking like that in Russia—country people, almost unimaginably simple-minded. They used to stop you on the road on Easter morning and say "Christ is risen," just as if they were Mary telling the disciples about it, and saying "Isn't it wonderful?"

As a cousin more like a brother, I used to see Helen at least once a week. The next time I called I saw on the table a map of Africa and a Times, with the Shipping Intelligence to the fore.

"Fearful extravagance," she avowed. "I'm taking the Times for a whole fortnight, so as to know where Ted is every day."

She had a list of the Timbaru's ports of call, all the way home—Accra, Sekondi, Monrovia, Freetown, Bathurst, and so on. She was spotting such things as a guidebook would probably star at each place—views of "Teneriffe and Atlas unremoved," and the like—in order to gloat over her vision of Ted seeing them on his way. Ted, she explained, had always had the seeing eye, the artist's eye, the eye that fills things with fineness. "Once, when he was tiny, he couldn't remember the word 'sunflowers,' so he called them 'flowers—you know, the ones the bees buzz about it.' Wasn't it vivid? He used to imagine the look of all sorts of far-away places. One evening that we were out in the garden—he was eight then—he suddenly said to me, 'I suppose at this time in America the young wolves will be just beginning to yawn in their lairs and the Indian corn will be sprouting in the cool air.' It almost frightens me sometimes—he will have seen so many marvelous things in that wonderful way. How shall I ever be able to make it not dull for him to be with me for three months?" I could see she was reading up hard, coaching herself to be an intelligent listener when the young god should speak of his travels.

The week after that it was all Lisbon and Vigo, Corunna and Cherbourg. Only a week now and Ted would be at Southampton. When Helen spoke of this climax the sunken beauty of her youth surged up again into her face; she was translated and glorified, like a girl when she knows her first love is returned.

I asked might I take her in my little car to meet the Timbaru at Southampton. But Helen said no in a way that showed me how she had got the whole business worked out in her mind—each turn and possible circumstance. Clearly she thought Ted might find it less trying to meet her at the cottage door than among a shipload of strange people. But one thing she did ask for, gravely and eagerly—that I would meet Ted at Shilbury Station. Of course, she said, he could walk the five miles from there, and the milkman bring the luggage. But the least snobbish of women coveted for Ted the genial feel of a fortunate traveler's homing to country places in England—the friend with an expectant face among the station master's roses, the car waiting ready in the white dust of the yard—every little circumstance of welcome that feeds the circumstantial hunger of home-coming hearts.

Just wouldn't I? But the boat was made late by a storm in the bay, and then Ted wired that he must go straight up to town from the boat—"Imperative business London"—and then there was not a word more for three days. But the fourth day brought balm—Ted would reach Shilbury Station that evening at five.

II

I WAS there early, and the train was late. So I had time to think quite a lot about Ted as I patroled the down platform.

He had been a child of promise, a marvelous child. I begin to think that every first-born child of ingenuous parents is that. For Helen and Jack the only question was whether Ted should be premier, primate, commander in chief or simply a great poet.

They found him manly beyond all belief. When he was only four and used to delve in a cartload of sand, he came stumping across the garden to Helen, his brow shining with honorable sweat, to show her the wooden spade that he had stuck upright in the sand.

"You notus, muvver," he said, "how men leave their spades?" Besides, he was a wit. Had he not said, when rebuked for his infant greed, "How can you 'xpect me to wait till all the fizzy drink has 'vaporated into other people's glasses?"

Of course such a prodigy had to be given his chance in the most liberal sense—the best of prep schools, public schools, universities—everything. For Helen and Jack the provision of these aids to greatness was not too easy to be exciting. Jack was the London cashier of a West African company; much gold passed through his hands, but all that stuck there was quite a lean salary. So there had to be managing here and managing there. Jack took out an education-endowment policy to defray the coming school

bills. This meant premiums, but Helen and Jack abolished their summer holiday at a farm in the Lakes; also their seats once a week at the great Queen's Hall concerts. That financed the school years. As to the university, Jack meant to fight tooth and nail, all the school years, for more promotion and pay. Besides, Ted would be winning, by then, the scholarships that were clearly his due.

This scheme might have worked very well, for all that I know, if the war had not knocked out its corner stone, which was Jack. It left Helen and Ted to live on a pension of eighty pounds a year and a grant of a hundred and fifty pounds for each year till Ted should leave school. The grant was the wreath that the West African company laid on the grave of its cashier. But it did even more. It said that if Ted minded his book and left school with a character, he might hope to ascend a high stool in the office at Lagos.

I had known Helen first as a girl having a good time in a rich father's house. She was then an undeniable grouser—all but a shrew. She "couldn't bear" this and she "wouldn't stand" that, and her pet way of telling you things was to start with a sigh and "I am so distressed," or "I'm so disappointed." I have not heard one of these formulas from her since the great Ted was born, and from the day the smash came she has been the most patient woman I know—she had always been the most beautiful. "The more you beat 'em, the better they'll be," is an old thing to say about women, but Fate tried it out well on Helen and found it was true. It was as if she had never quite got the full run of all the fine stuff that was in her till good times were gone and her world tumbling to pieces. There wasn't a whine about her when she was throwing up the relative comfort of Wimbledon after Jack's death, cutting off the last hope of hearing their beloved Beethoven greatly played, and taking that charmless cottage in Wiltshire, there to typewrite in solitude and privation during Ted's terms at Chellingham School.

Ted was all right. That endowment policy looked after him. So did that grant. Helen would not put a coin of these funds to any use that was not for the whole, sole, special good of Ted. She ran the house and herself on her pension and on the fruits of the typewriting. Very small and skinny fruits they were, for Helen couldn't be got to see that in business you have to take thought for yourself as well as your customers. But the clover was thick where Ted pastured. I did think at times that he threw himself almost too warmly into Helen's devices for keeping it thick. But I suppose we were all pretty beastly in that way when we were his age. I used to chafe a little, too, at a way he had of grumbling about her preoccupation with kitchen affairs and food prices. He seemed to think that this was rather low of her. He had once shown signs of positive horror when some Chellingham friend was expected to look in at the cottage. But Helen felt sure that deep down his heart was all right. And the West African company had not found fault with it when the time came for Ted to embrace man's estate as the most junior of its clerks. And of course, one couldn't be critical now, with the boy just coming home.

III

THE little sequence of sounds had begun which ushers a train into Shilbury Station—the tinkling in a signal box, the double joggle of a lever, the wooden flop of the red arm at the end of the platform, and then the puffing of the train, still unseen but audibly toiling up the long valley from the last station, and ceasing to puff as it glides into view round the last corner, its smokeless engine framed in an arch. A few more seconds and you may be seeing a face take light at sight of your own.

No such face could I find as the windows slid past. Could Ted have missed it? The only persons I saw getting out were a cross-looking couple—a man of no age that you could guess and a woman cadaverously white. The woman's age, too, might have been any from twenty to forty.

The man detrained first, glowered round, saw the one porter that Shilbury has, and hailed him uncivilly: "Hi, you there! Get out this stuff."

He pointed into the carriage he had left. In its open door the chalk-faced woman was still standing with a piece of luggage in each hand.

"You might help me down," she said to the man. His own hands were empty.

By this time, however, the man was busy, staring at me, and I back at him. I was being convinced, against the whole force of my desire, that this discourteous male was some new and distorted version of Ted.

The poor wretch reeked of dull raffishness. It was like garlic. Every look and tone smelt of it—all that he did, all that he said, all that he wore.

"Ho-ho! The famed Uncle Fred, I believe," was his greeting to me. "I've got a nice little cough drop for you."

He turned to the pallid woman, now out of the train. "Come on parade, Billie," he said with a leer, and she stepped forward, nervous, tight-lipped and resolute.

"Don't have a stroke, Uncle Fred," he went on, "when I present to you my newly wedded wife."

She was a heart-rending sight. Her face was a whited sepulcher; one wondered what sort of complexion was buried there, painted to death long ago. She was short and alarmingly thin. You might produce something like the queer ghastliness of her looks by whitewashing all that remained of a pretty little house completely gutted by fire. Of what must have once been a pretty figure and face there were left the outer walls and the skeleton plan, all carefully powdered dead white.

A total brute, in my place, would have written her off as a common bad lot, a quite untouchable specimen of the strange woman we read of, "whose house is the way to Hell, going down to the chambers of death." I did certainly think of that personage. But also the small percentage of me that is not mere brute thought of some little animal trying hard not to be killed—a small spider fallen into an emptying bath and fighting, all alone with its terror, against the swirling suction of the water that drags it down to be drowned in a sewer.

(Continued on Page 147)

"Won't You Let Me Kiss You?" Helen Said

THE GREAT FAT FIGHT

Some Advance Chapters From the Memoirs of George Barr Baker

I DOUBT if at this time, some nine years later, even Herbert Hoover could tell at all clearly how it was all done and kept out of the papers. To him, and to all close to him in those curious, high-ceilinged chambers of the old Hôtel Crillon, the temporary offices of the American Food Administrator in Paris, those opening weeks of the first year of peace, 1919, were a nightmare.

In those three bare, ornate rooms, Herbert Hoover and those of us who were his immediate associates at the time, received, toward evening on the last day of 1918, two formal communications. The slightest public intimation of the contents of the first of these communications would almost certainly have produced in America an unfortunate and untimely irritation against the Allies, an immediate and catastrophic collapse of our whole agricultural structure, and perhaps one of the most acute panics in our financial history.

It came in the form of a coded cable from London. This cable said that the stupendous total of 360,000,000 pounds of American pork products which the Allies had indicated, as late as December fifteenth, as their need for the month of January, and which was on the way to them, was now no longer needed and would not be received.

The second communication came from the Allied Blockade Council. It said that the shipment of American food cargoes to northern neutrals, for their own use and for reëxport into starving Germany, would not be allowed; that the blockade must continue intact. This was in direct contradiction to the Armistice agreement with Germany and in direct reversal of a decision of this same Supreme Council of the Allies and the United States nine days before. And, again, several hundred thousand tons of food for these famine-stricken areas had been ordered upon Allied assurances, had been dispatched to the American seaboard, had been loaded into vessels and was on the way.

With this crucial condition continuing for weeks, months, the secret still was kept; that interminable procession of food shipments still kept moving to Europe. Finally, under the bold thrusts that distinguish modern American business strategy, and with that intricate mental swordplay which distinguishes Old World diplomacy, the barriers against American products were gradually broken down and our entire Armistice surplus marketed at wartime prices.

I was there; saw it all. I saw Hoover, thwarted from all sides by the hatreds engendered by war, wearied almost beyond human endurance, fight on. I saw him fight, saw him suffer, saw him, finally, and at the very brink of ruin, victorious. I saw all this and remember it all vividly; yet, looking back upon it, it appears to me, as I have said, a particularly bad and vivid dream.

The Supreme Economic Council of the Peace Conference, Paris, 1919. Seated, Left to Right—Henri Jaspar, Belgium; Étienne Clémentel, France; Lord Robert Cecil, Great Britain; Comandatore B. Attalico, Italy; and Secretary Hoover. Standing in the Group are Vance McCormick, Norman H. Davis, Bernard M. Baruch, U. S. A.; Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, England; Baron E. de Cartier de Marchienne, Belgium; Commander George Barr Baker, Major Boykin C. Wright, Colonel William G. Atwood, U. S. A., and Colonel Philippe-Jean Bunau-Varilla, France

Some Almost Unbelievable Occurrences

I LOOK back upon those days, upon those almost unbelievable occurrences, with a strong recurrence of the emotions we experienced at the time—anxiety, anger, doubt, despair—coupled with a curious feeling that all these things really never could have happened. With Europe's major after-war markets abruptly closed to us, the secret was kept. With American food cargoes repudiated, blocked, allowed to pile up unused in warehouses, on wharves, at European ports, word of this did not reach our packers, banks and farmers in time or with sufficient authenticity to cut off credits, stop exports, crash the market.

Here, spread before me, drawn from the files of the United States Food Administration and from private collections of war letters, I have documents, orders, cables, secret memoranda. These papers show beyond all doubt what really happened. From them I can now quote. The time has come when the inside story should be told.

I met Herbert Hoover and was drawn into work with him in 1915. A California engineer, traveling in Europe at the request of the Pan-American Exposition of San Francisco to secure government exhibits, he had engaged passage to join his family in California, but was caught in London at the outbreak of the war. About 160,000 other Americans reached there from the Continent, stranded. He and Edgar Rickard, another American engineer, who afterward became his first assistant and right-hand man, voluntarily took hold, with a strong American committee quickly organized. A moratorium had been declared. Letters of credit could not be cashed. They got into the back doors of banks, they got money, they got credit, they got in touch with steamship lines, they got those 160,000 Americans safely home.

Then came Belgium's plight—her people facing starvation. They organized the Commission for Relief in Belgium under guardianship of the United States Government, represented by our ambassador. After a year of it, Hoover came home to get help.

Of all this I knew little or nothing. I had recently sold my publishing-company stock and was free. After a dinner in New York, this very strong attractive man came over and sat down at my side.

He said, "My name's Hoover. I've got one of the worst jobs in the world."

He sat still for a while without saying anything. I noticed how tired he was under that imperturbable exterior—how worried, how grave.

After a while he said, "I want you."

"What for?" I asked.

The Job

HE TOLD of the work he was starting in Belgium. "We're running a boarding house, taking over the provisioning of 10,000,000 people in Belgium and the occupied section of France—half of them destitute. We must raise huge sums of money every month—tens of millions—from charity and from governments and banks; enough to supply the population with a bare basic food ration—enough, that is, to keep body and soul together. We have to get it through blockades, army lines and submarines."

His round, boyish face was now strangely drawn. There had come into his eyes that puckered appearance which I was later to know as Hoover's invariable reaction to the spectacle of human suffering.

He went on, speaking very slowly: "The present basic ration of Belgium," he said, "is entirely inadequate to the needs of the very young and the ill and the very old. It is barely enough to keep strong people alive. It won't do for the millions of children we have there, and the old and the sick. It is not even enough to support healthy grown people in that spirit and courage necessary to face overwhelming disasters.

"Here is an entire nation, a proud people, with a ring of steel around them. Their business is gone, their resources almost at an end. They are just carrying on from day to day. We have got to bolster them up by taking better care of their greatest need—their old fathers and mothers and their children—and by showing them that somebody in the world cares enough to keep them hopeful for the future.

"One of my troubles is to fight against exaggeration. I can't go out into the world telling stories about the cutting

off of breasts and the cutting off of hands. Those things are not true. In war there are, of course, terrible brutalities. We must not create wrongful prejudices. We must be neutral. The facts of war one can face, but not this thing of fighting by slow starvation, by attrition, helpless and blameless women and children.

"With all the best will in the world, that situation exists today in Belgium. It will steadily get worse. Now, how can I get this story to the people of America without exaggeration; how can I get these facts, without exaggeration, to the people of the world?"

"You want my help," I asked, "as a writer?"

"I want your help. I don't care anything about tags and titles. I want you to fit in somewhere and work. I am up against it and must have people to help me."

This is an example of how Hoover annexed men, drew them to his cause. I set it down here for two reasons: First, because after all the years since, this incident remains to me perhaps my clearest picture of Hoover the man, the humanitarian. And second, because in this, our first talk, in the first year of the war, he stressed that peculiar relation which the war disclosed between a sufficiency of fats in the national diet and the contentment and courage of the people.

The human body experiences, it appears, a psychological as well as physical need of fatty foods. Reduction of the fat ration below a certain minimum leads to definite disorders which lead, in turn, to a relaxation of nervous tone and confidence, to universal hopelessness and discontent. In blockaded Germany and Austria, where there soon was not even enough fat to cook with, this condition became increasingly critical and was one of the most important causes of that collapse from within which helped to end the war. Even in Great Britain, ordinarily a comparatively large fat-producing nation, and always a large importer of fats, the supply throughout the war never was wholly adequate, and at times sank to low levels and was reflected in a depression of civilian morale.

An American Restaurant Established in Berlin

Summoned by the President

SUCH situations, experienced to some degree by the other Allies as well, led them to call upon America for fats, more fats, for all the fats that could possibly be supplied, and then more. And this—the Allies' insistent need and demand, and America's tremendous response thereto—has a definite bearing on the question of the post-Armistice surplus; how it was refused by the countries for which it was especially produced; how barred from other countries with desperate need of it; and how, finally, it was delivered and used without loss.

Hoover spent the greater part of the first three years of the war between New York, Brussels, London, Paris and Berlin, directing the Commission for Relief. I worked at the New York offices of the commission. When America entered the war, in April, 1917, Hoover, at the call of the President, returned immediately to the United States, for he alone, of all Americans, had real experience in the food problems of the war. I was already in naval uniform when he landed about May tenth and proceeded to Washington, but my duty in the cable censorship enabled me to see him occasionally. President Wilson appointed him Food Administrator May nineteenth, but it was not until three months later, August 10, 1917, that Congress passed the law authorizing action and conferring on Hoover the necessary powers. The supply of vegetable oils from Africa and China, the supply of butter and cheese from Australia, the Argentine and other far-away points had been closed because of the destruction of shipping The food supply had to come from the nearest points.

The only quick way to make fats was through hogs. It takes years to make dairy cows, whereas hogs can be matured in nine or ten months. It was the only hope of solving the situation. The prospect of increasing hogs in the United States was going from bad to worse. It was a curious and baffling situation. There had been a 16 per cent increase in the number of hogs in the two years before, under the greater prices brought about by the war.

Then the Allies, scrambling for food supplies of all kinds before the United States came into the war, had bid up the price of corn relatively higher than the price of hogs. They had been trying desperately to feed their own cattle and their own hogs, and the result was disastrous for the American hog. With hogs at a comparatively lower price than corn, our farmers continued to kill hogs by the hundreds of thousands and to sell their corn at a higher relative price. A survey of the situation showed that we had fewer hogs than even before the war. Even brood sows were being slaughtered.

Thus things stood when, in late August, Hoover was authorized to take hold. He called in an Agricultural Advisory Committee of farmers selected by the Department of Agriculture; laid before them dispatches from the Allies which emphasized their vital future need of fats; asked how this slaughter of breeding stocks could be stopped and the needed future abundance of meats and fats assured.

He told the committee that while as Food Administrator he was empowered to buy and sell grain, he enjoyed no such powers as to livestock. Yet, if the committee—predominantly one of stockmen and agriculturists—would announce a fair minimum price for hogs that would stimulate the farmer, Hoover, as Food Administrator, would try to place all hogs raised at or above the agreed fair price.

He planned to deliver these hogs or their products to the Allied Governments, to the American Army, Navy and Marine Corps, to the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and to the American Red Cross. All these organizations, he thought, would agree to pay the fair price. And since these organizations together would take something more than a third of our estimated monthly output of hog products, their combined influence ought to be sufficient to control the market and sustain the price.

Commissions for Buying and Selling

THE committee recommended $15.50 per hundred, being about six dollars above the average of the previous year. This was to last until September, 1918, when the hogs bred before that date should have a price in fair ratio to corn, but in any event at that minimum. Later on, the committee of farmers recommended that in order to stimulate future production the farmers should be assured that the price of hogs born in the spring of 1918 should be not less than the price of thirteen bushels of corn. Hoover demurred that it would be better to have minimum prices than an unknown ratio, but the farmer representatives insisted that the hogs could not be got without it, and Hoover had to have the fats. In view of the emergency, Hoover caused to be issued, November 3, 1917, a public statement concluding:

Selling American Food and Other United States Goods in Berlin

"As to hogs farrowed next spring—1918—we will try to stabilize the price so that the farmer can count on getting, for each 100 pounds of pork ready for the market, thirteen times the average cost per bushel of corn fed into the hogs.

"Let there be no misunderstanding of this statement. It is not a guaranty backed by money. It is not a promise by the packers. It is a statement of the intention and policy of the Food Administration, which means to do justice to the farmer."

Hoover's view was this: He did not know for sure whether it would work, but he thought that it would. He recognized it merely as an expedient of necessity. Some action simply must be taken to avoid a continued maladjustment of American agriculture from natural causes, and a consequent falling off of our fat exports.

He had seen close up, for three bitter years, the effects of an undersupply of fats on the health and morale of the people of Belgium. He knew how essential to the Allied cause was the continued maintenance of at least the minimum ration of fats. The chance, he felt, must be taken. He went ahead

Now, the purchase of all pork and of all other foods from the United States was accomplished by a joint Allied commission, with the British in preponderance, called the Allied Provisions Export Commission, more familiarly known to the trade as APEC, from the initials of its name. All its purchases were made through the American Food Administration, acting as a government agent or clearing house, and all orders were on a monthly basis.

(Continued on Page 170)

Secretary Hoover and General Pershing at the Twenty-Two-Cent Dinner for European Children's Relief

ONE SHIRT AND ONE SOUL

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"Fern," She Whispered, "Do You Ever Have Moments When You Feel as if You're Going Mad in the Next Second or Two—as if the Whole World Was Just a Trap?"

THAT Corbin has been hanging round the Pennell place all day," Mrs. Thorstad told her son, from her station by the kitchen window. She was ironing sheets, and Chris Thorstad, smoking his after-supper pipe, listened gloomily to the angry clack of his mother's iron handle.

"He's trying to sell Sam Pennell a new car," he muttered.

"That gives him a pretext to hang round the girls anyway," Mrs. Thorstad said. "Last Friday night he took Reba to the dance. I suppose you know that."

"Don't think she wasn't perfectly open and aboveboard about it," Chris said. "She came to me about it, and I told her to go. I couldn't leave the drug store."

His mother made an impatient hump of her shoulders, and he added that he had got round to the hall in time to take Reba home.

"I hope you always may," Mrs. Thorstad said. "You know as well as I do that Corbin isn't a fit man to take out any woman."

He did know that, but while the evidence against the man was conclusive—Corbin had wormed out of several shady deals with the aid of an upstate lawyer of parts—Chris didn't want to press it home, and didn't think he needed to with Reba.

"That might make her think the more of him; she likes criminals," he said, and added he didn't want to be petty.

"You're too considerate by half," his mother flashed a little bitterly. "How often have I told you that if you don't inflict yourself on people they'll just inflict themselves on you? There isn't any middle ground that I'm aware of, unless you retire to a desert. You go on the principle of trying to make everybody happy, and it can't be done. If it could the politicians would have found out long ago how to do it."

Chris darkly suspected that she told the truth. He had wanted Fern Pennell; he had been as good as engaged to her, but then Reba, her sister, had come home sick from normal school in the middle of the winter while Fern was away on a nursing case, and Chris, friend of the family, had found himself dragging at Reba's chariot wheel. He couldn't tell, himself, when the shift, either of his affections or his status, had taken place; he most infernally wished now that it hadn't taken place; but it had, and Reba was wearing his ring. Fern was still his neighbor—he could see her now hanging out clothes in the Pennell back yard, the brown misty hair floating away from her temples, but she was actually at star distance from him.

He had a gloomy sense of having deviated from a well-marked highway, an appointed course, into a dark romantic thicket, where the best a man could do was beat his way through purple twilight.

"Fern was the woman for you, and I guess you know it now," Mrs. Thorstad said. "But you're like your father was—going round in circles where women are concerned. One shirt and one soul, they always said of him, and he'd give either away to the first that asked for it. He couldn't say no. I know one thing—if you do marry Reba you won't have your drug store long. She'll wheedle everything out of you and you won't be able to put by a cent. She's all but brought Sam Pennell down now to working on the roads, and if it hadn't been for what Fern has turned in they wouldn't have a roof over their heads this blessed minute."

"Now you're exaggerating."

"Am I? You'll see. Nettie Pennell was in this afternoon and asked me to get you to go and talk with Sam. You're the little tin god in that household, it seems, and heaven knows they need counsel. Here he's worried to death over the tax collecting, Nettie says, and Reba putting on the screws night and day to force him into turning in their old car and taking this new one Corbin wants to sell him. Nettie says it's got to a pass where if he goes on the way he's going, he'll be short in his accounts. And you know what that means."

Sam Got Down Old Bett From Her Hooks

Sam's predecessor in office had been short in his accounts, and the bonding company which had had to make good had sent him to prison for it.

"I'll have a talk with him," Chris said shortly.

"If you had a talk with her, there might more come of it," Mrs. Thorstad said.

Mrs. Pennell, sitting on the red sofa in the Pennell kitchen, looked at Reba mistrustfully. Fern had slipped upstairs, and Reba, in the rocking-chair, was sipping milk and eating crackers. Her black hair, a sleek bob, had little ragged tongues and touches on the forehead. Sam Pennell himself allowed that she was mighty good lathe work on the part of the Almighty, and this opinion had the indorsement of a mort of men younger than himself.

"Where's the tax collector?" she asked Mrs. Pennell.

"In the parlor, writing," Mrs. Pennell said. "He's trying to get caught up."

"He makes awfully hard work of it," Reba complained.

She personally didn't like hard work, or any part of it. If a thing was hard, then in her opinion it was outrageous and unreasonable to ask a sane woman to undertake it. She drooped and dropped her lids at the mere prospect of hard work. Her dreads and aversions swam in the atmosphere of the house, quick darting as so many fishes.

Putting the milk down now, she loosened her belt, took her feet out of her slippers, unclasped her necklace and slipped her stockings halfway down her legs. She yawned and stared through the walls. Her brother Jed, coming in from the woodshed, asked satirically who she had her stockings at half-mast for now, but she paid no more attention to him than as if he wasn't in the room.

"Has father made up his mind to take the new car?" she asked her mother.

"He doesn't think he can afford it, and I don't either."

"He's been talking to Chris," Reba said, darkening.

"If he has, I don't know about it," her mother said.

"We only pass this way once," Reba muttered petulantly.

"That salesman Mr. Corbin had with him used those very words," her mother said wearily, "but I didn't think it was his best argument."

"I don't see any getting round it," Reba stormed. "Most people, Harry Corbin says, spend their days getting ready to live, and then when they are ready and all set they drop off and the laugh is on them. You certainly see plenty of cases of it. If father could save money by not buying a car, that would be one thing, but you know perfectly well, he won't save money that way. He won't, at the end of the year, be one bit better off, you'll see, through not having it. He always finds money when he has to, and if he doesn't have to—well, he simply doesn't find it, and that's about the only difference."

"Find it. You talk as if he picked it up out of the gutter," Mrs. Pennell said with bitter emphasis.

The floor boards in the parlor creaked and Sam Pennell came and leaned in the doorway. He was a big, round-shouldered man with the jaw of a lion and the eye of a gazelle. Nettie Pennell's greatest difficulty was to keep him shaved. He was in red rubber boots, corduroy pants, a black cambric shirt and all-leather suspenders. He got down his shotgun from its hooks—old Bett, he called it—and turned it over in his hands.

"Don't go fussing with that thing tonight," Nettie implored him. "Come to bed."

"Harry says now he can allow you a hundred and fifty on the old car," Reba told him.

"Me to pay eight hundred cash—is that the story?"

"There's a company that's been formed just on purpose to pay the actual cash, and it takes your notes."

"You'd be paying eight hundred for just a coat of varnish then," Jed, the mechanic in the house, thrust in. "The old engine's as good as ever, barring a little piston slap that I can take out with my own lily whites. I took the carbon out only this spring."

"Go to bed, before you forget yourself and drop poison in the well," Reba advised him.

"You better look first, Jed, and see if you can plug the eastern window in the parlor," his father told him. "I put an elbow through one of the panes, getting my signature down to a document. Get some sacking in the shed and stuff it in."

"It won't rain tonight," Jed said, and tramped upstairs without doing what he had been told to do.

Reba, switching about impatiently, put her empty milk glass down on the table edge near where her mother's workbasket was.

"Where's your diamond?" Nettie Pennell asked in a surprised voice.

Reba replied over her shoulder, moving swiftly away with the belt and necklace and slippers in her hands, that she had left it upstairs. She slammed the hall door.

"Fidgety, ain't she?" Sam whispered.

"Don't you let fidgets rule you," Nettie Pennell said.

In the bedroom, which she shared with Fern, Reba snatched on the light. Fern's dress—a black satin with yellow medallions at wrists and waist—was thrown across the back of the gilded chair; and Fern herself, in pink silk, was lying on the bed with a hand over her eyes, her hair floating on the pillow, its brown mistiness giving added definition to the tinted curve of her cheek. Reba sat down facing the little cream-colored bureau with heart-shaped bronze handles on the drawers.

She sat very straight on the cane-seated stool, and had a dark tragic look for her image in the imperfect little mirror. She pressed her temples.

"Fern," she whispered, "do you ever have moments when you feel as if you're going mad in the next second or two—as if the whole world was just a trap? Right now I feel like jumping up, just as I am, and rushing out of the house and not coming back."

Nettie Pennell

"Just try running away from yourself and see how far you'll get," Fern said without stirring.

"Maybe it's just the thoughts of winter coming on. I saw father going round banking the house with seaweed this afternoon"—Reba's voice went lower—"and if he had been shoveling the earth in over me I couldn't have felt worse." She was rummaging in the closet, and came out with a blue bathrobe shrugged on over sweetly sloping shoulders. "I can't live in this town winters any more!" she cried, with a rebellious look. "It does things to you! It's the last straw that breaks the camel's back."

Fern said lazily, "I don't believe a straw ever broke a camel's back."

"Why shouldn't it? If the camel's back is so loaded it's just ready to break, and you put on one last straw ——"

"What's a straw? If it breaks then, it would just have broken anyhow."

"You're like Chris. If there's such a thing as an opposite side he's dying to represent it."

"Chris. He's had plenty of last straws piled on him."

"Has he? He doesn't seem aware of it."

"Don't be so sure. It doesn't take much eyesight to see that your interest in Harry Corbin isn't limited to just his salesmanship."

"For once you've hit the nail on the head," Reba cried softly, after a second's thought. "Chris and I were just mistaken in each other, and we're finding out. We don't have much in common. It must have been just that awful winter that threw us together, the way it would have if we were shipwrecked on a raft. Those terrible woolly white February nights with the wind bowling like a lost soul, and the house shaking in every joint. Now it's different. Fern, I'd break with him I'd have the courage for it—only it just so happens that I can't."

"You can't?"

"No. I've lost his ring and I haven't it to give back to him. Isn't that disgusting? His hold on me has just resolved itself into a commercial transaction," Reba said bitterly. "It's enough to make a cat laugh, isn't it?"

"Hasn't Chris noticed it yet?"

"He doesn't notice such things. He looks higher than my fingers, I should hope, when we're together. But mother's noticed it. Trust her."

"How did you lose it?"

"I don't know. The diamond was loose in its points. I knew that, and I should have got it fixed, only I neglected it. I've been just about distracted anyway over father's stubbornness. And then it was gone. I've looked down every crack in this room."

Reba stared into the mirror, a slim hand banded across her brows.

"It's too tragic," she whispered. "I ought to marry Harry Corbin—I truly should—and I think Harry realizes it too. Only today I had a sort of experience that convinces me. I found myself, for no reason at all, suddenly thinking about him instantly; and then in two or three seconds he appeared in person round the bank corner. Doesn't that show that we're in tune? Spiritually, I mean."

The little flash in Reba's eyes was like heat lightning on a warm, dark June night with coming storm. Fern's heart

(Continued on Page 109)

"What's the Odds? Wouldn't It be All in the Family?" All in the Family. This Question So Tranced Her That He Found He Could Quite Easily Wheedle Old Bett Out of Her Hands

"EAST IS EAST"

By Dorothy Black

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"They are Very Superstitious About the Bo. They Think He Has a Charmed Life"

THE bungalow stood on the river bank. The lap-lap of the water made a constant murmur inside the veranda, where Maung Tha went about his work, cleaning brass or darning socks or putting his master's wardrobe in order. Or simply squatted, staring out across the water, waiting for his master to return from the club across the river.

Sometimes the water flowed past, all opalescent with sunset. Sometimes it was evil-looking and muddy with rain. And on the ebb great patches of water hyacinths would come floating by, and at evening the slender white paddy birds would come winging over the face of the waters in a straight line. Sometimes the river would be empty and still as far as the bend where the palm trees dipped gracefully. Or it would be crowded with the spread sails of the rice boats coming slowly down on the tide, bringing rice for the mill and news from the jungle.

Rice and news, and more often than not a dead man, or tidings of a dead man stabbed in the back by the Bo, who operated a gang of rice thieves down among the creeks and small waterways. They worked with long many-paddled canoes; nor was even the power of the white man anything compared with their power. Many men had gone out after the Bo, but they had never caught him. Nor could they ever get tidings of him, or where he was to be come upon. Even the government reward of one thousand rupees for information leading to the taking of the Bo had brought no response at all. And why? The white men did not know why, but Maung Tha knew!

The Bo was bullet and knife proof. Maung Tha knew all about it, because the Bo was his own blood cousin, although one did not boast of such relations. Long ago, in Zegon village beside Mandalay, the Bo had been an ordinary little boy. Together they had taken the buffaloes out into the fields at sunrise and brought them at evening back to the water hole, singing the song that boys sing in Zegon village: "Am I a man or a tiger? Ho, I am a tiger!"

And then the Bo had fallen in with a half-caste fellow called Long Tom, and that was the beginning of it all. Long Tom knew too much, and he knew of a *hpoongyi* on Mandalay hill who could say spells and sell amulets that made a man bullet and dah proof, so that bullets from a white man's gun bounced off again and a knife would glance off as if it had been struck against a sheet of steel. And one evening at sunset the Bo had gone off, laughing in his gay fashion, with Long Tom, and they had not come back for many days. Then they returned, marked with strange marks and wearing amulets upon their wrists and necks. And after that the Bo was never the same again, and presently he went away and Zegon village knew him no more. And by and by the name of Long Tom became well known as operating a gang of thieves upon the frontier, near China. And by and by the name of the Bo became known as the head of a dangerous riverside gang that attacked the rice boats on their way back from the jungle with rice and news for the mills, and depleted them of half their cargo, stabbing ruthlessly anyone who opposed them.

Maung Tha all this time had been working as personal servant to Dick King, manager of the United Rice Company. He was still working for him. His pay was small, but he loved his master, and the hours of sitting looking at the river were pleasant and long. If sometimes he thought of his cousin the Bo with little pangs of envy, just as often he thought of him with extreme disgust. And once, when the body of one of the serangs was washed ashore after three days in the water, with a knife wound between the shoulders, Maung Tha said, angrily:

"If that one were not bullet and knife proof by spells and charms, I would go against him myself and stab him in the back even as he has stabbed others."

From time to time he would play with the idea and see himself going off alone in a little canoe, his sharpened dah concealed in his garment. And paddling along the river bank, he would sing the song that the boys of the Zegon village sang when they herded the buffalo, and the Bo, hearing it, would know that it was his own blood cousin who sang, and would come out of his hiding place for news. Then one quick stab and a splash, and that would be the end of the Bo. Maung Tha saw himself going up to Rangoon to claim the one thousand rupees reward. After that he would be a rich man with a silken purse. Perhaps he would start a silk shop of his own in Mandalay. But on the whole he thought it unlikely he would leave his master. That was a kind master, who looked after his servants when they were sick and talked in very friendly fashion with them. No, he would probably not make any great change. The pay was small, but Maung Tha had no complaints as he sat on the veranda darning his master's socks and listening to the eternal lap-lap of the water.

Now the darning of Maung Tha was of a school of its own. First he took a firm grip of the edges of the hole with one hand. Then, with the other, he wound the wool very tightly round it two or three times. Then he oversewed it viciously and bit the wool off short. This left a cast-iron lump in toe or heel, very difficult to negotiate. But Dick King wore his socks uncomplainingly, for he realized this was a labor of love. Maung Tha had been his boy for more than fourteen years. He was more of a brother to him than a servant.

In the long, lonely evenings of the rains, when for weeks on end never a white man came near the bungalow on the river bank and the mill was silent and shut down, Dick would amuse himself educating Tha with general knowledge; telling him stories of the Great War and heroic tales of the white soldiers and the deeds they did, and other

things likely to encourage in Tha those qualities his race seemed most to lack.

And Maung Tha, squatting on the veranda, would in his turn tell stories of the jungle and the quaint and queer superstitions of the people there. And how, for a consideration, a man might be tattooed and blessed by the *hpoongyis* and given amulets and charms, so that nobody could kill him—so that shot from a white man's gun would fall harmless to the ground, and a knife struck at him would glance aside, as if meeting a sheet of steel.

Dick King would laugh and flick the ash off his cigarette over the veranda edge, and say:

"And you folk believe that, Tha?"

"Surely a man must believe it, sir. Take my cousin, the Bo. He gives us all this trouble. He kills our men and steals away our rice, but no one can find him. No one can touch him. If he was not dah proof, one of his own men would have stabbed him long before this and taken his wealth away from him. For he is a great man and very rich." Maung Tha sighed, one of those little pangs of envy shooting through him. "His people are frightened of him. That is why no one will give him up to the police," said Maung Tha.

"How did you come to have such a bad cousin, Tha?"

Maung Tha looked thoughtfully at the river, opalescent with sunset tonight, with lines of white paddy birds winging slowly home over the face of the waters. He saw the Bo as he had known him first—little and naked and friendly; bold and fearless of the fiercest of the buffaloes; always laughing. There had been nothing about the Bo in those days to show the powerful man he was to become. Indeed, in stature he had been smaller and slighter than Maung Tha himself, although now Maung Tha pictured him grown very heavy and almost as tall as a European. If Long Tom had never come to Zegon village, the Bo might have grown up quietly like any other village boy and taken service in time with some white man, to lead a life of peace and small pay until the end.

So he said, "Very early he made bad friends, sir," and left it at that.

For, although he knew he ought to be ashamed of the Bo's exploits, at the same time he could not help admiring him. Had he not set all the white men in the province talking about him?

"We'll get him one of these days," said Dick King softly. "We don't think much of this bullet-and-dah-proof business, Tha. One of these days I will show you just what these amulets and spells are worth."

Maung Tha said nothing to that. He got up and went away to lay out his master's evening clothes. Every night, miles from civilization there on the river bank, Dick King solemnly dressed for dinner. Every night Maung Tha laid the table and put out the silver and pink silk candle shades Dick's sister had sent him from home. So does a man cling to civilization in the heart of the jungle, afraid to let go for one instant, for fear of becoming as the beasts that perish.

Dick said to him at dinner:

"Next week the Big Police Master comes to stay here. You must order good dinners, Tha, and see we have plenty of whisky."

Maung Tha ignored that. Did he not know, better than anyone, what to do when the Big Police Master came? Had he not worked in the same house for more than fourteen years? Were not he and his master as members of one family? Was there any garment in his master's wardrobe Maung Tha did not know and understand?

A week later, Captain Chavering's launch moored alongside the bungalow and Captain Chavering himself came ashore with an orderly, a bearer, a clerk and a fox terrier that had a weary and flea-bitten look.

Of Captain Chavering little can be said, save that he looked as if he had been dead for some time. He was a small man, not handsome to begin with, and time and an inclement climate and malaria had all done their worst by him, and it was pretty bad. A dried-up, emaciated remains of a man was he, whose eyelids drooped over his eyes in a manner that gave Maung Tha the creeps. Sometimes, as he talked, he would open his eyes of a sudden, for one long moment, and hunching his shoulders, laugh a very small soft, sinister laugh. For an instant he appeared to come alive, then he would be quite dead again, sunk in his chair.

Dick King found the police commissioner's visits trying They never got you any further. He came ostensibly to make a plan of campaign against the Bo. But the difficulties of every plan suggested always struck him so forcibly that in the end nothing was ever done. He would go away again, promising to let Dick King know if he thought of anything or heard anything. And presumably he never either heard or thought.

Captain Chavering did not dress for dinner. He was too tired of life. They had discussed the situation at length over short drinks out on the veranda, with the lap-lap of the river joining the conversation and a little new moon looking at herself in the water like a lady with a looking-glass. As ever, they had got no further, and now Dick was pressing for drastic measures.

"Give me a launch and six men, and I'll guarantee I'll get him."

"It's an extremely difficult business. Of course I sympathize with you, losing your men like this, but you can see what it is. We don't want to do anything drastic, that will cause a lot of talk, just now. One can't be too careful these days. We must see if we cannot find some other means."

"We've been seeing that for two seasons," said Dick mournfully.

"It's no good being hot-headed over a matter of this sort, King. One has to bide one's time. For one thing, I would have difficulty in getting any man to go on such an errand. They are very superstitious about the Bo. They think he has a charmed life."

Said Dick King wearily: "They believe he is bullet and dah proof. That dear old story. I know the people about here believe that to give us any assistance against him merely means certain death. That's why I can't get any of the men on the gigs to put up a decent fight."

Captain Chavering said tonelessly, and without any animosity, "It's a bloody country."

Maung Tha, noiselessly perfect at his job, filled their glasses with liqueur brandy; then returned to his post behind his master's chair. So motionless he stood that he might have been a figure carved out of bronze. Only his eyes, watching Captain Chavering closely, showed him to be intelligent and alive

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Without a Word or a Cry the Bo Floated Away Into the Night and Became Part of It

THIS KING BUSINESS

Childhood—By Prince Christopher of Greece

In Collaboration With Mary Margaret McBride

A TOW-HEADED American boy, whose illusions I once ruthlessly, though involuntarily shattered, has had a good deal to do with this idea of telling the world what it was like to be brought up a prince in the palace of a king a few years ago when kings were a little more common than they are now.

The small boy heard me spoken of by his parents and soon after my arrival in New York City, his home town, expressed a wish to meet me. One day he did. The introduction was a great success so far as I was concerned, for I'm fond of children, but a flat failure for him. He was polite but openly disappointed. Afterward he refused at first to talk to anybody—even his mother—about the fiasco, but eventually she learned that he had expected me to wear my crown—not my very best, since it was Monday, but a reasonably impressive everyday crown at least.

Later I won the youngster's friendship on my merits as a fisherman and I think now he actually prefers me crownless. He calls me Mr. Christopher—as, I may say, do several of my American friends. They seem to think that name fits me better. For it is not children alone who have the queer notion that real kings and princes are crowned automatons for opening bazaars, laying corner stones and dedicating public buildings, presumably less than flesh and blood and therefore comfortably free from human ecstasies and pains, loves and hates, joys and sorrows. I am delighted to have people decide that I don't fit into such a classification. At the same time I must say that no king or prince I've ever known does.

Prince Christopher and His Nephew George, the Last King of Greece

Certainly my own life, with its extremes of tragedy and comedy, of happiness and suffering, might have happened in its general outlines to anybody—butcher, baker or candlestick maker. A simple home life full of family jokes and affection, loss of dear ones, having to leave a cherished home—these experiences are common enough. And memories of my childhood, up to and past the time when I came of age, are, in the main, so exactly like those of any other adult in almost any country that it would hardly seem worth while to recall them were it not that they prove my point.

I had innumerable uncles, aunts and cousins. So has nearly everybody. Some of my numerous connections I liked very much and toward others I felt more or less indifferent. Don't we all?

No Place for Snobbishness

OF COURSE, there was this—certain of my kin, such as my grandparents on my father's side and several of my uncles, aunts and cousins were called kings and queens. But I knew them by affectionate nicknames and diminutives; and some of them spoiled me, while others undoubtedly called me a horrid brat, privately if not publicly.

I always had a liking for people, no matter who they were, so long as they were interesting. And since nobody ever said anything to me about my station in life, I never thought of it one way or the other—at least, not when I was a child. As I grew up I sometimes sensed barriers between me and those I liked and wanted to have like me. I suppose they came from the other person's inconvenient recollection that I was a prince.

I don't believe they were of my making, for even if I'd been inclined toward snobbishness, my upbringing would have knocked it out of me. There was nothing our father wanted less than for us to feel royal, and I, the youngest of eight, was kept in my place with extra firmness by the others.

My father was King George I of Greece, born Prince William of Denmark, but brought to Athens in 1863 to found a new Greek dynasty. Four years afterward he married my mother, the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, daughter of Grand Duke Constantine and granddaughter of Emperor Nicholas I.

I was a kind of afterthought. Constantine, my oldest brother, was twenty years my elder and I was six and a half years younger than Andrew, who came next to me. I was born August 11, 1888, in one of the big reception rooms of my grandfather's house, Pavlovsk, in Russia.

Almost the earliest memory I have is a sad one. It is of my sister Alexandra's death three years after her marriage to Grand Duke Paul of Russia. I was four when she died of complications following the birth of her son, Dmitri. We were in Denmark at the time and I distinctly recall my parents' hurried departure from my grandparents' summer home, Fredensborg, for Ilyinskoe, near Moscow, where my sister died. A few days later she was transported to St. Petersburg and buried in the Peter and Paul Cathedral, where all the members of the imperial family lie. I noticed the sad looks of my mother and father, but my own chief emotion was vexation because my nurses cried and would not play with me.

His Father, King George I of Greece

My sister's marriage to Grand Duke Paul had been a great occasion in St. Petersburg, and royalties from everywhere had come to see her given away in the beautiful Russian ceremony.

One sister, Olga, had died in 1881, the year of her birth. The others of us were: Constantine, called Tino for short, born in 1868; George, for whom the family name was Georgy, 1869; Nicholas, or Nicky, 1872; Marie, or Minny, 1876; and Andrew, or Andrea, 1882. Alexandra, called Alix, was born in 1870 and was twenty-two when she died. My nickname was Christo.

All our education was arranged to hinder any delusions of grandeur. There were plenty of servants about, but from the cradle we were made to do everything for ourselves. The most serious difficulty I had in the self-service field was with shoestrings. I always knotted them, and being impatient, could never undo them. To call for help was a great disgrace, so I hit upon the easy expedient of cutting the knot. But this meant that I had to have a new pair of strings every day or two and that drew undesirable attention to my method.

A Prince Reforms

I WAS spoken to about it, but failed to mend my ways and the situation became such a scandal in nursery circles that my mother was told of it. She summoned a household council. Crouched behind the door, I listened in. "I don't know what we shall do with the child," my mother said, really worried. "It is very expensive to buy so many shoestrings and we simply cannot afford much more of it."

At first this idea delighted me. Nothing could be pleasanter than not to have any shoestrings to lace, I thought. But then I recollected that my flapping footgear would certainly irritate my father. That gave me effective pause. My reformation was complete from that moment. All of us were a little afraid of our father, for he was strict. Yet he was a marvelous playfellow when he was in the mood. I have never known a finer sense of humor than his, and he laughed oftenest at himself

Being the youngest, I was perhaps indulged by my parents a little more than the others had been, or at least so my brothers believed. If this was true, it was only because the Spartan rigidity of training had relaxed a bit from the long stretch without a baby in the nursery. I remember once, when Andrew and I were playing in my father's study, I upset a lamp. My father was absorbed in some writing and Andrew waited not unpleasurably for an explosion of wrath, but father only looked at the wreck and laughed. "And," said Andrew aggrievedly, telling my sister of it later, "it was only because it was Christo. If I had done it we'd have heard something, all right!"

I don't think anyone of us was ever punished much and we were never whipped. My nurse used to box my ears

heftily, but goodness knows I gave her plenty of cause. Even this my mother wouldn't have allowed if she had known. The severest punishment she herself ever meted out to me was once to make me stand in the corner for a small sin. We were supposed to be on our honor, which is not a bad system for bringing up children. Being trusted gives a child a sense of importance which may keep him good. It sometimes did me.

Conveniently enough, since there was no real playmate for me in my own family, my brother Constantine's eldest son George, who became King of Greece, was born in July, 1890. We grew to be the best of friends and always played, studied and quarreled together.

The palace at Athens, which is the first of our homes that I remember, was a huge gaunt structure of stuccoed white marble, built about 1850 by King Otho, my father's predecessor. It was ugly, but had a certain majesty, set as it was on a hill overlooking and dominating the city.

However, as a place to live in, it would never have come up to the requirements of New York apartment dwellers, for the only bath in the house wouldn't work. It was in my father's apartment, and though there was a hot-water tap, nothing happened but a hissing noise when it was turned on, or else a dejected splutter of rust-colored water, thickly studded with drowned roaches and water bugs.

To bathe, we had tin tubs with spouts brought in every morning. We boys had to take cold plunges each day and I used to lie in my warm bed wishing I were grown-up or else a savage so that I need never wash again. These matutinal maunderings were usually ended by my tutor pulling me out of bed.

Prince Christopher and His Tutor

Some of the rooms of the palace had fireplaces and in the others my father put porcelain stoves, but we always shivered a good deal in winter. For lights we had oil lamps, some of which hung from the ceilings and others that were brought in at evening to stand about on tables. Both kinds smelled to heaven.

A Tower of Babel

THE palace consisted of three stories built in a square about two great courts. The ground floor contained my father's private apartments—eight rooms arranged along the southern side of the square and including a dressing room: the private study where he read, wrote and disciplined us when necessary; a big sitting room with blue damask and walnut furniture where we always dined; a narrow room done in red, with white walls and a hideous circular sofa with a palm tree in its center, of the taste of the 70's; a square room with armor on the walls, where audiences were held, and a room for signing papers. The last room of the apartment was long and narrow and held models of ships in glass cases. My father had been brought up in the navy and loved everything that had to do with the sea. A terrace ran along the front of his apartment and marble steps led down into the garden, which was his pride and joy.

The rest of the ground floor was devoted to the huge entrance hall and grand staircase, which the French call *escalier de parade*, and which was used only on official occasions, such as the reception of foreign royalties, weddings and court balls. The staircase was separated from the rest of the hall by a row of six massive marble pillars.

Above my father's rooms, and connected with them by a private iron staircase, were the seven rooms of my mother's private suite. These included her bedroom and dressing room, a small square room for her books, sewing rooms, linen cupboards, and a narrow gallery where ladies waited when they came for audiences. Along the walls of this gallery were bronze busts of all the Romanoff dynasty, rather overpoweringly stern, and pictures of Russian emperors and empresses, very grand in brocades and jewels. The next room was filled with framed photographs and models of ships, mostly gifts from Russian sailors to my mother. In the middle was a lantern composed of negatives of photographs. We loved to light this so that the figures would show up.

With His Father

There also were two sitting rooms and a room in which we ate our second breakfast and luncheon with our mother. From the windows there was a fine view of the garden and sea on one side and of the town on the other.

On the same floor began the great ballrooms, which ran right across the palace between the two courts and extended up through the third floors. I have fond memories of the ballrooms, because on rainy days we went bicycling there, riding in and out among the great pillars in a procession, my father leading, my brothers and sister following in the order of age and I bringing up the rear on my tricycle until I got old enough for a real wheel. Sometimes we got going really fast so that we would have a smash-up and come tumbling down in a huge heap in the corner, some of us shrieking with laughter, others with the pain of bruised shins.

We had no organized sports when I was a child—no football, Rugby or tennis. The chief diversion of the children of Athens was stone wall, a game in which two sides held pitched battles with stones for weapons. Sometimes you had to flee for your life, for this pastime could have quite serious consequences, as invariably the players got too expert and deadly of aim.

My father was a tremendous walker and as a result had a most elegant slim figure and wonderful health. In summer at the country house, Tatoi, two hours by carriage from Athens, he used to walk over the ravines for hours at a time, with Andrew and me as companions. We fought each other all the way behind his back, Andrew's favorite amusement being to shove me. Since he was much bigger, a well-directed push would easily send me caroming down the hill

I always carried a sharp-pointed stick, and once when he sent me flying the stick hit something with a sickening crack. I did not know what for a few minutes, since I never stopped tumbling until I was far down the ravine. But when I had toiled back up again I found my father dancing about nursing his shin. That was what I had hit! After such dénouements, my father would place himself between Andrew and me and lead us home by the hand.

When he walked in the city father usually took one of his dogs along. He was mad about animals. He liked especially to go to the zoo and scratch the heads of his favorites. Once he went inside the ostrich inclosure and was chased out by one of the long-legged inmates. That week the foreign press carried a dispatch describing an attack upon the King of Greece by an Austrian. This greatly surprised us all, none more than my father, for he declared he couldn't imagine when the attack had occurred. Mother was worried at first, thinking there was some plot on foot that was being kept from her; but finally, to the great amusement of us all, father decided the press must mean ostrich instead of Austrian. This ultimately proved to be true.

Our house was a regular Tower of Babel. My parents spoke German to each other and English to us children. We children spoke Greek among ourselves. My French sister-in-law, Marie, born Princess Bonaparte, spoke French all round, and my Russian one, Helen, spoke Russian to my mother and English to the rest of us. It became still more complicated when we were visited by Danish or Russian relatives. We were also often visited by Princess Therese of Bavaria, a noted traveler and scientist, who was my mother's second cousin and great friend. She was absolutely at home in twenty-two different languages and answered freely in the tongue anyone happened to address her in.

An English Vocabulary

WHEN my father and mother first married, my mother knew neither Greek nor English. Both these languages she learned easily, the English simply from reading and from hearing our nurses talk. All Russians find languages easy.

Another language complication was Andrew, who would say only three words of English and those to his nurse: "Nana, you fool." My English nurse and Marianna, the Greek girl, talked to each other in Italian and I picked up a few words. I learned English, Greek and Russian quite easily and naturally, as if each was my native language, and French and German I was taught by my tutor. The practice in Russian came when I went each summer with my mother to Russia to visit her parents. It is the most difficult of all languages, but never seemed so to me, because I learned it young.

Anything that had to do with study I found the greatest possible bore. But I was not let off any distasteful tasks.

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His Mother in Russian Court Dress

TWENTY-THREE

By James Barnes

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

It Didn't Matter; They Could Make It Any Color, Any Part of the Board They Liked. How Had He Ever Beaten It Before?

WHIR—whir—put—put—put—plop!

"Twenty-three, red, odd and second dozen," declared a droning, impersonal voice.

Peter—known to his intimates as Bunny—Williams raised his eyes from the now slowly revolving wheel. He still had his gold pocket piece. He knew he had it because it was between thumb and forefinger in the little receptacle for a fob watch that tailors insert in the waistband of fashionably made trousers.

It was a very lucky and very valuable pocket piece. Peter's bachelor uncle, after whom he was named, had given it to him on his twenty-first birthday, and had promised to redeem it at ten times its value and relate a story about it, if young Peter returned the double eagle on his twenty-third birthday. That was this very day, for it was now one o'clock in the morning.

There were twelve or fifteen men of various ages grouped round the long table; some were standing, some sitting on tall stools. They were playing with varying luck, mostly bad. Only one, a lounge-lizard sort of person who was following the dozens, had Peter ever seen before; he couldn't remember where and had returned his nod rather distantly as he bought his first five-dollar stack of pretty, pink chips.

Up to the present, Peter had never been a gambler. He had, on the few occasions when he had visited any halls of chance, been just a gallant little piker who had lost his five or ten and had gone home, or had pocketed his few dollars winnings and quit, satisfied with the idea that he was seeing life. This was the second time that he had been in this dingy brownstone house, so fallen from once-evident respectability. He had dropped in the week before with a gay party from a night club—he couldn't quite remember who had sponsored him. This evening he was alone, and this evening he wanted to win.

"Seventeen, black and odd."

Young Mr. Williams, his face rather pale, looked at the ceiling. Seventeen was his pet number. An hour or so ago, when he had passed inspection at the grille downstairs and had been admitted, he had fifty-six dollars in a neat bill fold in the breast pocket of his dinner jacket; that and a bank account that had never gone over three figures was all the ready money he had in the world.

Now he had nothing! The fifty-six cash was gone, all the chips were gone, and the bank account—so far as he could remember it—was gone too. The pocket piece was all he possessed. But, besides the promised story, it stood him in two hundred dollars; he could count on that. Peter, leaning across the table, asked a timorous question.

The broad-shouldered gentleman with the green shade over his eyes held a short consultation with a fat, night-bleached person who stood beside him stacking up the winnings. The latter shook his head. "No more this evening Mr. W," he declared in a low but very decided tone.

Mr. W already had three hasty scrawls made out on blank check forms in the pale-faced one's possession. He had been rather surprised in the first place at their being accepted so readily; it had given him a short-lived feeling of importance. Evidently now they considered it risky to let him have any more.

This rebuff left Peter both angry and chagrined. He only intended to ask for twenty dollars; he might have that much left in the bank—could make it good, anyway. He had had no run at all for the money he'd lost. Not a look-in—hardly won a bet. Luck must change! He didn't want to go home! Peter was getting the bug.

If the little ivory ball, as it rolls, jumps, or totters round the spinning periphery, did its devastating work in silence, roulette would lose much of its tempting and peculiar fascination; but that "Whir—whir" and the final "Plop" into the numbered stall is a deadly blow to hesitancy and caution.

Reluctantly Peter got up from the stool on which he had been sitting. The Lizard appropriated it; he seemed to be winning consistently, always putting down his chips on the dozen that had the fewest bets on it. When no one else was on the zeros and the rest of the board was well plastered, he would, at the last moment, put two or three yellow ones up there, and that seemed to be the time that Single O or Double O turned up—almost board sweepers for the house and reasonable winnings for the Lizard. Occasionally the man with the green shade cast a glance at his imperturbable face, but he punted right along undisturbed, sometimes asking for money instead of chips. His mental arithmetic was as quick and as accurate as the banker's. Peter, much depressed, watched him for two or three spins. Here was one who knew how to play. If he only had a little money to make a few bets with, he'd win now. Peter was sure of it—absolutely certain!

Green Shade started the wheel with his middle finger and skillfully spurted the ball into action with thumb and wrist. Both ends of the board were covered; the red and black would about offset each other, the zeros were hidden. The middle dozen was very shortly backed and here the Lizard's eyes were fixed; holding four chips in his hand he leaned forward to put them down.

Just before the ball went "Plop," in the very nick of time, Peter, his teeth over his underlip, nipped out his lucky piece and dropped it on Twenty-three. It was his twenty-third birthday—the twenty-third of the month. And Twenty-three was the number! He was the only one on it; the time before there had been no one at all.

Peter had placed his bet on one of the most unpopular numbers on the board. It was the highest single plunge he had ever made. He released his lip and drew a short breath, suddenly realizing what an awful risk he had taken. But seven hundred dollars and his pocket piece back again! Phew! Lordy!

"Take it in cash," whispered the Lizard out of the corner of his mouth. He did not seem to address anyone; it was as if he was just advising himself.

Green Shade's side partner fished Peter's three checks for fifty dollars each out of the long wallet and handed them over to him.

"Rest in cash, please," said Peter huskily but triumphantly. He was given five hundred and fifty in big bills out of the drawer.

He stepped away from the table slowly; his hands were shaking, his heart going very fast. Now was the time to go home; no one knew that better than he did. But as he turned he looked back. It was fatal. The ball was spinning, the middle dozen was a mass of color. Very little doing on the first low numbers. Two and Three were alongside of each other—that made Twenty-three again!

Once more Peter drew the double eagle out between thumb and forefinger. It was to be his final bet; if he lost he'd buy back the gold piece and depart. He had fully intended to split the two numbers. But in his nervous haste he put it on the Three.

And Three was the number into which the ivory ball settled.

"Little quicker next time, Mr. W," said the pale, heavy man. He spoke rather testily.

"Sorry," replied Peter, "but I'll take money. Thanks."

Out of the drawer they handed him one five-hundred-dollar bill, one yellowback of one hundred, a crumpled fifty, four tens and two fives. His eyes glistened. He had had his revenge and more too! He'd go home.

The winning of this bet attracted a little attention; several players looked up at him enviously. The narrow-faced young gentleman on the stool, who had won eight chips more, regarded him in open admiration—especially as Peter had now started for the door.

A colored waiter in a starched white jacket stopped him. On a tray was a bottle, a poured-out drink and a glass of water.

"Refresh yourself. Glad you won, sah," he said politely, with an accent of insistent suggestion.

Peter took the proffered stirrup cup and gave the boy five dollars. Drinks are free, but costly to winners. The whisky wasn't bad and Peter said so.

"Straight from Canada. Better take another, sah," said the waiter. "Kinder cool out this mawnin'. Won't you step back to the buffet? Have some supper, sah?"

Peter declined this invitation, but took another drink.

"Twenty-three, red and odd, second dozen," proclaimed the droning voice.

Peter turned back to the table, his face slightly flushed. Once again no one had been on Twenty-three. The dozen, the column, the color, the odd paid a few small bets, but armfuls of chips were swept to the banker's side.

All was set for another roll; his birthday number had a little pile on it now, for some sanguine punters believe in repeaters. Round went the numbered circle and "Put-put ——" Just as the ball began to slow down, Peter glanced at the lower end; no one was on Thirty-two, and that was just Twenty-three reversed. With a quick movement he plucked out his talisman, and only the wink of an eyelash after he had it down, the ball hopped out of the date of the day he celebrated, staggered and lurched halfway round the circle and sank into Thirty-two as if suddenly exhausted.

That settled it! It was simply common sense to stay and play on now. Over his former nervous tension there came a keen, exhilarating excitement. He swallowed once or twice and moved closer to the table. This was to be one great night. The Goddess of Chance had her hand on his shoulder. Oh, you lucky piece, do your work!

They paid him in smaller bills this time—fifties and twenties and tens and fives—and did not seem to be in the least pleased over it. The heavy-jowled gentleman shuffled his feet uneasily and fairly scowled in Peter's direction as if he had received a personal affront.

In order to show that he was not a quitter, the one-time piker took two hundred dollars of his winnings in blue five-dollar chips—two stacks of twenty each. They seemed charged with good promises.

Now the ball seemed to act in a most irresponsible and perverse fashion—that is, from the standpoint of the house. It landed in the most heavily backed dozens; it flitted back and forth regardless of any loyalty at all. For five rolls it stayed in the middle dozen and chose the most inopportune moment to visit the Double O. Things cheered up all round. A number of faint hearts who did not dare tempt fortune too long cashed in and left. The Lizard was nonplused. After a few losses he stopped betting. Then he got up and Peter took his stool.

The goddess' grasp on his shoulder grew firmer. It seemed as if he could not lose. Every roll he got back something. Five times was he on the number flat with four blue chips; once it was Twenty-three again. He caught the color four times running, with two hundred on it each time. He played permutations and combinations, additions and subtractions of Two and Three. Five got him a repeater; immediately after that he bet on Number One, a generally most neglected number, and One it was. He divided Twenty-three in half and split the Eleven and Twelve for the limit, and it came that way twice. Peter could hardly believe that it was actually happening. It was as easy as wishing. Wherever he went on the board, the ball followed like a Mary's little lamb. Once or twice he even essayed a yawn, intending to show thereby that this was no new experience.

Green Shade finally had given way to Heavy Jowl. He rolled after a method of his own. Whereas the former swayed from side to side and took his time, the latter spun the ball quickly, hardly giving a chance to get the bets down. He shifted his weight from one leg to the other. Seemingly in a bad humor at the way things were going, he often fairly stamped on the floor. The Lizard, watching him, had a peculiar smile on his face; he had quit playing the dozens, but now occasionally he reached out and put a fifty-cent chip on the color.

Peter, the flush on his face mounting, kept cashing in his blue stacks continually. His trousers pockets bulged with notes; he had wads in both side pockets too. How much he did not know; it bewildered him to attempt a calculation. Although outwardly calm, he was drawing long, quivering breaths, as if he had been running a foot race.

Then suddenly there was a diversion. Green Shade upset a pile of chips on his side of the table and went down on his knees on the rug to pick them up. Heavy Jowl, after settling for the last roll, bent over and whispered to him and then went across to the faro table, where a gray-headed man of ponderous frame—it was to him that Peter's checks had been referred had just got rid of his lone player. There was a hurried consultation in very low tones and both the big men in the shabby dinner coats came to the roulette board. The elder pulled out a long pocketbook of his own. When Green Shade finally slowly stood up and replaced the fallen chips—some of them must have got under the rug, for he had fumbled there with both hands—he and the gray-haired gentleman and the heavy-jowled person conferred still further together. It was evident that something unusual had happened. The consultation over, money from the faro dealer's wallet was transferred to the almost empty drawer.

"The bank's going broke," whispered the Lizard—this was crooked mouthed aside. "Me for the get-away." Several other players, now ahead, were seized with the same idea: there was a rush to cash in. Peter, the only big winner, suddenly made up his mind that he had

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"I Think It's a Perfectly Wonderful Story," Thrilled Sylvia

PARADE DRESSED

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

On a cold and stormy night
The Top was howling wild—
The Rabble is too proud to fight—
Oh, Fireman, save my child!

A CULTURED K. P. droned his way through forty miles of potatoes. "Listen, big boy," he protested, along around mile forty-one, "what's the big idea in this potato contest? The world ain't waitin' for potatoes. They's nobody around the old homestead what craves potatoes. They ain't more than ten men around camp altogether. I got enough potatoes peeled now to fill the Panama Canal full of potatoes. K. P. don't mean knife potatoes forever. Just because you got all the potatoes in the world is no sign you got to peel all the potatoes in the world. For the hot love of the dog-robbin' deadheads, lay me offa this potato detail!"

The cook set down a bottle of lemon extract and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Who told you to peel all of them potatoes? Just because we got ten sacks of potatoes is no sign you got to peel all of 'em. I told you to peel enough fer supper. Take them potatoes all except a few an' dump 'em in the garbage barrel before the Top comes prowlin' around here. There's only ten folks for supper, and you got enough for a million."

"Listen, there's only nine folks fer supper. I'm done! Get me? One more chirp outta you and the big mystery of the lemon extract will be revealed by Old Sleuth."

"You wouldn't say nothin' about that lemon extract, would you?"

"I wouldn't! One more harsh word from you and the Top gets your past, present and future. You act like I was a natural-born K. P. Forget it! I'm a pipe fitter by trade and right now I feel like takin' one bull cook apart with a monkey wrench."

"That's enough potatoes."

"I said so first!" The K. P. untied his gunny-sack apron and threw it on the field range, where it began to smoke as a preliminary to a local holocaust. "Burn my clothes, I'm Bordeaux bound!"

"I thought you was under arrest when you got this K. P. job."

"I was, but ain't." The one-man rebellion flipped his paring knife at the clay floor of the kitchen with force enough to bury the blade to the hilt. "There's your tools. Farewell forever!"

He ducked out of the kitchen and into one of the company huts, where he made a quick change from blue denim to olive drab. From here he swooped down on company headquarters, where, to his disgust, he encountered the Top. Well, what of it? The Armistice was six months old. France was still cold and dreary, and if a man didn't salvage his own luck he never had any.

"Where's them passes for Bordeaux?" he inquired briskly. "Where do you keep them rubber stamps around here?"

The Top looked at the intruder with a cold menace in his eye. "How d'ya get that way? I thought you was doin' time."

"The general just come along and pardoned me free."

"What general?"

"General riot—and if you don't like it, the big physical encounter between a louse Top and a first-class able-bodied pipe fitter will now take place."

"Never mind starting nothing," the Top returned evenly. "You got francs?"

The ex-K. P. screwed his face up into a decided affirmative. "Bokoo francs, big boy."

"Wait just a minute till I get my other shoes on and I'll go to Bordeaux with you. You sure you got plenty francs?"

"More'n a thousand. I bust the gunner's blackjack game last night. Get your shoes and hurry up."

Figuratively speaking, as a military organization the Rabble Engineers, record-breakers on A. E. F. construction work, were all shot to pieces in the merry springtime following the bleak winter of the Armistice.

The Rabble had worked like dogs for a year and a half, spread out through various parts of France on construction projects. After the Armistice, adding insult to injury in a misguided effort to soothe the Rabble's savage breasts, all this unfinished business had been touted over impressive signatures as having been just as important as the front-line gun play. Laudatory certificates were one thing, but when it came down to a cold analysis of who won the war, there was some doubt in the Rabble's mind as to what share of the credit they deserved.

The reactions of various scattered groups belonging to the regiment were interesting. A typewritten reward of virtue praise was accepted as good old bunk. The Rabble Engineers on the warehouse job had craved to get up to the Front and cut down the over-supply of enemy prisoners. They were savage about the prisoner business where new prisoners were concerned; but as far as the old-time gang went, the thousand faithful German prisoners enjoyed the Rabble's friendship and admiration to a degree which would have alarmed unnumbered patriotic fire eaters had the truth been known.

reached a group of engineers who had been engaged for long months in making tidal observations along the Bay of Biscay, and forthwith this outfit disintegrated and could be heard laughing in hollow mocking voice at various points from London to the north shore of Africa.

Out on the big warehouse job near Bordeaux, where, among other labor, a thousand German prisoners were at work, the effusive song of

"What Outfit Is This?" He Asked

The German gang worked hard and did good work, until the construction records mounted to a point well above those established by many another class of transient labor. At the peak of efficiency after the warehouse crews had been purged of fly-by-night tourists, and when the working force consisted principally of steady stevedores and German prisoners, along came the Armistice as a wrench in the gears of the perfect construction machine.

From where the Rabble sat and viewed the landscape o'er with enthusiastic but constricted vision, the Armistice was most discouraging. Then, following the Armistice, to make matters worse, Nature stepped in and did her dog-gonedest with a winter which developed into a suitable encore for the previous record breaker.

In the springtime came an outburst of natural reaction which had been saved through the long dreary winter months. The Rabble began a deliberate campaign of escape from the local strictures, and in this they were aided and abetted by chance and circumstance. All around them thousands of recent arrivals were winning the big prize and going home, but for some reason the Rabble's return was delayed. Then and there the pioneer outfit decided to get what it could out of life. The big break-up affected everyone from the third-class dog robbers and replacement K. P.'s to the noncom crew and the commissioned personnel. Master engineers on whom had weighed heavy responsibilities, enjoying rare and peculiar opportunities, were among the first to take advantage of the situation. Many of the senior commissioned officers, getting a strangle hold on opportunity, enjoyed trips to the most distant parts of Europe as guests of the country. The younger officers whose newly imposed responsibilities cramped their style were about the only members of the Rabble gang who stuck within hailing distance of headquarters.

Then came the school stuff: "Good-by, gang! Me and Butch is on our way."

"On your way where to?"

"Merry old England. Take a look at a couple of the world's best oil painters. Uncle Sam has booned us with a course of art. Unless I miss my guess, it's gonna last a long time, because Butch is equipped with bokoo jack."

"How come this school stuff?"

"G'wan in and let the Ink write your ticket. Any Rabble Shovelier that craves education from anatomy to zoölogy can get his ignorance eradicated free of charge along with pleasant and instructive travel. That's what the order says. Step at it, soldier, before the big rush begins. The Ink and his hired help is writing out the documents for all comers. Even the loots is fell for some of it."

It developed that the advantages of scholarship were not free for all, but the losers managed to struggle along with side trips that took them all over Europe. They roamed from the battle fronts to Northern Africa, always seeming to encounter some old-timer when the francs got low.

When the various companies had been cut down to skeleton outfits, the regiment's officers, realizing that their departure from France was indefinitely postponed, surrendered to their own ambitions and saw lots of country. Mistakes in the paper work indicated that a platoon or two remained at each company headquarters, but as a matter of fact, ten or fifteen men was the average strength which, with one or two junior lieutenants, might be found around the home plate at intermittent intervals.

On the job with a couple of clerks at regimental headquarters, an efficient sergeant major, striving for better things of life, stuck to his job. The colonel was busy inspecting a lot of important projects, with nontechnical companions, somewhere in France.

Now and then an officer's professional engagements were so arduous that civilian clothes were required, and many a night numerous gentlemen in whom the President of the United States had reposed special confidence were unable to get to their quarters until three or four o'clock in the morning.

Alas for the ingratitude of a careless nation! Too often these heroic efforts toward accomplishing this and that went unnoticed by the military world.

Other things, however, being matters of record, were noticed. An epidemic of civilian statisticians, working for wages to save the country after the Armistice, fed the construction records established by the Rabble Engineers into their dream-book plant. Presently, out of the turmoil of fact and fancy a few truths came to the top. Prominent among the data was the fact that the Rabble Engineers had undoubtedly distinguished themselves for plain hard work.

Boiled down in plain typewriting, the record of the Rabble Engineers headed a list of noteworthy achievements which found its way one day to a desk adjoining the one marred by the spurs of High Command.

"We will inspect the Service of Supply," High Command decided, thereafter accepting a bit of advice from a distinguished gentleman who knew lots of facts.

"There's an outfit down the line that broke all records on the warehouse job. How would it be if we let them furnish the guard of honor?"

"Fair enough," said High Command.

Thereafter, through military channels, an order traveled south appointing the Rabble Engineers on the reception committee. It reached the mail clerk's desk at regimental headquarters just in time to ruin what promised to be a pleasant evening. He handed the opened document to one of the best sergeant majors in the Army.

"Take this as a tonic. By the double-headed, two-faced, brass-bound paymaster, this is good! What you gonna do about it?"

"Lemme see them last reports. What's the strength of the companies?"

"They show fifty or a hundred men, but it's mostly bunk. There ain't a dozen around B camp, A is all spread out; if you find forty men within forty miles of C, they're strangers; and as far as the Second Battalion goes, them babies moved to England in a body."

"Yeah, I know. Maybe we could have a frightful epidemic and lay in quarantine. Is Doctor Jimmy around any place?"

"Doctor Jimmy is in Northern Africa glomming himself some sunshine. How about saying much obliged but no to the invitation?"

The sergeant major looked at his adviser. "Boy, you're young in this Army. Say no to this and you win a lot of lifetime iron jewelry. How many men are hangin' around from Headquarters Company?"

"Me—that's all I know of."

"Well, with maybe two squads of cooks and K. P.'s, along with a few hospital cases, in sight, I don't think the regiment will have to stagger along under any more medals after the brass necks get here. What date does it say they're comin'?"

"Lord, sarge, that's the hot spot in that document! It says the nineteenth, and that's tomorrow. Read the rest of it. You didn't read that order. This means a general turnout in the base. The big boy is bringing a dozen two-star aides in his own party, and there's a dozen in the Belgian outfit and somewhere around fifty of the British and French. This is no little old inspection. It's a mammoth aggregation of all-star talent—and we're sunk! Figure what a guard of honor composed of cooks and K. P.'s would be like! They haven't had a gun in their mitts since they packed up the rifles the week we landed in France. All we can add to this event is a comic touch. It looks to me like the best thing we can do is to get on a horse and let him use his own judgment. I ain't got any left myself. Why not wire the colonel?"

"How would you prefer to be shot—by a colonel or by these visiting firemen? Take your pick. Don't say nothing more to me for a while. I'm going crazy, and I hope I get violent enough to be locked up before the brass-neck special rolls in tomorrow morning. Gr-r-r-r!"

"Oft in fancy down in Dixieland I wander;
By the hills and dales I ramble with a sigh ——"

"I'm crazy too. We're both crazy. They can't shoot you for goin' crazy. Gr-r-r-r!"

The door to the office opened in the midst of the crazy man's demonstration. "What's the big idea? How come you the wild man of Borneo? Git calm and bear down heavy with a couple of rubber stamps on these passes. Gimme some transportation—I'm headed for England. Make it snappy!"

The regimental sergeant major stood up on his hind legs and held out his hand to Sergeant Spike Randall. "Good-by forever! Me and my pal will be shot by the time you get back. Listen to my last words ——"

"I ain't got time. Rig me up these here documents so I can catch the boat for England tomorrow morning. For the next three months I study oil-painted art and other things far, far away from war-torn France."

The sergeant major handed Spike Randall the communication from High Command. "Read it and weep. Weep a lot before you leave. Save a tear for a little mound of earth under which a patriot will be sleeping by the time you get back."

Spike Randall concentrated on the order which the sergeant major handed him. He read it from start to finish, completely absorbed to all outward appearances in the text of the document. As a matter of fact, he had a complete comprehension of the impending affair before he reached the tenth line, and thereafter, with the top of his mind absorbing the details, he did some heavyweight thinking in the deeper convolutions of his brain.

He handed the order back to the sergeant major. Deep in Spike Randall's eyes gleamed a smile which, to the observant sergeant major, seemed to be the first ray of light he had seen for something less than a hundred years.

"What's the big idea of the fiendish giggle in your skull?" the sergeant major asked.

"It's early for a show-down in this game. How about a little holdup? Is there any clause in the regulations that works out a round trip along the Mediterranean for a good inventor if he figures you out of this mess?"

"Boy, as long as the ink holds out, if the rubber stamp don't crack, I'll send you around the world on velvet with the compliments of the regiment if you can side-step this mess. On behalf of the colonel, I promise you everything from the regimental bank roll to the colors. What's on your mind?"

"I'm telling nothing. Rig me up passes for all the Mediterranean ports right now, with a month in Norway and a first-class prowl through Italy, and g'wan to sleep. You haven't got a thing to worry about if you come across handsome with bokoo mileage."

"It's a bet, and I'll raise you the rations and reasonable francs from the frolic fund. From now on, provided you turn the trick tomorrow so the regiment don't go to jail, you're the colonel's pet courier, with all the rights and privileges of a field marshal and everything else you can steal along your line of march. The brass necks land here tomorrow at ten o'clock. Your credentials will be right here on this desk at noon if you deliver the goods."

"I'll deliver the goods. Don't lay awake tonight none about the dear old honor of the dear old Regiment. All I want out of you at this minute is an order for a rubber-tired hack from the M. T. O. The brassbound Romeos have captured all the transportation and maybe I've got to cover a lot of ground between now and tomorrow."

While he was writing out the request for transportation, the sergeant major asked one question, and only one, concerning Spike Randall's scheme of salvation. "What have you got framed up in your bean?"

"Never mind the third-degree stuff. Get a front seat tomorrow when the brass-neck special pulls in and see what happens. Gimme that order. I'm in a hurry. Remember, if the documents aren't ready by noon tomorrow you'd better leave shipping directions for a mess of quivering remains along with your dog tag. Adios!"

After Spike Randall had left Regimental headquarters, the thought of attempting to get his colonel on the wire to acquaint him with the impending event recurred to the sergeant major. He talked it over with his clerical companion and derived some comfort from the latter's advice.

"Nix on that stuff," the clerk objected. "First of all, what the colonel don't know don't itch him any place. Next thing, try and figure what a hell of a fix the colonel would be into if he knew what we know. He couldn't do anything more than stand on one foot and run with the other, and maybe if any high crimes are going to be pulled off he'd better be in the clear."

Without being sure of it, the clerk had voiced a condition of affairs which coincided exactly with the facts. Ignorance of the regiment's predicament suited the colonel just as well as anything, because at the moment the colonel was engaged in telling several charming ladies just how charming they were while life went on in an ancient château in Southern France, where a tired and titled gentleman was entertaining in the colonel's honor.

Following a string of deserved compliments, the colonel enlarged upon another theme which might have been freely

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The Mountains of Manhattan

By Col. W. A. Starrett

THE skyscraper was born in Chicago; it has spread to every American city that pretends to the title; but its greatest development, of course, has been in these shining mountains that are New York's sky line. For the first fifteen years steel-skeleton buildings of ten stories or more were confined virtually to Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. If there is a community of more than 50,000 today in the United States which lacks one, I do not know of it. Charleston, South Carolina, was the last, I believe, to surrender to the rat-tat-tat-tat of the jack hammer, building its first in 1921, while there are half a hundred lesser places, towns of as few as 10,000 persons, that have pridefully watched a steelworker ride a girder 120 feet or more aloft.

The skyscraper is the accepted badge of cityhood. West-bound last fall, I woke as the train halted at Columbus, Ohio, in early morning and looked out a window of the berth to see a tower rising incredibly out of the Scioto River mists that hung over the city. The effect was so startling that I did not believe my sleep-filled eyes. It was the new building of the American Insurance Union, forty-five stories in reality and distorted by the mist until it seemed an unbelievable height.

Towering New York Apartments; the New Sherry-Netherlands and Savoy-Plaza Hotels, With the Ritz Tower in the Background, as Seen From Central Park

Home

THE L. C. Smith building in Seattle was the second highest in the world when it was erected fifteen years ago. Tulsa and Oklahoma City, which did not exist when the first skyscraper was built, have sky lines today more impressive than that of the Loop in 1900. The New York delegation to the Democratic National Convention at Houston this summer will see a sky line that would have made a New Yorker blink when Bryan was nominated. If they journey to Dallas, Fort Worth, Wichita Falls, Amarillo, San Antonio and El Paso, they will see others like it. Nearly fifteen years ago an insurance company erected a twenty-two-story steel building in Waco, Texas, then a town of 30,000. In as much as the insurance building was just five and a half times taller than the next highest structure in Waco, the effect was more startling than that of the Woolworth Tower. This attenuation and the severe lines of the structure led rival and envious cities to refer to it as the "tallest silo in Texas."

I cannot learn how many skyscrapers there are in New York City, but the total is one of four figures. According to building-department reports for Manhattan alone, applications for 113 buildings more than 150 feet in height were filed in 1926, 139 in 1925, and the number has exceeded 100 annually since the war. One hundred and fifty feet is equivalent to twelve to thirteen stories. Another test is the 15,600 passenger elevators, exclusive of automatic lifts in private houses, in Manhattan in 1927.

The congestion in the island is such that the rarest enterprise on it is a new private detached house such as most Americans call home. Just nine such were erected in this borough of about 2,000,000 population in 1926, the last year for which I have figures. For all its gigantic building operations, more than twice as many buildings have been torn down annually in Manhattan in recent years as have been erected, largely due to the fact that one new building usually occupies the site of from two to a dozen old ones.

The Manhattan Life Insurance Building at 66 Broadway, originally seventeen stories and tower, built in 1893, was the first to top Trinity Spire, as I said in a previous article. It likewise marked the first use of pneumatic caissons in a building foundation. In 1896 the St. Paul Building rose to twenty-six stories, eight feet higher than the Chicago Masonic Temple, and brought the championship to New York, to remain to date. Two years later the thirty-story Park Row Building was hailed as the practical limit for all time.

The twenty-story wedge-of-pie-shaped Flatiron Building, best seller among picture post cards in 1902, carried the skyscraper uptown. New Yorkers have forgotten it, but not Europe. The Singer Building, forty-one stories, with a four-story lantern, set a new altitude mark in 1907 and lost it a year later to the 700-foot Metropolitan Life Insurance Tower in Madison Square.

Then in 1913 were built the Woolworth and the Equitable Life Assurance buildings, still the highest and largest respectively. Towers higher than the Woolworth are announced frequently, but none has been built. The Equitable has been approached in size by the Graybar, Barclay-Vesey Telephone and Pennsylvania Hotel buildings in New York, by the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, the General Motors in Detroit, the Union Trust in Cleveland and the Statler in Boston. It is about to be surpassed by the proposed New England Building, with 1,600,000 square feet of space, in Boston.

The Equitable and its kindred are purely commercial structures. They are excellently, even handsomely, built, but every floor is designed to earn its living and pay a profit. The Woolworth, Singer and Metropolitan towers and such structures as the L. C. Smith in Seattle and the Commercial Insurance Union in Columbus were carried to extreme heights for the prestige that redounds to the corporations that built them, and their upper reaches are not apt to return a commercial income on the investment, the ratio of elevator, corridor and other dead space in the towers being out of proportion to the revenue-producing office area.

The New York World Building, with its gilded and commercially unprofitable dome, is one of the earliest examples in New York of earning power subordinated to striking design. When the World dome was built it was such a sky mark in Manhattan that the intangible values of such prominence to a newspaper more than justified the expense.

The Small-Town Skyscraper

THERE are two ways of subordinating income to design in business building. The first is confined largely to banks. Not infrequently they erect low classical structures solely for their own use on very valuable corners. Or they do the equivalent—erect office buildings, but reserve the lower floors and convert this expensive space into high-vaulted banking chambers. Banking can be done under a ten-foot ceiling as efficiently as beneath a sixty-foot ceiling, but in either case the banks have known what they were about. The public demands both an impressive façade and a marble interior of an institution where it deposits its money.

The Peak of the Los Angeles Sky Line, the New 30-Story City Hall

The second method carries a building to uneconomic height and perhaps spectacular elaboration as well. This may be a Woolworth Tower in New York or it may be, for example, a twelve-story office building in a town where neither land values nor the demand for office space justifies such expense. In all cases the motive is the same—prestige. Curiously, small-town skyscrapers frequently justify themselves economically, their prestige together with their more modern accommodations emptying older, lesser buildings of their tenants.

My argument is that the skyscraper is an intrinsically beautiful form. There have been beautiful and hideous skyscrapers and many that lie between, and the fault and the merit alike have been the architects', with rare exceptions. If a "prestige" building fails of beauty, the fault obviously is that of the architect, for the men who pay the bills are lavishly generous of confidence and money.

Striking beauty may be impossible to a purely commercial building; but if such a structure lacks poise and dignity,

the fault again is that of the architect. He may be held by the owner to a stark simplicity of outline; but if the cost limitations can be met at all, they can be met with self-respect. The difference between grace and ugliness in a severely plain form is one only of a few thousand dollars, the architect's ability and a few lines in the right place. If an occasional owner should hold out for unrelieved common brick as a facing for his skyscraper, or insist on the exterior of a two-story Main Street shop for a thirty-story structure, a self-respecting architect can throw up his commission.

Amateur critics of skyscraper architecture have, I suspect, a mental picture of an owner holding the struggling architect's nose to a grindstone on which is carved an emblematic dollar mark. The normal owner builds for profits and he is unlikely to be a competent judge of design, outward or inward; but the true picture of his meeting with the architect usually runs like this:

The owner draws up his chair and his first words are: "I want something adequate and plain; no gingerbread, no fuss and feathers, mind you." It lies in his mind that excessive expense in building takes the form of visual ornamentation. It almost never does. A skyscraper is like a great passenger ship—the difference between a crack express liner and a secondary steamer is not one of hull and funnels but of internal machinery and facilities.

Four Brick Walls to Start

THE owner of a new skyscraper makes his choice between low and high initial expense when he comes to decide on elevators, plumbing, ventilating and heating equipment, internal facilities and finish. They may be good or bad, costly or cheap. When this point is reached he has undergone a psychological change. The visual appeal is so strongly ingrained in human nature that, having discovered by now that it is a relatively minor item in costs, the owner is willing to accept any amount of exterior design the architect wishes, may even urge him to more elaboration; but he has grown niggardly about pumps, valves, copper, elevators, and the like. The real optional expense is hidden inside the building and is neither spectacular nor particularly beautiful. These things do not stir his pride and imagination, and from a no-nonsense business man he has become a romantic, concerned with nonessentials.

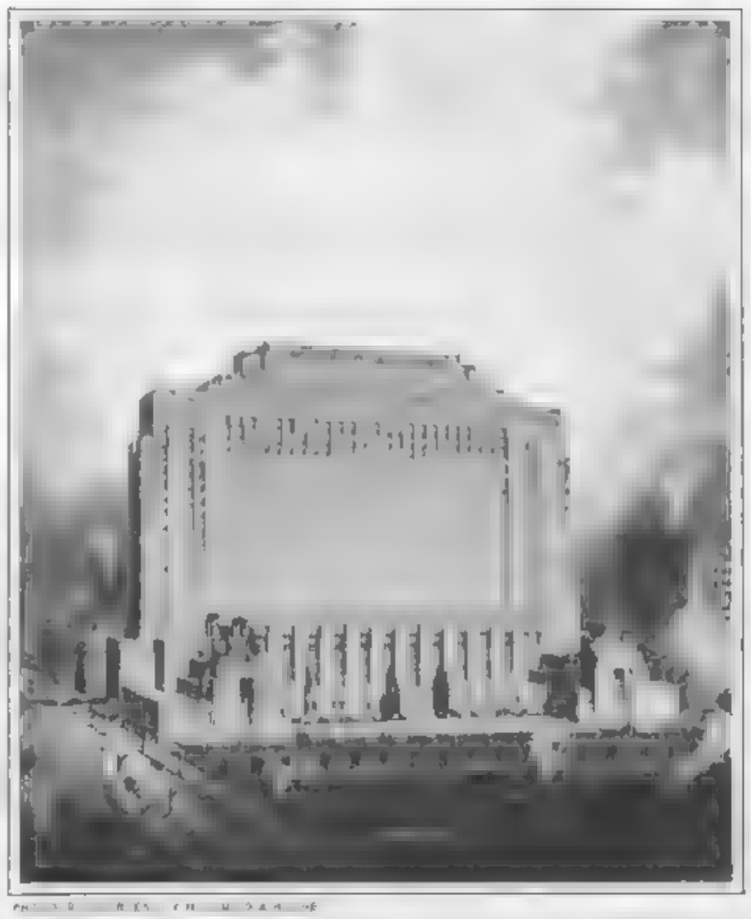
I said a paragraph back that excessive expense almost never takes the form of ornamentation. I wrote "almost" in recollection of one of the world's most magnificent banking rooms, which began with the stern intention of being as plain as an old shoe. This bank illustrates not only an exception to my rule but the shift in viewpoint of an owner.

A bank had grown wealthy and powerful over many years in an off corner of New York. A new financial district springing up, the directors decided to shift the main banking offices to this district. Architects were called in and commissioned to design a building.

"We are plain people down here," the directors said, "and moving uptown will not change our natures. We want a simple, honest office building that will earn its keep, and on the main floor we want as simple a banking room as you can design."

"Right," agreed the architects, an able, imaginative and a far from simple firm. "In order to get the utmost of simplicity we will agree on the dimensions of the banking room and leave it just four brick walls for the present." The directors applauded this unexpected sanity. Thereupon, step by step, the architects began to educate the board in the perfections of interior design. As the directors succumbed to the beauties of one suggestion, the designers pressed another. After six months the board had agreed to one of the most lavish rooms I ever saw. It cost very close to $1,000,000, and by its splendors forced a redesigning of the public entrances, elevators and other details of the office building to bring it more into keeping with such a child. The final result was a monument of which the directors are inordinately proud.

An individual builder naturally could not support such magnificence, however he might be attracted to it; but in as much as a good architect, by his arrangement of elevators and corridors, can get as much as 20 per cent more return out of a given building than can a poor architect, owner and architect usually can meet on the common ground of good economics and agree on design. Therefore I repeat that simple, handsome skyscrapers always were possible to strictly commercial building and that simple, handsome structures were built when the architects were equal to their problem.



The New Chicago Daily News Building, Now Going Up Over Railroad Tracks Leading Into the New Union Station

A New Taste

TOO much, not too little, ornament was the prevalent offense of the skyscraper from its birth down to the war. Feeling their way about in this new architectural form, designers took their aesthetic yearnings out in cheap and easy overelaboration, thereby robbing the structures of their two inherent artistic integrities—simplicity and power.

Ornamentation always is a lesser form and frequently a questionable form of beauty. It ever is apt to bear no relation to the building, or to be overdone, as a woman with too much of the wrong kind of jewelry. Only great architects may be trusted with it.

We have to thank neither architect nor owner, but labor, for a better day. It was economic necessity that removed the lace and embroidery from these athletic figures. Ornamentation still is cheap, but labor has become expensive. When both were cheap and the skyscraper was new, heavily chiseled festoons of granite and marble garlands of fruit and flowers hung over the windows and doorways of our business buildings. Friezes and cornices invited festoons and brackets. Cartouches were

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New England's Tallest Building, the New 26-Story Industrial Trust Company Structure, at Providence, R. I.

The New York Central Building, Through Which Park Avenue Traffic Will Flow

The New 52-Story Terminal Tower in Cleveland; the Arches are Gateways to the Union Station Concourse

THE SECRET HELPERS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"THE' hain't no use tryin' to pertend nothin' with Peewee," said Woodchuck Collins morosely, "and the reason is that he can't pertend nothin' on account of him not havin' nothin' to pertend with."

"I dunno," said Gummy White, "if I ever see a kid that was dumber."

"I hain't dumb," Peewee defended himself. "Didn't I pass that there examination, huh? Didn't I? And a guy that kin pass an examination hain't dumb, because if he was dumb he couldn't pass any examination, could he?"

"You're dumb," said Woodchuck sternly. "We ought to throw you out of the Black Star Order."

"You dassent," said Peewee, "'cause hain't I got all the secrets 'n' everythin'? And I betcha you don't dast thrun me out or I betcha a million dollars you'd all be perty scairt of what I could tell if I had a mind."

"Aw, dry up," said Woodchuck wearily. "Lissen, Gummy, we, now, pertend we're the Jesse James gang, and I'm Jesse and you're Frank and some other feller 's Cole Younger and Peewee 's one of the band. Then what does he up and do? He jest goes on bein' Peewee 'n' never nothin' else, and he hain't no help robbin' banks or holdin' up trains or nothin'."

"I kin rob a bank 's good 's anybuddy else," said Peewee, "if the's a bank to rob. I betcha I'm a better robber'n any of ye. But I can't git het up robbin' a stump out in the woods and callin' it a bank. Banks is in buildin's. I guess I know what a bank is, and no stump was ever a bank and it don't look like it. What a stump is is a stump, and nothin' else."

"And that," said Woodchuck, "is what we got to put up with."

"You can't learn him nothin'," said Banty Morton.

"You kin, too," said Peewee. "Mr. Breeze learnt me suthin' so as I was able to pass that examination. That proves it. I betcha anythin' that proves it."

"Jest dumb," said Woodchuck.

"But we can't kick him out," said Pazzy Boomer; "not 'thout slayin' him so as our secrets 'll perish with him."

"The' hain't no two of ye kin slay me," said Peewee.

"We got to contrive suthin'," said Banty.

"I hain't goin' to pertend no stump is a savin's bank," said Peewee stubbornly. "Banks has safes into 'em, and payin' tellers. This here thing of rushin' up to a stump and p'intin' sticks at it and tellin' it to throw up its hands and deliver hain't got no sense to it. It hain't got no hands to throw up. A stump's a stump, and it's goin' to keep on bein' a stump and nobuddy kin stop it."

"I betcha we kin find a way," said Woodchuck, his busy mind commencing to entertain itself with the subject.

"Yes," said Peewee, "and no hayrack a-standin' in a field is any express train neither. If you think I'm goin' to bust off my buttons draggin' logs to lay in front of a hayrack to throw it off of rails that hain't there, then you kin go plumb."

"He's dumb," said Pazzy.

"Mebby," said Peewee, "I'm kind of dumb, but I hain't no lunatic. I know what's what when I see it. If I'm a-goin' to steal a beautiful woman fur ransom, why, what I'm a-goin' to do is steal a woman. I hain't a-goin' to drag off no bed sheet from ma's wash line and git licked fur it."

"I tell ye what," said Woodchuck. "We'll pertend he's crazy, see? If we're bein' the Jesse James gang, why, Peewee kin be the one that got shot in the head and went crazy, and the way he's crazy is that all the time he thinks he's a feller by the name of Peewee Tubbins, and acts like a feller by the name of Tubbins and all, but what he actually is is a feller that's shot in the head and crazy."

Peewee blinked. This was too esoteric for him. "How in tunket is a body a-goin' to pertend to be what he is? You fellers make me sick to my stummick. I hain't no more crazier'n what the rest of ye be. And I know I'm Peewee Tubbins and not nobuddy else whatever."

Mr. Bean Looked at His Door. He Found Peewee's Word and It Struck to the Marrow of His Bones

"That fixes it fine," said Woodchuck, "and we kin be sorry fur him and save him from perils and sich; and the Injuns'll know he's crazy and won't hurt him, because Injuns never hurts them that the Great Spirit has made lunatics of. It's 'most better to have Peewee a lunatic and thinkin' he's himself 'n what it would be to have him able to pertend he was Cole Younger."

"The' hain't a mite of sense to it," said Peewee.

"So," said Woodchuck, "all you got to do, Peewee, is jest to act natural."

"It hain't," said Pazzy, "a-goin' to matter a mite how dumb you be from now on."

"I'm a-goin' to ask Mr. Breeze if a feller that's passed him an examination is dumb jest because a stump hain't a savin's bank, b'jingo, and I betcha he'll jest laugh!"

"I betcha he'll laugh till he most busts," said Woodchuck, "but he won't be laughin' at what you think he's laughin' at, not by a darn sight."

"Anyhow," said Peewee, "robbin' banks is agin the law."

"Poor feller," said Woodchuck. "I've heard of lunatics that thought they was the Emp'ror Napoleon, and once I heard of one that thought he was a hen and was allus a-settin' on a mess of door knobs. But jest why this pore feller ever got the crazy notion he was Peewee Tubbins, I can't git through my head. He must be crazier'n usual to git sich an idee. Fellers, we got to keep a perty clost watch onto him. I dunno's he's jest safe."

Peewee's eyes were a bit wild and he opened his mouth. But thinking better of it, he closed his mouth again and sat glumly with his back against the savings bank which had just been robbed. "The thing," said Pazzy Boomer, "that I like about Jesse James and Robin Hood and all them outlaws is that they went around rightin' wrongs. They never seen a wrong but what they set out to right it. Almost every day they righted one, seems as though, and that was perty slick."

"I betcha," said Woodchuck, "this here town is chuck-full of wrongs. I betcha a million dollars the's folks bein' oppressed and all that. I betcha this gang could do a lot of good if it jest set its mind to it."

"It's wicked and agin the law to be an outlaw and kill folks and rob banks and all," said Gummy, "if you hain't the kind of an outlaw that's good to the poor, and that rescues wimmin and that gives skinflints the wust of it. But the kind of outlaws that puts in their spare time when they hain't busy robbin' and sichlike in rightin' wrongs is noble."

"I guess," said Woodchuck, "we better be noble some. I guess we better sneak around and find us a wrong to right."

"Ol' Mandy Stump," said Peewee, "larrups her husband with a broom handle. I cal'late that's a wrong."

"'Tain't," said Woodchuck scornfully, "the right kind of a wrong. Outlaws has to be mighty p'tic'lar what kind of wrongs they right or they plumb lose their reppitations. You can't jest right any wrong that comes along. You got to pick out your wrongs. The best kind is the ones with beautiful wimmin in 'em."

"Well," said Peewee, somewhat discouraged, "nobuddy ever said Mandy Stump was beautiful."

"Lucy Norton's perty," said Pazzy.

"But she hain't wronged," said Woodchuck.

"How d'ye know?" demanded Pazzy. "You hain't never asked her. I betcha the's lots of wronged folks nobuddy knows about. I betcha Lucy Norton's wronged like the dickens, and I betcha she'd own up to it, too, if a body was to ask her."

"She hain't wronged," said Peewee; "she's jest doggone unlucky."

Woodchuck eyed him compassionately. "Pore feller," he said, "he's off ag'in. He thinks he's Peewee Tubbins."

"You git smart with me," said Peewee, "and you'll think you're Woodchuck Collins with arnica rubbed on your sore spots."

"It's all right, fellers," said Woodchuck; "we just got to humor him. He don't gen'ally git vi'lent."

"He couldn't lick nobuddy if he did," said Pazzy.

"Jest you stand up and stick a chip onto your shoulder and see how you come out," said Peewee.

"That," said Woodchuck, quoting Justice Marley, "will be amply sufficient of that. Now about this here wrong. We got to be secret about it, so as we'll git the name of the Secret Helpers and be beloved by the poor folks."

"I thought we was the Black Star Order," said Peewee. "I don't like this bein' suthin' different every minnit. And then we're Jesse James and next a body knows we're Robin Hood or else some dog-gone pirate or other. What I want is fur us to be somebuddy or suthin' and stick to it."

"We're Secret Helpers," said Woodchuck, "whatever else we be. It's a kind of a side line."

Banty Morton stood up formally. "Number 1," he said.

"Number 4," recognized the presiding officer.

"I make a motion we look into this wronged business of Lucy Norton."

"Anybuddy second the motion of Number 4?"

"Me," said Pazzy.

"Been moved by Number 4 and seconded by Number 6 we look into Lucy Norton's wrongs. All in favor give the secret votin' signal."

The secret voting signal was perpetrated with both hands; the left hand was placed on the abdomen as in stomach ache, the right hand was laid on top of the head, then both hands were whisked into the pants pockets.

"Carried," said Woodchuck.

"When I come past," said Peewee, "I seen about a billion perch under the dam."

"We'll pertend," said Woodchuck, "that they're whales and we been off on a whaler fur more'n a year."

"So fur's I'm concerned," said Peewee, "they're a-goin' to be perch."

"Shucks!" said Woodchuck disgustedly.

II

SOLON BREEZE, Eighth-Grade teacher in Lombardy's public school, stopped beside the dam, where a dozen or so of his boys were working havoc with the vital statistics of the perch population.

"Here's Number 20," said Woodchuck.

Solon scrambled down and found a seat on a damp bowlder. There was no self-consciousness on either side, for Solon knew he was welcome and the boys accepted him as one of themselves.

"We had a mighty important meetin'," said Woodchuck.

"Sorry I wasn't there. What did you do?"

"We come to the conclusion we got to be Secret Helpers," said Woodchuck. "We got to right wrongs and the like of that. When we see somebuddy—most likely a beautiful woman—gittin' the wust of it, why, what we got to do is step in and rescue her and mebby tar and feather the villain, or somethin'."

"Fine!" said Solon. "Got any first-class wrongs in mind?"

"We was thinkin' of Lucy Norton," said Woodchuck. "She's awful perty."

"I don't think I know the lady. What is the nature of her wrongs, and who is the villain?"

"We hain't got to that yit. We jest picked her out to rescue. She's clerkin' in the Busy Big Store. But I betcha she's been wronged suthin' terrible when we git to know all about it. Prob'ly by a man with whiskers that gits his clothes in the city. I betcha he's got a holt on her, and I betcha he's a-plannin' to carry her off and keep her a pris'ner till she promises to marry him or suthin'."

"I betcha more'n that," said Banty. "I betcha this here villain was her pa's enemy, and he done her pa out of his fortune and now he's a-goin' to finish up his revenge on Lucy."

"Anyhow," said Gummy, "her old man was perty rich, and Lucy went to one of them boardin' schools. But when the old man up and died she went to work in the Busy Big Store."

"That proves it," said Woodchuck.

"It would seem to," said Solon. "But just how do you propose to rescue her?"

"It's got to be awful secret," said Woodchuck, "because if this here villain knew we was on his tracks I betcha she'd jest disappear and nobuddy would ever find a trace."

"Yes," said Solon, "the more secret the better."

"What I want to know," said Peewee, "is how you kids knew about any villain. I never seen no man with whiskers hangin' around Lucy. And she hain't hid away no'eres, because I seen her in the store this mornin'."

"Number 20," said Woodchuck soberly, "this here poor member got shot in the head, and he hain't jest right in his mind, so he b'lieves he's a feller by the name of Peewee Tubbins. We got to humor him."

"The only man had anythin' to do with her," Peewee said stubbornly, "was ol' Pliny Bean, and he was her guardeen or suthin'. And he hain't no villain; he's jest mean. Just you knock a ball into his garden and see if you dast go in after it. Just you dast! I betcha he makes a livin' off of sellin' balls the kids knock into his garden and don't dast go in after."

"I betcha I dast," said Gummy. "I betcha I dast go right up now and throw a ball into his garden, and I betcha a billion dollars I dast git right over the fence and fetch it out."

"What's the matter," asked Woodchuck thoughtfully, "with havin' ol' Bean fur the villain? We kin. He kin be the villain and we'll git even fur all them balls and all. I betcha he was the villain. Guardeens is allus villains in every story I ever read. You'd have to go a long ways before you found you a better villain 'n what ol' Bean 'ud be."

"Let's have him for it then," said Buster.

"Don't," said Solon, "go getting into trouble now. No monkey business."

"We don't aim to. All we got to do is rescue Lucy," said Woodchuck, "and we better git at it before suthin' terrible happens. Gummy, you 'n' me better go out and spy around some."

Solon accompanied the spies up the street, but left them at the hotel. Woodchuck and Gummy continued on stealthily to the Busy Big Store, which they watched, one from behind a tree, the other from the concealment of a packing box.

"If a gang of masked men comes a-ridin' up," admonished Woodchuck, "I'll foller 'em while you give the alarm."

But no masked marauders appeared. Fifteen minutes later, however, Lucy Norton came out on her way to luncheon and Woodchuck signaled his companion.

"You foller her, but keep out of sight," he whispered. "I'll hyper on ahead to see the way's all clear, and mebby I'll git a chancet to warn her."

So, at top speed, Woodchuck, or Number 1, made a circuit of the block, coming out ahead of the young lady, who walked all unconscious of her peril or of secret protectors ready to spring out to her defense. Two blocks farther along, Number 1 hid behind a hedge, where he remained scarcely breathing, until Lucy came abreast of him. Then he uttered a stealthy sound.

"His-s-s-at!" he said. Lucy stopped, startled. "Pertend you dropped suthin'," said Woodchuck. "I'm a secret friend. I got to talk to you without them enemies knowin' it."

"Who is it?" asked Lucy. "What are you talking about?"

"You got powerful secret friends that is workin' to rescue you," said Woodchuck. "But we got to git some info'mation from you before we kin ack. We are a powerful and secret gang that rights wrongs and all like that, but we can't right no wrong till we got the correct info'mation, kin we—about what the wrong is and who is the villain and all? We druther rescue beautiful women than anybuddy else, and that's how we come to pick out you."

"Oh," said Lucy, who began to sense the situation. "Thank you so much, and I'd love to be rescued. What must I do?"

"Fust off," said Woodchuck, "you got to answer questions, and answer 'em true."

"Very well," said Lucy, "I'll try."

"Your pa," said Woodchuck, "was perty rich, wan't he?"

"We thought so," Lucy said, and she was forced to compress her lips so that they would not tremble at the recollections called up by this brash question.

"And he aimed to leave all his money to you so as you would be rich?" asked Woodchuck.

"He—he always said I would be well taken care of."

"You see," said Woodchuck, "I got to ask all these here questions 'fore we kin run down the crime. It hain't jest curiosity." He paused. "And it turned out you wan't left well off, but had to go to work in the Busy Big Store. Now if your pa was rich when he was alive, how did it come he didn't have nothin' to leave?"

"What he left wasn't worth anything," Lucy said. "It it was found to be worthless, and poor papa had invested all his money in something that went bankrupt or something."

"I git the idee," said Woodchuck sagely. "Did this here, now, thing that went bankrupt do it before your pa died or after?"

"Before—quite a while before."

"Huh! But your pa didn't know it? Right up to the last he figgered he was rich?"

"It—it seems so," said Lucy.

"Did he have money to spend?"

"Why, we always had all we wanted."

(Continued on Page 181)

"I Betcha I Dast," Said Gummy. "I Betcha I Dast Go Right Up Now and Throw a Ball Into His Garden"

FUR BRIGADE

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

He Procured a Stick and Traced in the Dirt a Crude Map of the Stream Lines West of the Rockies and North of Snake River

XI

THE Arikaras, or Rees, as they were known to the mountain men, had inhabited the Dakota prairies. Their villages were stationary, their lodges solid affairs, built half underground in dugout fashion, the sides and roofs heavily banked and covered with earth. They were an agricultural people long before the advent of the white men, raising corn, beans, squashes, various vegetables and a species of tobacco. Their only agricultural implements were crude spades and hoes fashioned from the shoulder blades of the buffalo.

The westward-moving Sioux, advancing from the Great Lake region and the Upper Mississippi, had waged a forty-year war against the Rees in their efforts to gain possession of the great buffalo ranges of the region. In this they had been largely successful and the Rees had been crowded into a relatively small territory along the Missouri River. After accomplishing their object the Sioux had more or less abandoned all save intermittent warring against the Rees since somewhere round 1770. Other branches of the Sioux had pressed on and harried the Kiowas from their homes in the Black Hills. The Kiowas had migrated toward the southern extremities of the Great Plains to escape these fierce and ruthless enemies.

During the War of 1812, the British, having effected a quiet penetration of much of Upper Louisiana prior to its sale to the United States by France, sought to carry out the original purpose and hold those areas on the Upper Missouri for their country. To this end the British had sought to enlist the Sioux against the Americans. So successful were these efforts that various bands of Sioux went on the war-path under British leadership and moved eastward to attack the settlements in Ohio. Several of the Indians so distinguished themselves as to win high honors among the British.

A farsighted Spanish trader, Manuel Lisa, very loyal to the United States and with broad experience among the Indians, suspected that such a move was on foot among the British. He hastened to General Clark, governor of Missouri Territory—formerly Captain Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition—and laid the information before him, along with a plan of his own to outwit the conspirators.

General Clark gave him carte blanche and Lisa set out at once for the Sioux tribes that inhabited the Upper Missouri. He supplied them liberally with trade goods and trinkets dear to the savage heart. The Sioux tribes of the Upper Mississippi region were the ones that had espoused the British cause. Lisa adroitly planted in the minds of the Dakota Sioux the belief that their relatives on the Upper Mississippi were incensed at the Western Sioux because of their loyalty to the United States and intended to make war upon them at the instigation of the British. The English, he pointed out, were supplying a vast quantity of arms to the Mississippi Sioux.

The Great White Father, hearing of it, Lisa said, was enraged at this scurvy trick played by the enemy upon his loyal children. He would not desert them. Instead he wished to arm them to the end that they would not be helpless against the impending aggression. Lisa distributed many muskets and assured the Western Sioux that more arms were on the way. Had he exhorted them to go to war, they might have suspected him. On the contrary, he urged them not to go to war. The Great White Father did not want them to spill their blood in a white man's quarrel, but was arming them merely for their own protection. Lisa advised them to go about their regular pursuits, but to keep a wary eye upon the British and the Mississippi Sioux lest they should combine to surprise them. At the same time he sent secret emissaries among the Mississippi Sioux. These, posing as British agents, spread rumors to the effect that the Western Sioux were arming for war against their Eastern relatives.

The last thing that the British desired was to see a split in the Sioux nation—which then could muster round thirty thousand warriors in all its different branches—since their main object in enlisting Indians on the British side was for the purpose of gaining the allegiance of the Northwestern tribes and retaining their trade and territory for England. They were now forced to use every means to prevent the Mississippi Sioux from waging war against the Western Sioux.

The wily Lisa, too, had a similar object in mind; and having blocked the British conspiracy, he urged his Dakota tribes to wait for the aggression that never came. Meanwhile he urged them to trap beaver and he harvested a fortune in furs. Whatever shortcomings he may have had in his private feuds as a trader, the man who had endeavored to prevent the Astorians from establishing their trade in the West was a loyal citizen of the United States, and it was through his efforts and strategy that the bloodiest of all Indian wars was narrowly averted. Following up his advantage, immediately upon the cessation of hostilities, the authorities of the United States called a conference of all Sioux chiefs, with the result that all tribes of this nation proclaimed allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. The British, instead of gaining the trade of the Dakota Sioux, lost that of the Mississippi Sioux. That very satisfactory arrangement was concluded in 1815.

In the year 1821, for no apparent reason, the Rees commenced a series of depredations against American traders and *voyageurs* on the Missouri. Several small parties were set upon and murdered in the vicinity of the Ree villages. Larger parties, too, were attacked. There were rumors among the Sioux, who were now tepid allies of the Rees, that these affairs resulted from the whites having attacked the Rees as the beginning of a campaign against all Indians.

This would automatically align the Sioux with their Ree allies. It was said that small parties of Brûlé, Ogallala, Sisseton and Teton Sioux were visiting among the Rees and taking part in the killings. There was general restlessness among the Western tribes, whispers of a general uprising under British leadership. The British wished to see a great Indian nation set up west of the Mississippi and extending to the Pacific, it was said—a nation in which no white man could set foot. A great many of the Sioux preferred to trade with the British for the reason that English traders supplied them freely with whisky while the American authorities absolutely prohibited the trading of whisky to the Western tribes. That this edict was frequently violated by American traders in competition with the British, or merely for their gain, did not alter the fact that the Sioux fretted under this governmental restriction and inclined toward the more liberal liquor policy of the British; and the latter were availing themselves of this advantage.

Colonel Leavenworth, stationed with two hundred men on the Lower Missouri, some seven hundred miles below the Ree villages, boldly stated that these troubles resulted from the machinations of the British. He cited the fact that some of the little bands of Sioux now reported to be consorting with the Rees were made up of the very individuals who had fought under the British flag against American settlers in the War of 1812.

For well over half a century the British had sought to control the fur trade of the whole Northwest and to take over that territory for themselves. Now, even when the two nations were at peace, British fur brigades, so large in numbers and so thoroughly armed as to constitute expeditionary forces, penetrated American territory all through the West and ranged a thousand miles south of the Canadian border, while Americans were prohibited from doing likewise in Canadian territory. Though there was no governmental edict of exclusion, the trading privileges had been given as monopolies to great companies. These concerns, maintaining a series of forts, equipped with well-armed fur brigades and backed by the allegiance of the Northern savages, were well able to protect their own areas against invasion by American trappers and traders without a formal exclusion act on the part of government. American fur companies, however, had no such monopolies or concessions upon which to base their rights, which were violated with impunity.

Colonel Leavenworth cited these facts and denounced the British so emphatically as the instigators of the Ree depredations that, coupled with the persistent reports of the Far Western *voyageurs* to the effect that British forts were being established west of the Rockies, the United States authorities began to take notice. The mountain men, living among the Indians, were of the opinion that the British were secretly fomenting a general Indian uprising in the West and that at the psychological moment they would throw the weight of England and the British fur brigades on the side of the savages. All this was to result before many years in a military expedition aimed to settle trade boundaries and regulations as fixed as territorial boundaries, presumably, had been settled in the past.

Traveling by way of the moccasin telegraph, the news of the Ree depredations and all allied rumors spread to every Indian village in the West. The mountain men, scattered in a hundred Indian encampments, believed that a general war was imminent.

Little Bull, gathering these tales in the lodges of the Pawnees, relayed them to Breckenridge. The band of picked warriors with whom they had consorted during the raid into Comanche country was on the verge of setting forth on another expedition and insisted that the four white men should accompany them. Among the *voyageurs* slain by the Rees had been many old friends of Breckenridge and Brady. Hunter addressed the chosen band of Pawnee braves.

"You wish to make another raid," he said. "Very well, this time we will raid in the country of the Rees."

"But the Rees are a distant people whom we do not know and with whom we are not at war," the Pawnees objected. "It is winter and the Ree country is far to the north."

"The Rees say that there is a good reason why Pawnees never raid in Ree country," Hunter said. "They have heard it said that the Pawnees are great warriors and at this they laugh until the sound offends the ears of the Great Spirit. They say that the Pawnees have never proved themselves great enough to show a willingness to ride into their country and cross lances with the Rees."

"No more have the Rees come riding into our country to give battle to the Pawnees," a warrior pointed out.

"But there is a difference," said Hunter. "The Pawnees are known as hawks of the prairies. They move with the game. Their villages shift. The Rees are a stationary people. Their lodges are of logs and earth and are not to be moved. Their villages remain always in the same spots, while their women cultivate the crops. The Rees do not raid into other country, but merely protect their villages against those who raid in their territory. The Sioux have given battle to them, as have the Cheyennes, the Blackfeet and the Assiniboins. They rejoice to give battle to those who invade their country, for they are great warriors. But they laugh when they hear the Pawnees called the hawks of the prairies and ask why these hawks, of all Western tribes, have always feared to spread their wings in Ree country."

"Then they shall be taught a lesson," the Pawnees decided. "The Rees shall discover whether or not the Loup Pawnees are warriors. We will drive the sneers down the throats of the lying dogs!"

The same band that had invaded the Comanche country now set forth for the villages of the Rees, this time reenforced by Brady and Tod Breckenridge. As they had schooled the Mandan party, so Hunter and Little Bull now impressed upon the Pawnees the necessity of pressing home a charge. Their enemies would not be expecting such tactics and, attacked with lance and battle-ax at the moment their guns were empty, would become easy prey. Within two weeks they came to the country of the Rees. Before dawn, Hunter deployed the Pawnees in a deep ravine. Then, with Tod and Brady, he made camp within full view of a Ree village.

The sun rose to usher in a cold prairie day. The Rees discovered the three white men encamped within two miles of the village. Half a hundred of them set forth at once, followed by others as soon as they could secure their mounts. A flight of arrows and musket balls was launched at the whites, who had leaped behind the few scattered trees that graced their camp site. Previously two loaded trade muskets had been placed behind each of the three trees selected by the whites. With these extra weapons to supplement the fire of their own rifles, they proceeded to pick off the leading Rees, who, amazed at the rapidity of the fire and the mortality among their leaders, were thrown into momentary confusion. At that instant, with a chilling war whoop, the sixty Pawnee braves charged from the ravine under the leadership of Little Bull and swept down upon the Rees.

(Continued on Page 130)

"Ask Him," Instructed Hunter, Who Knew Little of the Blackfoot Language, "Just Why He Enters the Stockade Armed When Told to Leave His Arms Outside"

DYNAMITE EMBERS

Instincteratively I Begun to Run, Yelling at the Same Time, "Call 'em Toward You, Some of Them, Bill"

By FREEMAN TILDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

SETTING around the fire station day after day, wearing out the light gray seat of your blue uniform and waiting for a fire to start, which it doesn't, is not what it is cracked up to be, I can tell you. I guess, during the six years which I was lieutenant of the Jackson Falls F. D. up to last September, I have knit enough socks and sweaters to fit out a polar expedition. I have set and knit, and knit and set, until, so help me, if you was to put a lace cap onto my head and give me a pair of spectacles, you would take me for the dowacher queen of Serbia or somebody. In six years we have wore out a dozen checker boards and rubbed off the spots of more packs of cards than the Ladies' Aid Debating society.

These here Jackson Falls people is the most keerful with matches which any eager fireman ever had to contend with. I believe you could give the little tots a Christmas present of a box of matches and turn them loose in a lumber yard, and they would instinctoratively wet down the lumber before they begun to play. This is good for the insurance companies, but it is hard on a feller which is anxious to make a reputation. And you have to stand the jeers of the taxpayers something awful, I tell you. Somebody is always saying: "How is it we are supporting that gang of lazy loafers over at the fire station? Don't they ever do anything but tell stories and give a fireman's ball once a year? Are they going to sit around till they git so fat they will have to be histed on board the hook and ladder when it goes out for exercise?"

I mean, that is the way they used to talk—I mean, before last September's conflogation. It is very different now. You don't hear any more about our being lazy loafers; but we are the pride of Jackson Falls, if you believe what the Weekly Record and Harvey County Examiner says. As a result of that conflogation, our former chief is now called to higher duties with the Springhaven F. D. and gets a celery that would raise the tax rate in this here burg to Herculaneum proportions. Which I am not crying about, because it meant that I am now chief myself. But I will say for our old chief that he rose in the world by his own exertions and using his old bean for something besides a home for helmets. He had an idea, and he stuck to it in spite of sneers and jeers and skeptocism. He was years in getting a chanst to try that idea out, but his chanst come at last, and if they is any young men in my audience, I wish to say to them that this is what wins—I mean, sticking to your ideas like a mustard plaster. I will now tell you about the old chief, and then I will describe the conflogation. Boys, if that September fire was not some fire, I will give you my badge and join the Salivation Army!

The name of the old chief was Ambrose Tulk, and he was raised right up in Jackson Falls, and lived here man and boy for pretty near fifty-five years before he got his chanst. He went way back to the old days before Jackson Falls amounted to much, and when they used to have just a hand engine and hose houses situated around in various parts of the town, and the fireman got so much per fire, and was fined for not showing up. In them days they used to sound the alarm on a big iron hoop which hung just opposite the town hall. In them days a fire was a total loss, because it would be found that the sucker who had the keys to the fire house was always over in the next town visiting an aunt, or somebody had borried the hose in winter to make an artificial skating rink, or all the water had not been squoze from it and it had bust, or something. They used to call Mr. Tulk "chief" even in those days, though he was not on celery; but instead of calling him Ambrose, they called him Embers, which was considered a good piece of wit, because, they said, whenever the chief arrove at a blaze there was nothing but embers left. Which did not bother the chief very much, because he had this idea which he was nursing.

When Jackson Falls growed up to be quite an industrial center and we got a real department—motorized and everything—it was only natural that Ambrose Tulk would be the first and only choice for chief, and though they made fun of him and still called him Embers, yit he had the respeck of all.

The toughest luck for Ambrose was when we had got the new fire station built and got our motorized apparatus, and then there was no fires any more. Except for a few farmhouses which had been abandoned to the insurance companies and which we could not reach anyway, you could have put all the fires in Jackson Falls in your parlor stove and it would have pretty near extinguished it.

This would have gradually took the heart out of most fire chieves and they would have gave up studying fire-fighting methods and gone simply to polishing their badges and flirting with the sensitive sex, which is always crazy about uniforms and has been ever since Noah become a naval commander; but that was not Ambrose's way. He was as well read about fires as the chief of New York, and being on the mailing list of several fire-extinguisher companies, he received all the latest darter about extinguishment. But what our F. D. needed, you understand, was not extinguishers but puromaniacs, but none of these was rampant in our midst.

Well, time went on and one day what does Chief Tulk git but an invite to attend a big concave of fire chieves in Hartford, which I guess you know is the city where there is a lot of insurance companies, and maybe they wanted to look the chieves over to see whether it would be advisable to raise the insurance rates. The chief had been waiting going on sixty years for such an honor, and he packed up his grips mighty quick, I tell you. When he come back to Jackson Falls it would of done your heart good to see the change in him. He was set up. Of course he was kind of tired looking, which I understand was due to him and a number of brother chieves studying electric-wiring problems in some of the all-night places, to see how they guard against fires and other possible unwelcome intruders; but as I say, he was a diffirent man.

"Boys," he says to Cliff Trudeau and Walt Hackett and the rest of us, when we had gathered to hear about the trip, "this has been a revelation to me. Why, boys, we don't begin to know the problems they has in the big cities and the wrinkles which is used to overcome the devourative element. I have learned more in the few days I have been absent among them past masters of the art than I dreamed of in a life of service in this burg which I was born in. I am now prepared to give this town a fire preventative which will do us and the locality proud."

"Meaning what, chief?" says I.

"Meaning that we start right in now dividing this here burg into presinks for study in prevention," says the chief. "I am going to lay off this here burg in map form, so that no matter what happens, we fight the fire scientific. And we are going to study emergency work. And when I say emergency work, I mean principally the effective use of dynamite to stop the spread of a conflogation."

Well, at the word "dynamite" we got considerable interested, because that sounded like something to whiles away the time with until the town people improved in carelessness. But the chief was rattling on, enthusiastic:

"You see, boys, we haven't knowed it, but we face, in this here burg, several bad hazards which is likely, if not studied and prepared against, to wipe this place as clean as a front lawn. I will show this to you later, when I have made my maps. I will describe a circle around these hazards and explain how we will handle the fire if it ever gits out of control inside of them circles. In the meantime we must git some dynamite and learn how to use it most effective. It is certainly not a disgrace to we men that we have not learned to use this weapon against the devourative element, because we have not had the chanst.

"But now we will learn. Within a few days, after my maps git under way, we will all go out to Westcott's pasture, back of Deacon Cleveland's house, and prepare the construction of a minimized building, upon which we will practice. I have a lot of old secondhand lumber in my own yard which I will donate for the purpose, and we will

throw a dead line around that structure, professing to imagine it is in the path of the fire, and we must learn how to use the explosive. I have never fired none myself, but I have a brother-in-law who—though no friend of mine, dam him—would be glad to show me how to use explosives, hoping that I would forgit the instruction some day. So, Hanover, you will take Cliff and Bill with you tomorrow and report at the back of the deacon's house, waiting there for me for further instructions, leaving a man on duty in case anybody in town should forgit themselves and start anything."

"Yes, chief," says I, "I will do that and I look forward to learning something."

"You will learn nothing from me, Hanover," says the chief, modest, "compared with the information I got down at Hartford in the midst of all that crowd of experts who has made fires almost impossible except in fireproof buildings and where owners is badly in debt or overstocked."

Well, I guess the chief must of worked all that night on his maps, because he didn't git around the next morning, but he telephoned and said that he was well and would respond to all alarms, but he was busy, and so forth. And it was the same the next day, but the chief was sure working that old head of his, because the third day he come down bringing several big sheets of cardboard with him, and he took us boys upstairs to the back office, and there it was—the most elegant maps of Jackson Falls and surroundings you ever seen, with circles done in red and numbered; and the houses of practically every store and building and factory in the business section was marked and indecked.

Well, the next day I was at the lot back of Deacon Cleveland's house, with Cliff and Bill Stevens, at the appointed hour. Pretty soon the chief he come along, and we laid out the dimensions of the imitation dwelling which we was going to ereck, having got permission of old man Westcott to use his pasture, provided we would not damage his Angora goats which was grazing there.

Well, a lot of people got wind of what we was doing, and some says we was going to raise onions to make us stronger, and others says we was going to raise pansies to decorate the hook and ladder, and such-like josh, which you has to stand from suckers who think they are funnier than Moran and Mack, only they has no pull with the theatrical authorities. We knowed there would be a lot of people hanging around, but we could manage that all right by setting a date for everybody to look, and then springing a surprise one day ahead. We done this by saying that everybody would be invited to come when the building was finished, but of course we didn't intend to finish it. All we done was to roof and board it, but of course no shingles or clabboards, and so forth.

Well, the imitation dwelling was done at last, and one morning the chief come to the station and he says to us boys:

"Boys, I knowed you would all like to see this, but somebody has got to stay and be on duty. I guess one man would be enough, because we will not be away long, so which one of you will be a sacrificing nature and stay here?"

So finally it was decided that Walt Foster, which was the youngest in service, was to be a self-sacrificing soul, even though it was against his own will.

So the chief and me and Bill and Cliff quietly put the dynamite and the electric battery and the percussing caps into the chief's car, and we rode down the back road and left the car unproceived by anybody, and walked acrost the fields to the house, with Bill carrying the twelve sticks of dynamite.

I Was Glad to Give Her to Several Women on the Sidewalk

Well, we got on the rear side of the house and put our things down in the shade, and then the chief discovers that he has left behind the long wires with which we was to stand at a distance and set off the blast.

So he says, "You boys stay here and I will go back and git the wire—and be keerful with that there powder. I will be back prompt."

As soon as the chief was gone we looked around and there was nobody in sight, so we went inside the house to inspeck it, and darned if it didn't seem a shame to blow it up, because it was the makings of a pretty swell little house for somebody, the chief and Bill both being good hands with tools.

All of a sudden Bill looks out the back door and yells, "My Godfrey, the goats is eating the dynamite!"

And sure enough, them Angora goats of Westcott's had crope up whilst we was inside the building, and was making a tabble-de-hote dinner offen the explosives.

For a minute we jist stood there and looked at them goats like we was struck dumb. Oftentimes we had heard that these here professional blasters got into the habit of chewing dynamite like it was gum, but we didn't know that goats would regard it like a feast, though it was sure funny to see one of the nannies, with her head throwed back, gargling a big stick of it and trying to down it whole.

When I come to my senses I jumped down and yelled, "Git out of there, you long-haired critters! What d'ye think you're doing anyway! Come on, fellers! Let's git 'em out of here! What are we going to tell the chief when he gits back?"

"Wait a minute, Hanover!" yells Bill. "For Godfrey sake, don't run 'em! If them goats should trip and fall we would be all over the lot. We better ease 'em away and let 'em explode the other side of the pasture."

I gave a quick look in the box and there was eight sticks there. Which it naturally meant that them goats had dined offen four sticks, which was enough to spread Angoras for some distance. I put a board over the box and then started away, holding out my hand as if I had more tasty dynamite in it and calling to the goats. They had been made pets of, I guess, and had been fed out of the hand, because they all come running after me, bounding with their hinder parts like young lambs which is gambling.

Instinctoratively I begun to run, yelling at the same time, "Call 'em toward you, some of them, Bill; why don't you?" And going that way I almost run plum into Chief Tulk, which he had just returned with a roll of wire.

The chief gave a look at me and at the gambling goats, and he

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But the Chief Was a Man of Few Words When on Duty, So He Says to Cliff, "Cliff, Smash That Door"

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The Greatest Issue of All

THERE is no single national issue to be defined in party platforms which compares in vital importance with the local issues that are involved in our feeble and scattered attempts to get a strangle hold on crime. The paramount issue before every state, county and village is the enforcement of law and the suppression of crime. Speaking by and large, few vigorous and whole-hearted attempts have been made to stamp out lawlessness. Here and there drastic action has been taken; but for the most part the impression still prevails that the best way to eliminate the underworld is to talk it to death, or if that fails, to abolish it by resolution. Reports on crime, without action, have become the comic literature of the criminal classes.

Here and there substantial progress has, nevertheless, been made. The group of statutes recently enacted in New York, known collectively as the Baumes Laws, shows what can be done when legislatures are really in earnest. Some of these laws have been bitterly assailed, both by the uplifters and by the criminal element; but the important thing about them is that they work. Experience shows that it is easily possible to enforce them and statistics prove that they have caused a striking diminution of crimes of violence. The pioneer work done by Senator Baumes and the commission under him constitutes a modern textbook on the suppression of crime. It is an accomplishment with which every legislator should be familiar. These laws have blazed a new trail toward sound reform, but they do not confer on other legislatures the grit and courage to follow whither they have led.

Michigan and California, to their credit, have lately adopted new criminal codes, from which great things may fairly be expected. They not only embody some of the best features of the Baumes Laws but they tighten up criminal procedure, speed justice and make punishment more certain. Their experience also is at the service of all who care to profit by it. Little Delaware, the silent state which rarely cheeps except when her peach crop is in danger, has not contributed much noise to the general hue and cry against crime; but she has done better, in that she has kept her own narrow borders almost free from serious offenses. The whipping post in the workhouse at Newcastle apparently does much to prevent crime in Delaware. It is not the severity of the punishment that exercises the deterrent effect nearly so much as the humiliation incident to it. A Federal judge who has presumably made a study of the matter commends Delaware's example to other commonwealths. The practice is abhorrent to us, but little sympathy was expressed for the barn burner who destroyed several head of fine cattle when he was given twenty lashes the other day in addition to a prison sentence that was near the limit.

Other states will inevitably fall in line with those named when conditions that are already far too bad become intolerable. Legislatures are not to be too heavily blamed for their inertia. They merely reflect the apathy of voters.

Consider the situation in Chicago. Conditions are bad enough there; but it is not impossible that Chicago may startle the country with a burst of that violent energy of which she is fully capable and start a war on her underworld that will sweep through the city and give it a purging that will be talked about when the Big Fire has been forgotten. The first big step towards better conditions was taken in the recent primaries. It is only a question of time until Illinois, Pennsylvania and other rich and prosperous commonwealths will begin to count the cost of unchecked crime in their larger cities and find means for suppressing it more powerful than resolutions and reports.

Real reform is bound to come. It will come not as a result of the labors of professional reformers but because of a change of heart in the rank and file of voters. It will come when otherwise law-abiding citizens withdraw their patronage from the bootleggers, when juries do their duty impartially and judges exercise more vigorously the powers that are vested in them. Reform will be on the way when a majority of voters really desire clean local government, when citizens cease to corrupt the police by paying them for special favors, when aggressive prosecutors and honest police chiefs have the people behind them, working with them instead of against them. Then, and then only, will the shame of some of our American cities be wiped out.

We spend our hundreds of millions yearly on our Army and on our Navy. It is right that we should do so. And yet we should not for a moment forget that no foreign power threatens our future welfare so disastrously as the lawless and criminal element of our own population.

Keeping Life Insurance Alive

WE DO not know whether people in general take any interest in current discussions concerning the most effective way to sell life insurance. Perhaps the first reply of Mr. Average Man would be an emphatic negative. "Life-insurance agents are too efficient now; they make my life miserable." But wherever business is done in this country there is absorbing interest in the technical questions of sales methods. The respective results of direct mail advertising, general advertising in newspapers and other mediums, and personal solicitation by salesmen or agents are constantly under scrutiny. Life insurance is a large industry; its methods surely have lessons for others.

An outside advertising man caused a stir in life-insurance circles some time ago by a vigorous assault not only upon its sales methods but also upon the general attitude of insurance companies toward the public. He assumed that people need life insurance badly, and if the companies would advertise more extensively and assume less of a sphinxlike, frozen-faced attitude toward the public, customers would step right up to the counter and buy insurance the way they buy postage stamps or railroad tickets. He seemed to feel that the costly and extensive agency or salesmanship system might be improved upon.

This seems to be a case where extremes are to be avoided. The sale of life insurance is not wholly unlike the sale of other commodities. Advertising can and does help enormously. It furnishes the salesman with background, and the more extensively people learn to know what insurance means through advertising, the less mere footwork the salesman must do and the more he becomes a true financial doctor. This fact is recognized and utilized by many progressive companies.

But people put off buying life insurance; there is little immediate pleasure to be had from its purchase except a rather abstract mental satisfaction. Its benefits appear to lie in the future. It may, in reality, prove an almost instant necessity; but with the natural feeling of the young man that he is never going to die, postponement is easy. Only persistent personal solicitation seems to win him over to the realization that he must have insurance to complete his life plans and make certain that his value as a human being is to continue. Whether this can be done without an army of agents is a very serious question.

It might be said that the recent impressive increase not only in life-insurance sales but in those of annuity and pension plans constitutes a pretty good defense of life-insurance methods. However, a successful business is the last that should be satisfied with itself, and we are sure that life-insurance officials are aware of further worlds to conquer. There is still an almost hopeless amount of educational work to be done in educating the public to the possibilities of annuities and other old-age features. Nor have the companies done more than begin to provide the public with health insurance, which is now such a crying need. As for unemployment insurance, it cannot be bought at all. Nor is the public quite certain that even life insurance is as reasonable in price as it might be.

The practical lack of health insurance, the complete absence of unemployment insurance and the far from insignificant cost of life insurance—all these are factors which may from time to time stimulate agitation for state insurance, just as the high cost of illness and of keeping well is now causing no little fear, or hope, as the case may be, of state-controlled medicine. We would seem to have enough unsolved governmental problems, enough immediate perplexities of public administration, without plunging into state insurance and medicine. Yet most industries, and perhaps even a high-minded profession like medicine, need a little threat, a ghost on the back stairs now and then, to stir them into the highest measure of service. Institutions, like men, sometimes do their best work when another candidate for the job is waiting to step into their shoes.

Tax Reduction

BY COMMON consent, advocates and opponents of tax reduction agreed to await the returns of the March tax collections before proceeding further with consideration of proposed Federal tax legislation. The March tax collections indicate that individual incomes were higher in 1927 than in 1926, while corporation profits were apparently lower. Possibly these balance. The Treasury estimate of surplus on June thirtieth approximates four hundred and fifty million dollars. If the surplus for the year be estimated at two hundred and fifty million dollars, this would probably represent the largest safe figure for tax reduction on the basis of the current surplus.

Many advocates of tax reduction regard two hundred and fifty million dollars as the desirable figure. But many would go substantially beyond this sum. Secretary Mellon would not go so far. The supporters of tax reduction include those who believe tax reduction would be good for business in general and those who believe tax reduction would be good for individuals in particular. The opponents of tax reduction may be ranged into two groups. In the first group are those who believe in rapid and progressive reduction of the national debt, to which they would have all surplus applied, regarding periods of prosperity and easy money as the times when national debt reduction may be accomplished without being felt. In the second group are those who believe in the urgency of diverse public improvements. Not only are these public improvements regarded as important in themselves, both nationally and locally, but it is also urged that unemployment now existing to an appreciable extent may be effectively combated in this manner.

These conflicting viewpoints are matters of fact and policy concerning which reasonable differences of opinion may legitimately exist. The pity is that the Congress cannot consider tax reduction solely on the basis of such considerations. Instead, politics may be interjected, and the chances are that real or fancied political considerations will weigh quite as heavily in Congress as considerations based on business and fiscal policy.

THE FLATNESS OF POLITICS

The Local Women's Club Elects its President

The U. S. A. Elects its President

By WILL PAYNE

I HAVE, of late, heard many people deplore the present state of politics in the United States. No doubt, wherever you live and whatever your walk in life, you have lately heard many people deplore that same state, for politics is becoming a staple subject of conversation nowadays. They say politics in this country has decayed, disintegrated and degenerated to such an extent that it no longer has any significance whatever.

But it seems to me, on the contrary, that politics in the United States at the present moment is bursting with significance. There is no serious dispute as to the outstanding facts in the case. As so often happens, it all depends on how you look at them. Certainly once in four years all citizens, but especially young ones, ought to take a good look at politics from as many points of view as possible.

Practically, politics consists of a Republican Party and a Democratic Party. Mostly it is a thing that divides by two and no more. Not in this century has any third contestant got so much as 3 per cent of the electoral vote for President. To the great majority of people, voting for President means making a choice between the nominees of two parties. The nominating conventions are just around the corner, and so far the two big historic parties have had nothing in particular to say about what people should vote for. All the talking has been unpartisan. It has been about oil graft, wet or dry, farm relief, foreign affairs—subjects on which there is as yet no partisan alignment.

Little to Quarrel About

THE political topic that gets most attention just now is oil graft. But there is no difference of opinion on that. You might as well try to make a constructive election issue out of bigamy. Practically everybody is against it to begin with, as a matter of course. When the votes were counted up you would know nothing that everybody didn't know before. There would be no new declaration of the will of the people, nor the faintest hint as to how any of the big questions that confront the country were to be dealt with. The people would have gone to all the bother of a presidential election merely to repeat something there was not the slightest doubt of in the first place—namely, "No, we don't want bigamy." Which party the individual bigamists happened to belong to in a given case wouldn't matter. As to indicating what policies this country was to pursue, in any respect whatever, during the next four years, the election would be a goose egg. One should be able to extract more meaning than that out of a plebiscite that is held only once in four years.

It is the preconvention situation that I am speaking of. Here we are on the eve of a presidential campaign with not a solitary live issue explicitly raised between the two big historical parties; no question of a sort that touches men strongly to which one party clearly says yes and the other categorically says no. On all questions that people are really interested in, both parties, taking all sections of them into account, are saying the same thing.

The audience is assembled, the curtain is about to go up, but there is an all-pervading uncertainty as to what the play is to be about. Will Little Eva climb the golden stairs or swallow a sword? Will the dogs pursue Eliza across the ice or jump through a hoop? Nobody seems to know—the management least of all. Counting back to 1880, I can remember something of a round dozen presidential campaigns, but no previous one in which, at this stage, the line of battle between the chief contestants was so little marked out and people were paying such slight attention to subjects that fell clearly on one side or the other of the party line.

That is what the deplorers mean when they deplore the present state of politics. There is no kick in it. Instead of two embattled hosts confronting each other, each with its distinctive banners and its plumed leaders ready to sound the charge, they see only a county-fair crowd, milling around shoulder to shoulder, with the banners all mixed up. That, they say, is no way to fight a presidential campaign; it takes all meaning out of politics.

With that, maybe, they turn back to the vastly more inspiring time when the Republican Party was born. Then a political party meant something. There was an issue that roused men's spirits like a bugle call and lifted politics to the heights of unselfish devotion to an ideal cause. Why, they may inquire, cannot we have that kind of politics now?

The question that brought the Republican Party into being was, indeed, a great issue, reaching deeply into men's faith and emotions—so great an issue in fact that it took four years of monstrously destructive civil war to settle it. I wonder how many people who deplore the present flatness of politics would really enjoy the consequences of another issue of that character.

The present situation seems to me full of this meaning: The political experiment that was launched with Washington's inauguration has worked so well that when the people come to their thirty-fifth quadrennial choice of a Chief Magistrate they find surprisingly little to quarrel about. At first glance that statement may shock the reader who remembers that his morning newspaper was full of more or less acrimonious political contentions. But he must put the statement in its proper perspective.

If you see a policeman, with the aid of a club, subduing an obstreperous drunk and disorderly, you leave the scene with an agitated sense of having witnessed an important disturbance. But a little later, with everybody else on the streets going quietly about his or her business, the incident sinks into a true perspective and you soon forget it.

In Great Britain, politics means practically a choice between a Conservative Party and a Labor Party committed to state socialism. The two camps stand far apart and any general election may result in very radical changes whose results no one can foresee. In Germany very many people want a return to monarchy, and at the other end of the scale, Communists, devoted to the Russian pattern, hold forty-five seats in the national legislature, where Socialists far outnumber any other party. The spread in political opinion as expressed at the polls through organized parties is simply enormous. In Italy and in Russia a great many people are much dissatisfied with the present political régimes, but the only way in which they can express themselves effectually is through armed revolution. France presents a more homogeneous picture, but even there political differences are so many and so obstinate that government can be carried on only through very precarious combinations of blocs. Until the slump of the franc gave them a wholesome scare, cabinets popped in and popped out like jacks in a box.

A Difference Only of Degree

IF YOU get a perspective by looking at the political situation in the great powers of Europe, then we seem in an astonishing state of accord—almost everybody satisfied with things as they are plus 5 per cent or minus 5 per cent. In saying almost everybody, I mean for electoral purposes. Of course Socialists, for instance, profess to be intensely dissatisfied with things as they are, but they are not numerous enough to come into the calculations of practical politics; in no state is their vote expected to influence the outcome of the elections. Taking account of those bodies of voters which do come into the calculations of practical politics because they are numerous enough to influence the outcome of elections in some states, or in all states, the explicit differences between them may be expressed by about 10 per cent.

Everybody in politics seems to agree that the Federal Government may properly pass laws for the especial benefit of farmers, as by lending them government credit and exempting their long-time obligations from Federal income tax, so that farmers get long-time money more cheaply than any other private borrowers, and by assisting coöperative organizations and in a great many other ways. One large body of voters wants 10 per cent more of benefits for farmers than another large body is willing to concede. The difference between them is simply one of degree. A Democratic President sends marines into Nicaragua. A Republican President sends 10 per cent more.

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"For Goodness' Sake, Dear, Don't Let Go! Your Life Insurance Ran Out Yesterday!"

Tampering With Tennyson

IN THE spring the mellowing hobo
ankles on from town
to town;
In the spring the young
man's fancy gets
herself a livelier
gown;
In the spring a fuller
traffic smiles upon
the embattled
cop;
In the spring the aviator
plans a new long-
distance hop.

At the Irresistible Impulse Club

"GOOD evening, Brewster! I've been hoping to run across you ever since your acquittal. Been abroad, you know. Say, your technic in that Riverside Bank affair was marvelous—simply marvelous! Must have meant a lot of study. How did you ever plan it so well?"

"Thanks, Jim; I sure appreciate praise from a man of your attainments. Well, as it turned out at the trial, it was more a sort of obsession than a plan. Even as a child, I had a morbid dread of work, and my alienist proved that I also had an insatiable curiosity to know how it felt to crack a safe and kill a few guards, and when I grew up it just had to crystallize into action. The jury grasped the fact that the impulse was irresistible, and

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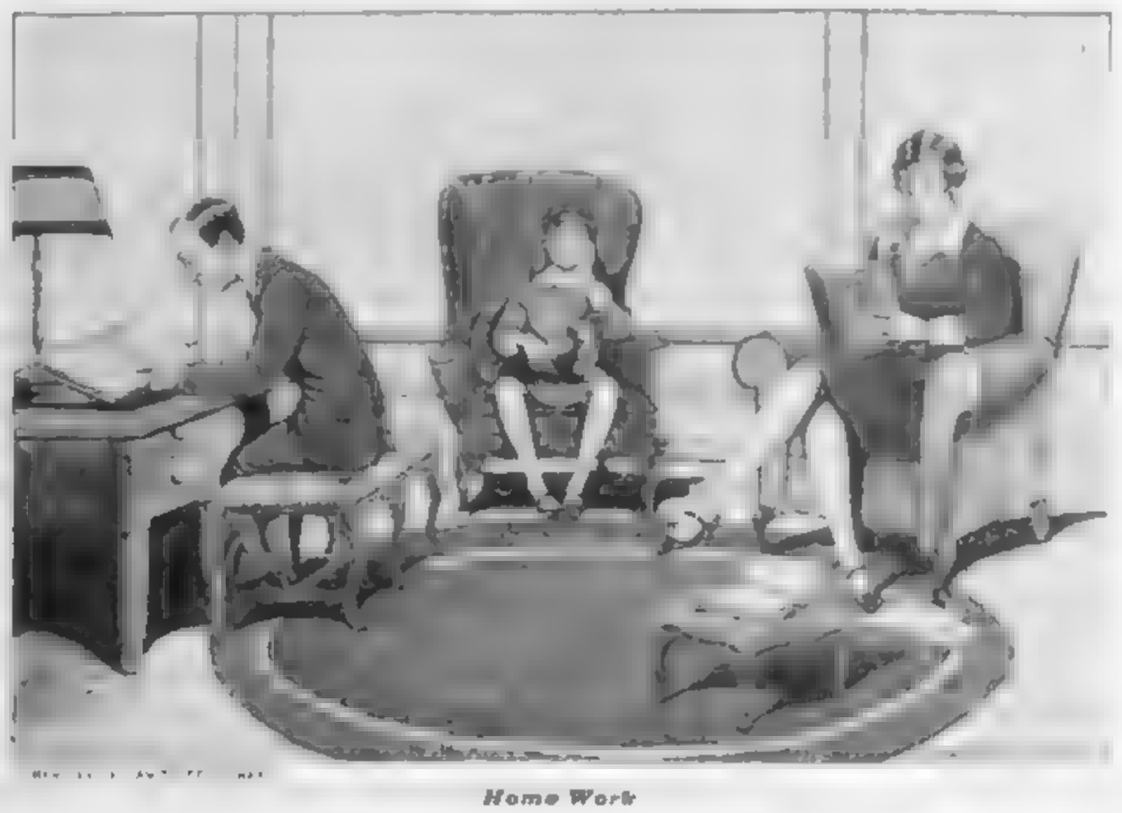
"Humph! I Guess the City Girls Get That Way From All Those Necking Parties We Read About!"

"Sure, Mr. Kuckoo, Ise a Republican; But You Don't Understand—Ise a Al Smith Republican!"

Farmer: "I Don't Mind Your Boy Helpin' Himself to a Few of My Apples, Mr. Jones, But When He Strips a Whole Tree——" Jones: "The Young Rascal! I'll Attend to Him When I Get Home"

College Caretaker Minding the Diplomas



Home Work

The amazing story of Soup

Read how, almost overnight, it captured America; and is now eaten daily in millions of homes....

STRANGE, ISN'T IT, that not so very long ago the people of America were not eating soup regularly as they do today! Now we take soup for granted as a delightful and necessary food . . . one of the bright spots of the daily menu. Now it has become a daily dish in countless households. But formerly soup did not have this wide and regular use. It was an occasional dish in most homes . . . always enjoyed, but not served frequently. It was apt to be reserved for special feasts and for entertaining guests.

How different today! Soup is now an everyday family dish in thousands and thousands of homes. People realize that the many blended savors and flavors in soup offer a variety and an appeal to be had in no other food. For sheer enjoyment nothing can occupy its place in the menu.

* * * *

But in addition to this, is the important action of soup in stimulating the appetite and the digestion. The hot liquid encourages the flow of the digestive juices and thus makes all you eat do you more good. . . . The general increase in the knowledge of proper food values and the most healthful daily menus for the family has vastly increased the appreciation of the benefits of eating soup regularly.

Today the Red-and-White Campbell's Soup label is familiar to housewives the country over. . . . Its widespread reputation is eloquent proof of the change in the eating habits of the nation. In 1898 when the first Campbell's Soups were sold, the public was actually *indifferent* to soup. The big educational forces had yet to get under way. But when they did, the American public was won, almost overnight it might be said, for the popularity of Campbell's Soups grew with astonishing rapidity, until now they are sold in every food store in the United States.

* * * *

The moment housewives realized the advantages of soup, they eagerly welcomed the opportunity to obtain it in the condensed Campbell's form . . . soups of such outstanding quality, yet requiring but the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and a few minutes' simmering. Ease and convenience! Yet soups so deliciously blended and with such splendid ingredients that the strictest housewife approves them!

Converting an indifferent public to an active admirer and steady user, is no small triumph for a food product. And that most famous of all Campbell's Soups . . . Tomato . . . will tell you at a taste why people are enthusiastic about these soups. Don't forget also that the complete list of Campbell's Soups is printed on every label and that your grocer has, or will get for you, any of these soups you select. 12 cents a can.

My mirror tells of health,
My bank book shows my wealth,
But all of this
would be for naught
If Campbell's Soups
could not be bought!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Twenty-Five Years in Sports

A Spring Training Group of the New York Yankees When They Were Called the Highlanders

By BOZEMAN BULGER

IT WAS during those first seasons of mine that John McGraw won his first pennant and started on the career that has given him fame as a great leader. Connie Mack, of the Philadelphia Athletics, established a similar fame in the American League, winning his first pennant in 1905. McGraw and Mack are the only two managers who have lasted in their jobs all these years. Today they are admired and loved in baseball as venerable, kindly leaders. Back there they led crews that loved nothing better than a cat-and-dog fight.

Bitter as was the feeling in 1905, I had the pleasure in April, 1927, acting as master of ceremonies at the Silver Jubilee Dinner given in honor of McGraw in Florida, of introducing Connie Mack as the principal speaker. He presented McGraw with a silver service given by the baseball men of both leagues. In doing so Mr. Mack, now well past sixty, made one of the prettiest and most feeling little speeches I ever have heard.

Mr. Mack accorded McGraw the palm as the greatest baseball manager of all times and insisted on proving that to be a fact of record rather than an empty compliment. McGraw's graceful response was just as flattering to Connie Mack. Many of us could not restrain reminiscent smiles at this display of sincere friendliness and admiration. We were thinking of how impossible that would have been in 1905.

The rank and file of present-day baseball fans do not know, perhaps, that the sobriquet "White Elephants," carried so proudly by the Philadelphia American League team, originated as a rebuke to McGraw. In the stormy days of organizing the American League it was reported to McGraw that a team would be put in Philadelphia, with Connie Mack as manager.

"If they do," McGraw declared, "it will be a white elephant on the League's hands."

Getting Their Elephant and Their Goat

HE MEANT that more as a reflection on Philadelphia's ability to support two teams than on the managerial ability of Connie Mack. When the now famed Athletics got away to a good start they were promptly dubbed White Elephants as a sort of sarcastic slap at McGraw.

On the opening day of the World's Series in 1905 the enthusiastic Philadelphians further emphasized their feeling by calling the Giant manager to the home plate and presenting him with a lifelike figure of a white elephant, mounted on a base of polished hardwood. Then to present his side of the case, in terms never to be forgotten, McGraw set his warriors on the Athletics and beat them easily for the world's championship, Mathewson shutting them out three times in succession.

That was a great gloat for the New York writers, most of whom—myself included—had now been classified as rank National Leaguers. All our prophecies about the great Mathewson had come true. You may note how glibly I recall that fact. Writers rarely remember their bad prophecies, and fortunately the fans or our readers have a similar tendency toward forgetfulness.

In the old days, you know, a sporting writer was supposed to know everything. His opinion was taken seriously and consequently was not to be expressed lightly. Twenty-five years ago it was a frequent occurrence for enthusiasts in baseball, fighting or racing to call the sporting writer aside and seek to get from him an honest-to-goodness opinion as to who would win—the real inside stuff. Experience soon taught us the greater value of keeping an air of mystery than of making an outright prediction. We so-called experts are notoriously bad guessers. What makes it worse, our prophecies are printed.

Bozeman Bulger

No matter how foolish it may seem at times, I am convinced that the average reader does believe what he sees in print. The cold type seems to carry some kind of charm that no amount of disillusion can quite dispel.

The too generous use of what we call by-lines on the sporting pages should have made the fans a little skeptical long ago, but it hasn't. The term "by-line" means the signature of the writer—By John J. Doe, for example. In former years by-lines were used rarely, because the use of a signature was originally intended to convey the impression of expertness—that the writer was a well-known authority on the subject discussed. Its other use was a suggestion of exceptional writing ability and prominence. In sports, though, it meant distinctly a writer who knew from long experience what he was talking about.

This newspaper fad for by-lines grew so popular with the readers that often the sporting editors invented names imaginary experts—and used these signatures over the work of anybody who happened to come along.

Just a short while ago I was in a club, listening to a heated discussion of the relative merits of certain boxing experts. One of the debaters took particular exception to the viewpoint of a writer whose name I shall have to call Richard Roe to keep from telling harmful tales out of school.

"Say, what kind of a fellow is this Richard Roe?" he asked, turning to me. "I've been reading him for three years and I'd like to know how he gets that way. He was wrong on both the last big fights, but he seems to have the real dope this time. I've seen his picture in the paper, but that doesn't give much idea as to what kind of a bird he is."

I didn't have the heart, nor was I enough of a squealer, to tell him that there was no such man as Richard Roe; that at least eight different writers, to my personal knowledge, had been offering their comments under that name "office names" they are called in the profession.

So eager are the newspapers especially the new ones—to use impressive-looking by-lines that 'most any cub reporter may become an expert overnight. When he writes his first sport story they put his name over it, and that makes him an expert. At that, his guesses are just about as good on the average as those of the man who has been in the game all his life. His only shortcoming is lack of background.

Picking the Winners

AFTER all, there is a lot of hokum to the so-called experting. The average well-informed fan is just as capable of guessing the name of the man who will eventually lick Tunney or the winner of the next World's Series as a writer who has been at the game all his life. The real value of the man entitled to a by-line by long experience is his familiarity with past events and the causes leading up to them. Occasional remarks in a story—apparently insignificant observations—usually indicate quite clearly personal knowledge of a subject.

The veterans long since have ceased to regard themselves seriously as prophets. They have guessed wrong too many times. As a matter of fact, the sporting writers of experience avoid making predictions whenever it is possible.

Every spring now it is considered a necessary function of the baseball writer to pick the pennant winners in the two leagues before the season starts, and to rate the other teams according to what he regards as their strength. Whether they have a real choice or not, they are required to pick some contender. When one newspaper introduces this feature the others feel that they must fall in line. In a month or two the fans, of course, have forgotten the spring

(Continued on Page 38)

SWIFT

Unusual, rich delicacy . . .

through this special method of cooking

Daintiest of all desserts—"puffs" of flaky crust that melt in the mouth! Better than ever before, cooked this new way! How your family will enjoy the special rich delicacy which comes from cooking these airy puffs in just the right kind of deep fat! To have them so appetizing, no extra care is necessary except to choose the fat wisely.

Many good cooks make sure of this tempting mellowness in all their frying and baking by using one particular kind of fat, the kind they have used for years—Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered exceptionally sweet and pure from choice pork fat, "Silverleaf" can be relied on to make foods more enticing.

And because it is pure, "Silverleaf" heats with remarkable evenness and fries thoroughly to the very center underneath a crust of golden brown.

Such a time-saver, too! "Silverleaf" comes in an exclusive self-measuring carton—just score the print as indicated and cut what you need without bothering to pack a spoon.

You can make certain of unusual goodness in all your frying and baking—ask for "Silverleaf" by name. In the one and two pound self-measuring carton. Also in 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Fruit Puffs

1 cup water — 1 cup flour
2 tablespoons Brookfield butter — ¼ teaspoon salt
3 eggs

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard for deep frying

Bring water and butter to boil. Remove from fire, add flour and salt, stir until mixture is smooth. Cook again until mixture leaves sides of pan. Cool. Beat in eggs one at a time. Drop batter from spoon into deep "Silverleaf" (375°F.) and cook until puffed and golden brown. Drain on brown paper. When cool, slit in side and fill with whipped cream or custard and fresh or preserved fruit.

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Swift & Company

Measuring is made easy and exact by "Silverleaf's" exclusive self-measuring carton! Just cut what you need without bothering to pack a spoon.

"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 36)

prophecies, and that is indeed fortunate. Just to illustrate: How many of you, at the end of a pennant race, ever took the trouble to go back and see whom the baseball experts had picked in the spring?

The recognized fight experts also are called upon to make their predictions just before a big prize fight, after everything has been said and done in the way of picture stories and comments from the rival camps. They are not so fortunate as the baseball men. The average sport fan can remember opinions over a period of two or three days, and he doesn't mind speaking his mind. His own prediction may have been better.

In view of this forgetfulness, and also the compulsory picking in the spring as an annual feature, most of the old hands at the baseball-writing game have discovered a rather sound method of going at it. Even if confronted with a possible charge of chicanery or duplicity, candor makes me confess that the safest and most satisfactory system is always to pick the home team to win. If the writer has two home teams, like the Yanks and the Giants in New York, he should pick them both. I picked them both four years and came within an inch of hitting 1000 per cent. If one of the home clubs is a chronic tail-ender, why, naturally it should be accorded merely a promise of great improvement.

Now the point is that if you pick the home team and it loses, the enthusiastic fan will say, "Well, he was loyal to the old home town anyway." If you should pick the opposition town to win, and it should lose, then the local writer "always was a no-good guy and a knocker." The acme is to pick your own home town and then have it win.

"There's an old guy who knows something and is not afraid to say what he thinks," is the unanimous local comment.

New York's real delight in winning that championship in 1905 from Philadelphia was in the elevation of Christy Mathewson to hero heights. The big fellow continued to confirm our predictions by staying there. I'll never forget Matty's joy, returning home that night after the last game, over the big prize check he had won. It amounted to something like $1000. The amount of this amazed and overjoyed me almost as much as it did Matty. We were very good friends.

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

The Philadelphia Athletics Coming on the Field for a World's Series Game

COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

McGraw and Mack Opening a World's Series of Fifteen Years Ago With a Handshake

The Winner's Share

THE ball player of today would probably scoff at that as cheap piker money. The individual winner's share of the Yanks in the last World's Series was about $6000. Each of the losing Pirates received more than double the amount paid a loser and winner put together in the series of 1905.

There, incidentally, is an excellent illustration of the growth of public interest in professional sports during the past twenty-five years. In a number of World's Series in the past decade receipts have been more than $1,000,000. In 1905 the gross receipts for the series between the Giants and the Athletics were $68,405. The entire amount to be divided among the winners in 1905—about twenty players—was $20,545. The losing Athletics split up $6848.

Matty's unusual exuberance was due to a reason that I did not at first understand. He was a severely serious young fellow and rarely broke over the traces to kick up his heels. This night, though, he was unaffectedly jubilant. I was confidentially informed by him that of all the New York players, Mathewson, McGraw and Roger Bresnahan alone had been willing to take a chance on winning. With such a large amount of money at stake, most of the players of the two clubs had got together and paired off in an agreement by which they were to lump the winners' and losers' shares and divide the amount equally. In other words, they had declined to gamble on any chances of superiority.

Indian Players

MATTY, McGraw and Bresnahan indignantly refused to enter into any such agreement, as did three of the Athletics. As a consequence, Mathewson had won a full share. His joy was at the discomfiture of his weaker-kneed team mates.

That pairing arrangement—which remained a secret for years, by the way—developed a lot of laughs for those on the inside. As the agreement was supposed to be unknown to any officials of the leagues or the clubs, several of the boys welshed and refused to settle. The players on the Athletics, thus damaged, were in a position where they couldn't squawk—or holler, to use sporting parlance. They quarreled secretly all season.

The scheme became known to the National Commission, however, and the rules are now worded so that such a pairing arrangement is impossible. Instead of sending a check to the winning side to be divided, the name of each player has to be filed with the baseball commissioner before the series begins and an individual check is sent to him covering his share. In fact, the failure of that plan was so farcical that such a weak-kneed scheme has never been attempted since those games of 1905. A prominent figure in that first big series was Chief Bender, the Indian pitcher. He is among the few Indians to attain real greatness in baseball. After his wonderful success and popularity with the Athletics, a fad developed among the big-league clubs of engaging Indians. Along with them came several Italians, Frenchmen and Swedes.

A few years after that Chief Meyers, another full-blood Indian, joined the Giants and became famous as a catcher. Meyers was not the fleet-footed, untiring redskin that we are wont to picture, especially those of us who used to eat up the Wild-Western dime novels in the hayloft. On the contrary, the Chief was heavy of foot and body. As he would plod his way around the bases after making a long hit—Meyers was an unusually hard hitter—the players would hilariously describe the slow action of his feet as "picking 'em up and putting 'em down." To this day they refer to the Chief as "having plenty of feet."

But the Chief was as fast in the brain as he was slow in the feet. He had been a student at Dartmouth and other colleges and was particularly well

(Continued on Page 63)

The Late August Belmont, Banker and Sportsman, at a Hunt-Club Meet

2-DOOR SEDAN $1045

Something

that tells you to take the wheel - *and Drive*

Devil's Tower, among the Black Hills of Wyoming. One of America's outstanding national monuments.

Intangible . . . elusive . . . something you can't describe. But you sense it immediately in the All-American. Something that tells you to take the wheel . . . *and drive!*

* * *

Something that invites you to open the throttle . . . to release a thrilling burst of speed. Something that urges you on and on, as far and as long as you like.

* * *

Possibly it's the style . . . the beauty and charm of long, low Fisher body lines. Possibly it's the whispering brute of an engine that's harnessed beneath the hood.

* * *

It may be the smoothness and silence of the engine. The remarkable handling ease. A clutch responsive to the lightest pressure . . . smooth-shifting transmission . . . velvet-action four-wheel brakes.

* * *

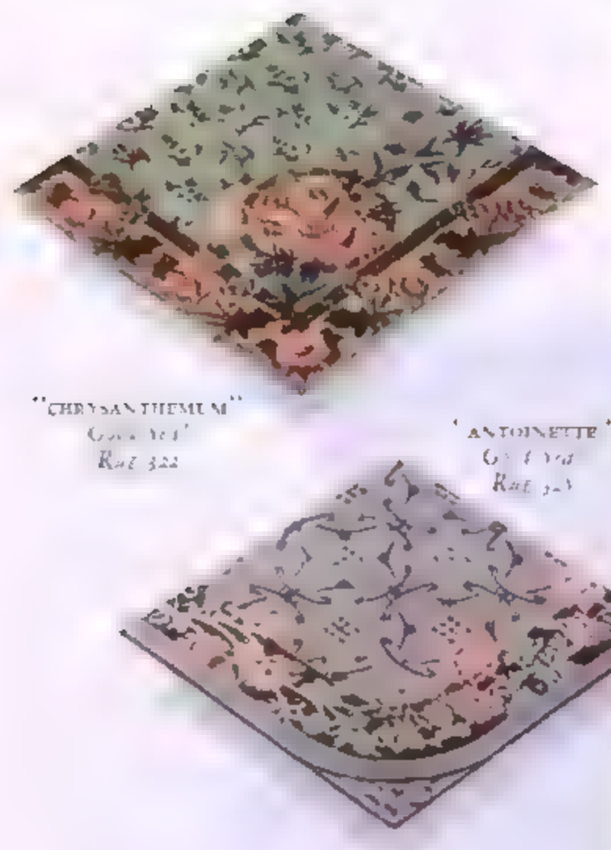
Style . . . snap . . . power . . . speed. Luxury and driving ease. Whatever there is about it that strikes your fancy . . . it's something that seems to say . . . "Come on. Let's go!"

Landau Coupe, $1045; Sport Roadster, $1075; Phaeton, $1075; 4-Door Sedan, $1145; Cabriolet, $1155. Landau Sedan, $1265. New Series Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



"CHRYSANTHEMUM"
Gold Seal
Rug 322

"ANTOINETTE"
Gold Seal
Rug 323

On the floor as shown "BOUQUET" Rug 324—a delightful innovation in America's most popular floor-covering.

"Bouquet"

a pattern of dainty charm in quaint alluring colors

WOMEN of taste delight in such a pattern as this adaptation of an old Colonial design. Petite bouquets of rose-pink, ivory and delft blue scattered over a pleasing fawn background and in one corner a rambling spray with touches of gay heliotrope and yellow. Note how the larger floral sprigs, superimposed on the soft brown border, set off the happy blending of soft colors!

Throughout the many other *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs you'll find the unusual note . . . something smart . . different from the commonplace. Designers of world renown are constantly at work creating appealing new patterns to satisfy the most exacting tastes.

Small wonder indeed that *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs are so popular with the up-to-date housewife. There's no place in *her* life for tiresome household drudgery! Though her house must be immaculate and attractive, it must also be easy to care for . . . she must have time for rest and recreation. Hence . . . rugs which can be cleaned in a twinkling with a damp mop.

Price? Lower now than ever before. And durability greater! The *Multicote* process (used exclusively in genuine "Congoleum") builds unequaled sturdiness right through the heavy pattern.

Inferior rugs, similar in appearance, can be purchased at lower prices but such rugs cannot provide the quality, beauty and years of guaranteed service which have made Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs famous. Accept no substitutes!

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.
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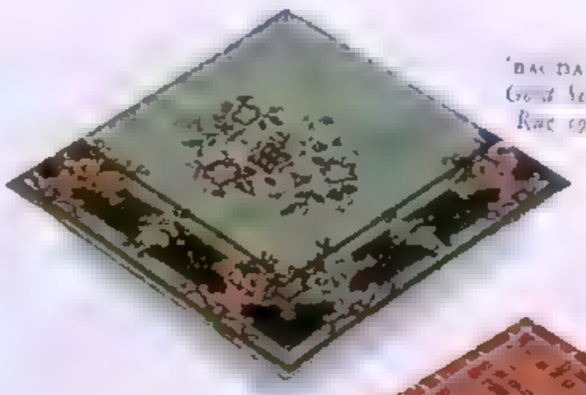
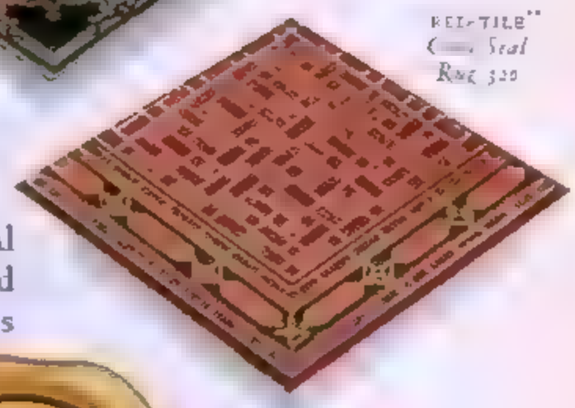


"BAG DAD"
Gold Seal
Rug 190



"REPTILE"
Gold Seal
Rug 320

This Gold Seal is not found on imitations

New Secrets of "Color Magic"

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

free — The [illegible] edition of "Color Magic in the Home" [illegible] to beautify [illegible] Write us or mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn [illegible], N. J.

SEP 52

Name

Street

City County State

WE WANT FOOD

By Chester T. Crowell

Night-Club Proprietor (Former Collegian): "No Fair Checking Up on the Bill; We Use the Honor System Here!"

THE time has come for someone to utter vigorous complaint on behalf of a certain small but long-abused minority in this country—and it might as well be I. We want food! We have the money to pay for it and we know of thousands of places where food is supposed to be for sale, but they won't sell it to us except by the thimbleful. These food purveyors have been led astray by the millions of men and women who, from my point of view, have just about quit eating. There are so many canary-bird appetites romping around in public dining rooms today that they set the standard; anyone who happens to have been brought up in the days when a meal was a meal finds himself in a situation that can be described most accurately with the phrase made famous by the A. E. F. in France; he is "hell out of luck."

There is no use trying to fasten the blame upon the *restaurateurs;* the vast majority of their patrons, I observe, find their portions ample, but that doesn't help the rest of us a bit. The American appetite, which was once one of the finest in the world, has slumped, and if yours didn't slump with the rest, then you are in my fix. I don't know what we can do about it except to set up a counter propaganda against that which caused the change. We don't believe that people eat too much, so we've got to mount the rostrum and say so before we find ourselves starved to death. In the grand old days of the American-plan hotel, with its dollar dinner which was adequate to challenge the stoutest trencherman, the canary-bird appetites could call quits whenever they liked—moreover, they didn't have to go there in the first place—but now that they set the standard there aren't any more such dinners at any price.

About fifteen years ago nearly every city in this country had at least a few small and surpassingly excellent restaurants that catered especially to men; men who really wanted something to eat. Nothing pleased the proprietor of such an establishment more than to have a guest remark: "Well, Louis, I think I'll wander out and see what you've got in the ice box." Louis knew that that fellow was going to find a fish about eighteen inches long, or a steak not less than two inches thick and big enough to cover a large platter.

When the order was served, Louis went into conference with himself and concocted what he regarded as an appropriate bill. Sometimes he itemized it and sometimes he didn't; that depended upon which Louis owned the place. It might have been Gus; Gus was also a popular name in those restaurants. They are rare as dinosaur eggs today. The size of public dining rooms tends to increase; system enters, a portion is so much and no more; it is served according to the traditions of that institution; the customer can take it or leave it alone. The management knows, probably within a tenth of an ounce, what the average customer eats, and any customer who isn't average tends to jam the works. I don't understand why that should be true, but experience teaches me that it is.

Victuals Versus Vitamins

WHEN I inform a waiter that the first order of fish was a pleasing sample and that I should like to have two more, it seems to disturb him almost to the point of actual suffering and he plainly exhibits a certain unwillingness to comply. He is there to sell goods and I should think he would be pleased with large orders, but he isn't. Moreover, he will not bring two more orders, or a double order. He will bring about an order and a third. I get a check for the rest, but not the fish.

For this state of affairs I blame the canary-bird appetites. They pay just as much nowadays for the privilege of scattering a few bread crumbs over a linen tablecloth as people used to pay twelve years ago for solid food. I have often wondered why people who eat such meals don't bring them along, using their cigarette cases for lunch pails. But they seem to desire a large check; evidently it hypnotizes them and they think they must have been fed. The result is that when a hungry person comes in and actually demands a heaping platter of fillet of sole, he is jamming the works and running contrary to the whole scheme of things. I judge that what he should do is summon the waiter and say: "I am very hungry today, so please charge me $2.50 for this fish instead of the usual $1.25. . . . Thank you. Now I feel better."

The subject of fish stirs me almost to homicidal mania. I was brought up on good red beef, but I like fish as an amusing and palatable dainty. Nearly all persons reared far from deep water regard it in that light. I find it about as sustaining as marshmallows, but it has a flavor. When I eat fish I want about a pound and a half to two pounds. That much gives me a pleasing illusion of having been fed, although two hours later I will be hungry again, because there doesn't seem to be much sustenance in fish—not for a beef eater, anyway. Imagine, then, my amazement when I discover that the usual order of fish is a piece about the size of the palm of my hand. That much I would regard more as a salad or vegetable—just a side dish. How anyone who works manages to remain in a vertical position with nothing more substantial under his belt than five or six ounces of finny flavor is more than I can understand. Of course, if they can do it, that's their privilege, but they ought to do it privately.

I used to know a man who could pull live bunny rabbits out of a silk hat, but he had the decency not to sell the rabbits. He realized that his was an unusual gift and that it was within his power to offer outrageously unfair competition to honest men who hunted rabbits or raised rabbits. When he pulled them out of a silk hat it was a private entertainment for the amusement of his friends and he kept the rabbits. Perhaps he ate them—I never knew—but he told me that positively he did not supply the markets. He thought that wouldn't be honorable and I agreed with him.

Likewise, I contend that people who can live on half a vitamin and two stewed carbohydrates ought to put on their performances as parlor tricks for the entertainment of the family and week-end guests. They ought not to go abroad with such monkey-doodle business and induce formerly honest *restaurateurs* to believe that I can maintain my health and do my work on a thimbleful of toasted bird seed. I can't—that's all—and when you contemplate the matter fully you must agree with me that such conduct constitutes an attempt against my life. Nor am I the only man who grew up in the days when this country ate food. There are thousands of us, and we are feeling peevish.

Lamb chops constitute another sore subject. Nowadays there are a great many restaurants where one lamb chop is an order. Think of that! Why, lamb chops ought to come in bunches like bananas. They used to prance into the dining room as a chorus of six or twelve, each wearing its ballet skirt, and the whole ensemble arranged tastefully around a Maypole in the shape of a dill pickle. But now you get one or two. If you don't pick the things up in your fingers, all you can pluck off one is a little dab of meat about as big around as a silver dollar, and I need about twelve of those before I am decently fed. But just try to buy six! Try it! Never mind a dozen. By jingoes, they won't even sell you six. I know of no reason for that unless it be that the poor oafs have actually come to believe that a man can't eat that many lamb chops. Why, I have eaten eighteen many a time and there isn't enough fat mixed up in my one hundred and ninety pounds to grease a carpenter's saw.

A Singular Plural

SOMETHING has got to be done about the tomato situation also. I remember the time—and it wasn't more than twenty years ago—when nearly everybody in this country liked tomatoes. Lots of us used to have a patch of tomato vines in the back yard. My folks always did. As a boy I tended the garden and there were parts of it that I didn't care much for, but the tomatoes always received my very best. There isn't a more beautiful vegetable in the world, never has been, and I venture to prophesy there never will be. The tomato is a perfect product. Hundreds of times I have gone out into the garden early in the morning when the dew was sparkling pink under a great big red sun just peeping over the horizon, and plucked four or five luscious, glowing tomatoes, cooled by the night air. Usually I ate them without salt, and they seemed to have just the right tang to make a fellow enjoy his breakfast.

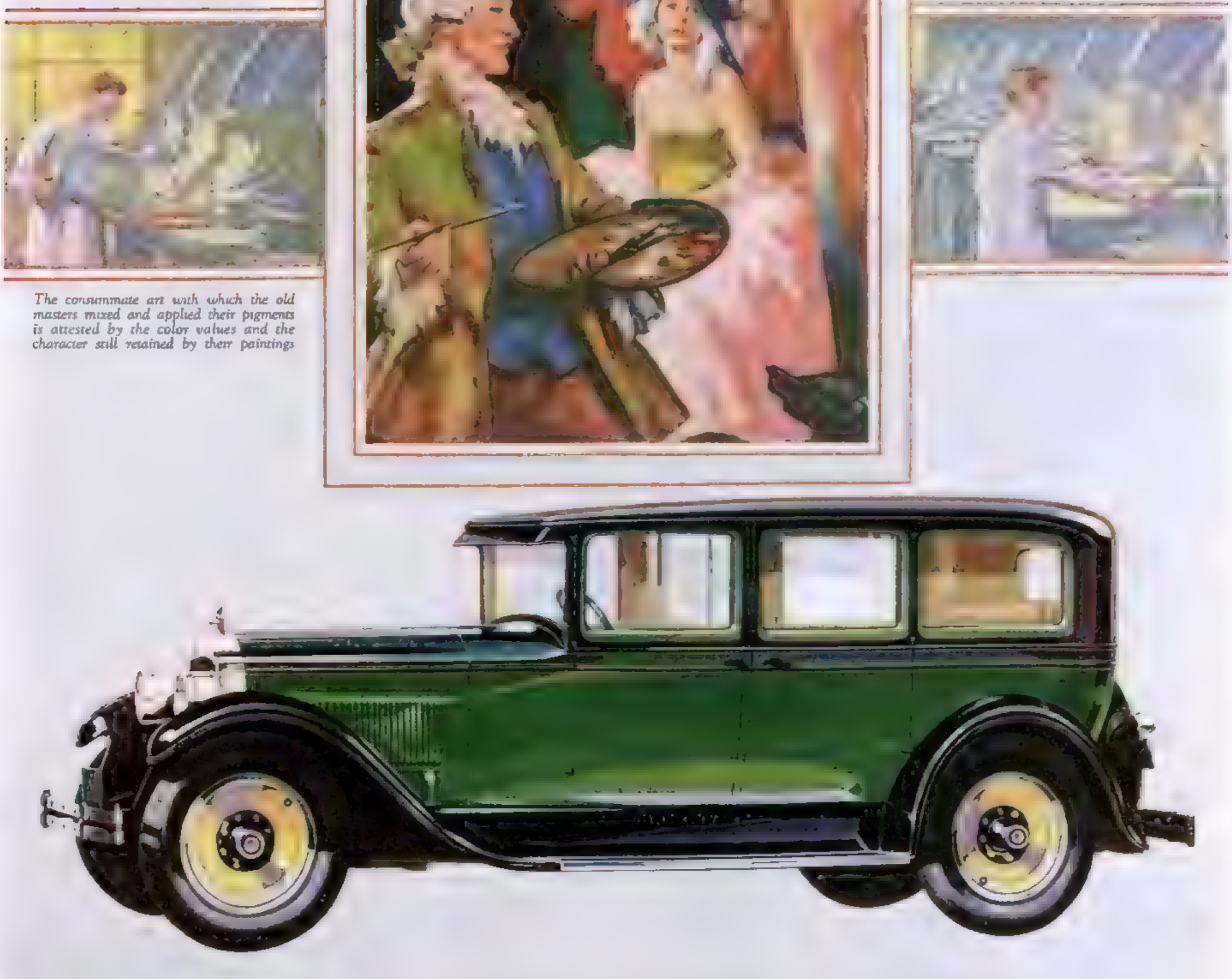
Try to buy four tomatoes now in a restaurant! They never heard of such a thing. You're lucky if they don't call the police and send you to some psychopathic ward for observation. Why, you don't have to call for four; try to get two. They won't sell them to you. They have a bill of fare and the orders are arranged as definitely as a train schedule. One order of tomatoes—they still use the plural, though why I don't understand—means from two to six slices; usually very thin slices. At the best you are served one tomato. The price will vary according to the class of the eating house; you may be permitted to escape with a mere thirty-five cents, or it may be seventy-five cents. But the quantity of tomato will remain about the same. It's remarkable. Apparently this whole country is in a state of hysterical alarm lest someone founder on tomatoes in spite of the fact that the innocent and beautiful things must certainly be not less than 99 per cent pure water.

And lettuce! It is still possible in the better places to get half a head if you have the price, but nowadays where the millions eat, lettuce comes in a saucer containing from two to six or seven leaves. Lettuce ought to be served in a dish about the size of a washbasin. The leaves ought to be fresh and crisp when delivered, but the customer should bruise and cut them, and the plate ought to be big enough to allow drenching them in the salad dressing of his choice. Incidentally, salad dressing should be served in a pitcher, not an eyecup.

Salad has become a word almost without meaning. No more enlightening statement with regard to the evolution of that word need be made than to say that we now have as an article of commerce the lettuce sandwich. Lettuce sandwich! I yearn to comment, but words fail me. Time out while I kick and scream! There is only one step possible beyond the lettuce sandwich, and that would be the ozone sandwich. The customer should take a deep breath, tip the waiter and pay his check. That, I judge, is what we are coming to. But long before then I hope to bid this cruel world adieu.

But before leaving the subject of salad another pertinent inquiry must be set down; it relates to endive. Now, there, next to tomatoes—which are absolutely perfect—is one of the finest salads imaginable. It has inimitable flavor, blends delightfully with the usual dressings and its ivory

(Continued on Page 177)



The consummate art with which the old masters mixed and applied their pigments is attested by the color values and the character still retained by their paintings

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PRESIDENT MAKING

By Samuel G. Blythe

Colonel Frank O. Lowden on His Country Estate, Sinnissippi Farm, Near Oregon, Illinois

ONE morning during the raucous progress in Baltimore of the Democratic National Convention that nominated Woodrow Wilson for President I stepped into a descending hotel elevator in that clamorous city and found therein two men standing grimly together, very stern and fairly dripping with determination. I knew them both. One was a great Wall Street and corporation lawyer and the other was that lawyer's greatest Wall Street client.

I greeted them with due respect. "Good morning, gentlemen," I said deferentially, as befitted a mere writing person in the presence of so much of the vested interests. "I hope I see you well."

"Quite," replied the lawyer with that cheery loquacity for which he was noted.

"And what," I continued, "if I may be so bold as to inquire, brings you here?"

"We are here," announced the great financier with incisive monetary emphasis, "to defeat the nomination of this man Wilson."

I was a bit slow that morning. Though I did not exactly muff that interesting statement, I fumbled it.

"Pardon me," I said, "but do I understand you correctly? You are here to defeat Wilson—is that it?"

The Wrong Road to Success

BY THIS time we had reached the lobby floor and we stepped out of the elevator. The lawyer took me by the arm and impaled me with an unequivocal eye.

"Precisely," he said; "to defeat Wilson."

"Which means, of course, that you are publicly against Wilson?"

"Certainly. We shall use all our influence to beat him—and we shall succeed."

There was an explicitness about that statement that was chilling to an observer who thought he knew what was going on. It seemed so final.

"But," I persisted, taking advantage of my long acquaintance with these decisive persons, "aren't you making a mistake?"

"Mistake? What mistake?" they both asked.

"Why," I said, "the mistake of letting it be known you are against Wilson. You never can defeat Wilson that way. The only way you two can prevent his nomination is by letting it be known publicly that you are not against him but are enthusiastically and unreservedly for him."

If it had been a good morning for withering, I should have withered where I stood. However, I bore up under the burden of their contempt as best I could and they went their important ways.

They labored assiduously in the sweating vineyard of the delegates, and every time they got one vote away from Wilson they attached three votes firmly to him, with the result—to which they contributed considerably—of the nomination of Wilson in due time.

They never did understand why their direct statements that some great financial powers of New York looked with disfavor on the nomination of Wilson did not instantly destroy Wilson as a candidate. That was sixteen years ago, but if any person thinks that financial New York's estimate of its own political importance and power has waned any in the meantime, that person has not kept in touch with the New York idea on that subject.

One of the most interesting features of our complicated politics is the feature of men who are great in all that pertains to money sitting solemnly in lower New York and thinking they are as influential and wise in politics as they are in corporations, stocks, bonds, trusts and the other impedimenta of capital; also one of the most foolish.

Of course, financial New York is important to politicians in one way—as a producer. The politicians need the money they garner from these sources, and get it by indorsing the idea that the contributors are to have what they are paying for. But if the politicians got all the money there existing and pertaining, they could not alter the fact that, in a country-wide and voting sense, the support of any candidate by financial New York is not a political asset and may be a distinct political liability.

It has been clearly apparent, ever since this preconvention campaign for the Republican presidential nomination began, that certain elements in financial New York look with disfavor on the candidacy of Herbert Hoover and are in no way keyed up over that of Frank O. Lowden. The McNary-Haugen bill support of Governor Lowden gives him plenty of black marks below Fulton Street. New York financiers have been proclaiming their opposition to Mr. Hoover ever since he first was mentioned as a candidate after Mr. Coolidge had refused to run.

That opposition, of course, should, by all New York financial precepts, have set Mr. Hoover away outside in the political darkness. And, in its measure, it should have stopped Governor Lowden in his tracks.

Did it? Not to any appreciable extent—not to any extent whatsoever, appreciable or otherwise; in other words, not at all.

On the contrary. Here, at this time and place of writing—the end of March—we find Herbert Hoover and Frank O. Lowden the two leading contenders for the Republican nomination, with Hoover far away in front. This does not mean, at this time, that either Hoover or Lowden will be nominated, for a lot of things may happen before the convention meets, but it does mean that Hoover has great apparent success throughout the country, and so has Lowden secured much support.

I spent some time recently trying to discover the reasons for the Wall Street attitude. There isn't much new in this campaign. It is an uninteresting sort of affair. President Coolidge gave it a fillip when he declined to run, but aside from that, there hasn't been a thing about it that shows novelty, invention or imagination.

Two or three candidates are slangwhanging about the country. Some of the politicians have been caught with their fingers in the jam. There is much whispering of disabilities by this one and that one. The dredging for delegates continues on the old accustomed lines. The candidates are preserving a discreet reticence in most cases, figuring, no doubt, that the least said is always the soonest mended. The active politicians are feverish and the editorial writers and cartoonists are busy, but the general public is not much concerned one way or the other. Indeed, the public interest may be set down as about 30 per cent of what it might be; and unless the campaign develops into a struggle that has other than purely governmental and political issues, as it may later and after the nominations are made, it is probable that about 55 per cent of the American voters will take the trouble to vote next November.

A Coolidge Story in Three Parts

BUT there is one phase of it that has its novelty. That is the Coolidge phase. Ever since the President made his renunciation last August there has been an undercurrent of opinion, fostered in many political ways, that he was only fooling, and at the proper time and subject to the proper demand he would find a way to accept a renomination and become the savior of his party's fortunes. Furthermore, whether this opinion and whispered and alleged inside information has been and is based on hope or utilized for maneuver by political schemers, it has been the one bright spot in an otherwise dreary preconvention campaign, and nowhere more than in financial New York.

Down there they accept every rumor as gospel. Any man who may be held as having even the most nebulous source of information can secure an audience by merely making any sort of vague claim that he has definite knowledge that the President is going to shift his position. When the rumor has a person of substance behind it, it gets the widest credence.

A few days before this was written I found many great New Yorkers all a-goggling-gog with a Coolidge story that had three sections to its plot, to wit:

A. The President is unable to resist the pressure brought on him by his party colleagues and will consent to run.

B. One of the great New York newspapers, on the word of its principal owners, has absolute unimpeachable information to this effect.

C. The President will make his announcement in a few days.

That was the particular Coolidge story that set Wall Street in a ferment of the moment, and it was swallowed

whole—especially the part about the great New York newspaper that had this information tucked away in its archives, which was considered the final word on the matter. When I suggested to my Wall Street friends, basing my suggestion on some considerable knowledge of New York newspapers and newspapering in general, that if any New York newspaper had this information on "absolute unimpeachable" authority, that newspaper would print that information so quickly that it would overheat the presses getting it out, the same being the biggest political story that could break anywhere in the United States, they said the editor and owner undoubtedly had his reasons for not printing it.

That seemed conclusive enough to them, and explanatory in high degree; and they were most patronizing when I told them that it was undoubtedly true that this great editor has his reason—not reasons—for not printing the story. The reason being, as I pointed out, that he did not have said story in "absolute and unimpeachable" form or in any other form except as rumor.

A large number of telegrams went out from politicians and brokerage houses carrying the gist of that yarn to the country. One set of telegrams was definite. This sender said the President would make his announcement of his change of mind on the Thursday of the week in which the telegrams were sent.

I do not know what effect the telegrams had on the stock market. I do know the effect these telegrams had on conventions and primaries. That was exactly no effect at all. The conventions and primaries went right ahead and did what they intended to do, and paid no heed to the information or the desire behind it—no heed to the point of totally ignoring the information and the thought behind it.

Explorations into the reasons for the 1928 attitude of some of the wizards of finance, who, at the time the explorations were made, were buying and selling some four million shares of stock a day, making so much money that they had to hire clerks to count it for them, boosting shares up and down as casually as a bored elevator man runs his lift, paying more than three hundred thousand dollars for seats on the Exchange as well as dominating the money markets of the world and performing other prodigious feats of finance with an ease and certitude and profit never before paralleled in the monetary history of these or any other times, developed many leads but little substance. Boiled down, those reasons came to this illuminating residuum: They want a President who will not interfere in any way with their plans, projects and procedures.

A Lack of Perspective

IT WOULD seem that any person who has even the most rudimentary conception of the fact that there is a considerable extent of American territory west of the Hudson River, and that this territory contains voters with full powers to operate on election day, would realize that this territory and these voters are quite keen to have a President whose sphere of government will be somewhat broader than the financial center of New York and whose conception of the United States runs at least as far as Chicago.

Not some of these lads, however. To them the United States centralizes at Broad and Wall streets and extends about half a mile in each direction. Their lack of perspective is easily explainable, whatever the lack of justification may be. In the first place, the intense, overweening egoism of money has them blinded to everything that is not intimately concerned with the various processes of getting, using, handling and having money. Those are the most important things in the world, and all government must be subservient thereto and helpful thereof. In the second place, politicians of both parties have fostered this view for their own financial needs and to their own financial profit.

Politics needs money just as money needs politics, and the fitting place to get money is from those who have it. Hence the politicians, requiring large sums for the financing of their campaigns, have gone to the abundant sources of contributions and have wheedled their checks by acquiescing in the views of the potential contributors, acknowledging their importance and wisdom. In other words, the politicians have jollied the financiers along so expertly that the financiers, salved and soothed with professional recognition and admiration of their political acumen, have contributed liberally not only because they had the money to give but because they have been led to believe that their giving predicated political discernment and astuteness of the highest type.

This isn't new stuff. It has been going on for years and years. In some campaigns, especially if business is not good in the opulent marts of Wall Street, they are not so cocky. But this year, with the stock market grinding out millions a minute for them, with people throwing money at them, with themselves all inflated with the vanity of their power and importance and affluence, they are loud and insistent over what they demand in the way of a President.

Thus they say that this man and that man must not be nominated by the Republican Party, and that this man and that man must not be nominated by the Democrats, paying greatest heed to the Republicans.

It is hard for a certain type of man to understand that, in a political and governmental way, his opposition, while a distinct liability in the view of the local monetary environment, is a distinct asset out in the remainder of the country to the candidate being fortunate enough to have that opposition. He cannot comprehend that. Wherefore there is some faint hope in the situation that it may be possible to get a couple of presidential nominees who refuse to accept the idea that all our governmental and all our other essential interests are centered in and around about the New York Stock Exchange and its correlated financial and other institutions. There is some faint hope that that may be the case.

This brings us to the technical side of the campaign, and there is not much to say about that in an article that must be written several weeks before its publication. As it stands now, in the last days in March, Hoover has the advantage among the Republican candidates and Smith has the advantage among the Democratic candidates. In apparent strength, as this is written, based on support that the Hoover managers have every reason for thinking will be forthcoming, Hoover should go to the convention with about twice as many delegates as Lowden. The best canvasses at this time show Hoover with some more than four hundred delegates in sight and Lowden with some more than two hundred, and the managers of each claiming reserve strength to come after the actual balloting begins.

Naturally, as Hoover is showing the greatest strength, he is attracting the strongest opposition. Being out in front, he is the bright and shining mark for all his opponents and all the friends of his opponents to shoot at, and they are shooting at him from every angle and with every sort of political weapon. The idea that President Coolidge can be drafted in case of an impasse, or whether or no, still persists in some quarters, and the carrying out of that plan isn't a project that can be mapped beforehand. The occasion must arise before the job is attempted, and it's doubtful if it will arise or whether it would be successful if attempted. Certainly it will fail unless President Coolidge has given his consent to it, which is not a likely contingency.

If neither Hoover nor Lowden can get a majority of the votes at Kansas City and a deadlock ensues after several ballots, there are many people who think the next likeliest person will be Vice President Dawes, who himself says he is for Lowden first, last and all the time. Taking Dawes at his word, that does not prevent friends of his who do not consider him as eternally the Pythias to the Lowden Damon from holding him in a good strategic position in case there is an opportunity to go to the front for him. Also, there is a group who expect to promote Gen. John J. Pershing if a break comes his way.

Band-Wagon Contingencies

IT IS quite apparent, after talking to the managing politicians of the Republican Party, that many of them do not favor Hoover and that all who do not favor Hoover are mighty earnest in their determination to beat him. To this end we see all this uninstructed-delegation demand in certain of the big states in the East, notably Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts; this constant recurrence of Coolidge talk, this favorite-son manipulation, and so on. Hoover's strength seems to be with the people, as Lowden's main strength is in certain of the agricultural states. Neither of these is a political asset to be sneered at.

Governor Al Smith, of New York, has been the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination since the Democrats began to contemplate the necessity of naming a man to run on their ticket in 1928, and he still continues far in the lead. The other active candidates are Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, and Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, with Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, placed as a residuary legatee for the Smith strength in case Smith cannot get his two-thirds at Houston. Smith, at the time of writing, was still far out in front, but he has a difficult job, for it is no child's play for any Democrat, no matter how popular, to get two-thirds of the widely selected delegates of a country like this to vote for him, and a good many powerful and experienced Democratic politicians are against Smith. All they need is a bunch of less than four hundred votes to stop Smith, and they are working hard to get them. Whether they will succeed is a matter that will not be determined for some time.

As it stands just before the final line-ups were to be made, Hoover is out in front for the Republican nomination and Smith out in front for the Democratic nomination. Wherefore they are the targets of all the opposition. They are turning into the stretch and have the hardest part of the race to go. Hoover will not win if Wall Street and the politicians can stop him. Smith will not win if a most determined group of Democrats can throw a big enough obstacle in his way.

There is always the band-wagon contingency. These two may show such strength that their opponents will hurry to get aboard. As old Senator Pugh, of Alabama, so aptly stated it one day away back yonder in a talk with Senator Bacon.

"I had a letter," said Pugh, "from my son down home and he tells me them Populists is gettin' pretty bad down there. I must go down there, I reckon."

"You'll go down and fight them, I suppose," observed Bacon.

"Hell, no!" said Pugh. "If they are as strong as my son says they are, I'm goin' down and join 'em."

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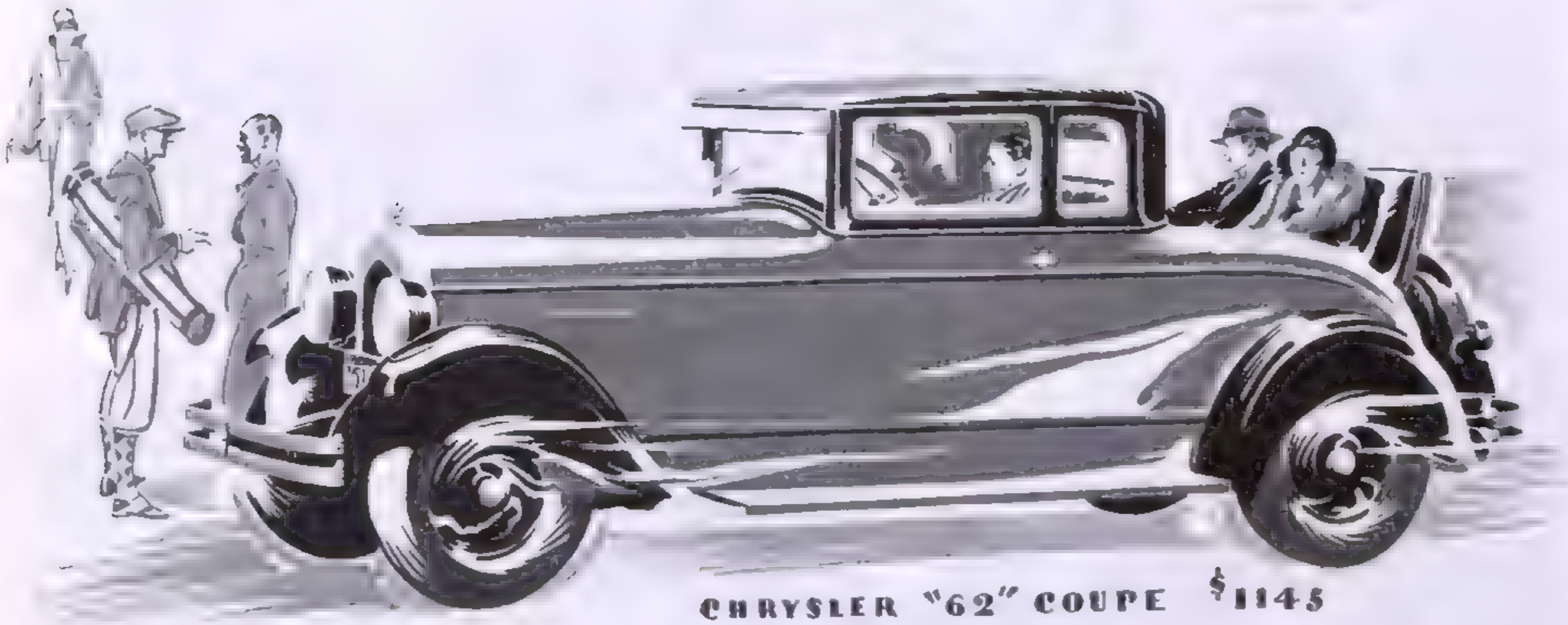

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Our Weekly Chat

Glenn Tryon

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The story has the flavor of a small town to begin with, then shifts quickly to Cuba and the brilliancy of the race course as many of you must remember it. Direction by William James Craft.

"The Man Who Laughs," starring CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN, reveals these players at their best. The picture is full of beauty, magnificent settings, gorgeous costumes.

Conrad Veidt in "The Man Who Laughs"

Another picture you must see is *"We Americans"* It will make you feel good all over.

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The demand for LAURA LA PLANTE'S new picture *"Finders Keepers,"* rather exceeds my expectations, altho I was confident it would be a hit. This rich comedy by Mary Roberts Rinehart is a perfect vehicle for MISS LA PLANTE'S sparkling ability. Watch for the picture in your vicinity.

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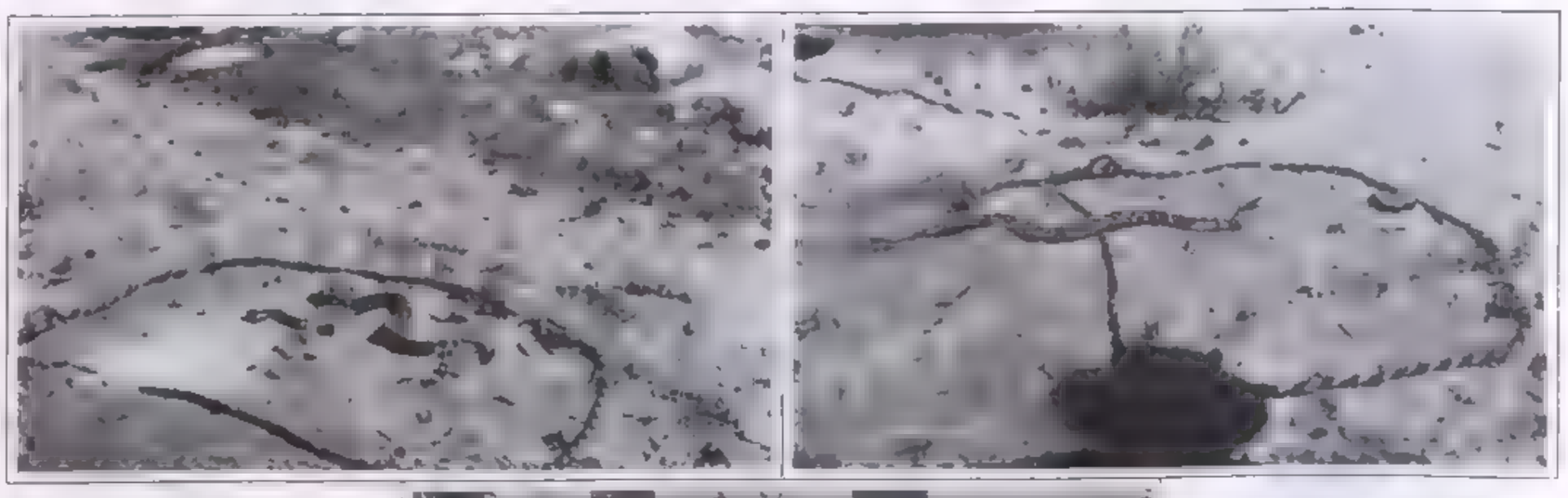
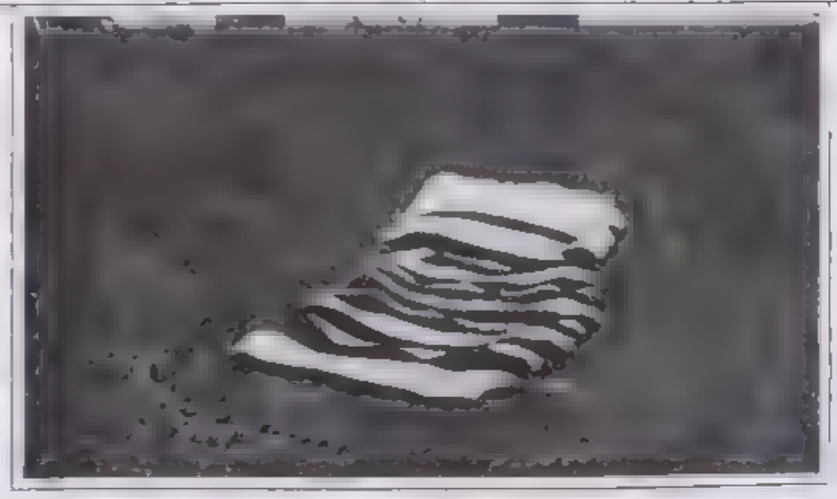


He Crawled In on One Side and Out the Other



A Camp Bed With Hair Rope Round It to Keep Snakes at a Safe Distance

Rattlers and Horned Toads

ONCE upon a time, ever so many years ago, a young fellow drifted into the arid Southwest, where, in Arizona, he spent a good many years as a soldier in the U. S. Cavalry, and as a cowboy and ranchman On his first trail in pursuit of old Geronimo and his gang, when bedtime came he saw one of the packers with the army pack train carefully laying a long hair rope around his blankets, spread out on the ground. It was long enough so that it completely encircled the blankets about a foot away from them at all points. The boy's curiosity was aroused.

"What's the hair rope for?" he queried.

"To keep snakes away," was the response from the gray-headed old chap, who, as packer with General Gibbon's troops, had followed Nez Percé Joseph nearly 2000 miles from Oregon to Montana, had gone through the horrors and tribulations of the Modoc War in Northern California and, following his beloved leader, General Crook, was now helping subdue the wily Apaches in Arizona.

"Does it really keep 'em out of your blankets?" The boy seemed incredulous.

"Surest thing you ever knew, sonny," was the packer's prompt reply. "Been a-doin' it for forty years and never yet found a rattler in my bed."

What better evidence would you ask for, was the boy's decision, and forthwith he provided himself with a hair rope and slept thereafter always within the charmed circle formed by the black-and-white coils.

Somebody Said So

Not for many years did he doubt the value of its protection. Army officers, cattle and sheep men, prospectors, and hunters believed in it and followed it whenever sleeping in the open. Of an inquisitive turn of mind, he began to ask questions about hair ropes. Invariably those to whom he appealed for information as to the saving grace of the hair-rope system assured him there was no doubt of it. "But did you yourself ever see a snake turned back because of the hair rope?" he would ask. Nobody was ever able to give personal testimony on the subject. Invariably they referred him to someone else who "knew a man who knew of a case," and so on. But it was always hearsay.

But the boy was twenty years older before it ever occurred to him that the easiest, simplest and most convincing way to settle the question once and for all was to try it on a live snake. Funny he hadn't thought of so easy a way to get the problem solved long ago.

It wasn't a hard matter to snare a fine big diamond-backed rattler down there in Arizona and carry him to a spot where he could demonstrate a problem before which, to the young man, Euclid's famous problem faded into insignificance. With plenty of witnesses and a camera to make a faithful record of the evidence, the hair rope was laid on the ground in a large loop, in the center of which his snakeship was carefully deposited, none the worse for his captivity.

Breathlessly the watchers waited for him to move. It took the reptile but a moment to orient himself. Then he slithered across the ground toward the rope. Was it to form a veritable wall of Troy against his onward movement? Eagerly they followed his wriggling way. At last his triangular-shaped head reached the rope. It raised a bit, looked around as if to study the hairy obstruction, tested its formation with that black forked tongue of evil repute, and then gracefully and without the slightest hesitation or evidence of discomfort—if a rattlesnake can show such emotion—he slid gracefully over the rope and was on his way

Without disturbing his forward movement the rope was carried a few feet ahead of the snake, and instead of a loop, was stretched in a straight line across his course. Again he slid easily over the rope. Once more they tried him. The rope was again placed ahead of him, but this time in a large loop or circle. Would he crawl over it and into the loop? He would and did, and out the other side, thus completely refuting the time-honored fairy tale.

"Who started this thing anyway?" demanded the investigator in disgust.

No one has ever answered the question. But the belief runs back into the earliest pioneer snake lore of the Far West, along with the stories of the glass snake that, when touched, breaks into a dozen pieces, and later, when the danger is over, was all reassembled like an auto in a repair shop; or the hoop snake that, when attacked, grabbed its tail into its mouth and rolled off to safety like a boy's hoop. One always wondered what the motive power of a hoop snake was on dead level ground.

All of which brings one down to the problem that has been discussed in the press by scientists and laymen as to the alleged resurrection of a Texas horned toad—which isn't a toad at all, but a true lizard—which was entombed alive in

Was the Rope Any Barrier?

a corner stone of a public building somewhere in the Lone Star State more than thirty years since, and then recently, when the building was wrecked and the stone opened, there was poor little *Phrynosoma cornutum* *phrynos*, toad, *soma*, body; *cornutum*, horny: A horny toad-bodied lizard—somewhat dazed by the presence of so many observers, but still, in a few minutes, able to paddle off and investigate his new surroundings. Was he hungry? Not a single observer tried to discover this simple fact.

"Fake," shrieked the scientists.

"Fact," asserted a lot of Texans, loyal to their state and firm in the belief that a Texan might be mistaken, but a faker no, sir, never. And that's that.

A Scientific Experiment

The papers have given both sides of the controversy; and yet to date not a living soul seems to have thought of the very easiest way in the world to decide the question.

If I were a scientist I'd write down to Congressman Blanton's province, where horned toads are as common as congressmen around Washington—and quite as interesting—and ask some postmaster to mail me half a dozen specimens of the quaint little affairs. Then I'd proceed to incarcerate them, with plenty of reliable witnesses to verify the act. Then, at various stated intervals—say, a month, then six months, then a year, and so on—the sarcophagi could be opened successively in the presence of some other reliable witnesses and the truth or falsity of this idea decided and settled once and forever.

Over and over, living frogs—this recent event is the first on record in which a horned toad has figured—have been reported as having been found by quarrymen and stonecutters inside of huge granite blocks that must have been formed—the blocks, not the toads—countless ages ago. Like the famous blackbird pie of childhood recollection, the instant the stone was opened his frogship is said to have at once, not sung but yawned, stretched his legs and set forth in search of a pond in which to swim.

Yet down to this exact moment, as far as this writer knows, not a single individual has done any real research work that would settle the whole question. Here's a brand-new field for somebody, scientist or layman, to enter and find out the truth about this business. Will his toadship come out hungry and thirsty? Will he have lost or gained weight? Will he have grown in size around his waistline? What a lot of interesting points could be settled forever in this easy, practical manner.

The world waits on tiptoe for the scientist and the answer. —WILL C. BARNES

"It was the happiest moment of my life!"

Kansas City, Mo.

"A BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST was held in our city, the winner to receive the title, 'Miss Kansas City.'

"I was run down and underweight. My digestion was bad and I was very nervous—probably due to poor elimination.

"My physician advised fresh Yeast. I ate it - 3 cakes a day, dissolved in water. In two weeks my elimination and digestion were better, my nerves had quieted and my weight had righted itself. My complexion cleared up too. I felt fine.

"Well, I won over 200 girls, receiving the unanimous vote of the judges for beauty of face and form. *It was the happiest moment of my life.*

"I then went to Atlantic City, to represent Kansas City in the National Bathing Beauty Contest. I arrived with the required weight, a complexion the judges termed 'peaches and cream' and an unlimited amount of pep—which I surely needed to stand the strain of a solid week of judging.

"Thanks again to Fleischmann's Yeast, I finished third in the Atlantic City finals. You will always find Yeast in my diet."

MARGUERITE JORDAN.

Wins title, "MISS KANSAS CITY," *in beauty competition . . . Read her story at left*

"I learned to ride as I learned to walk," says MISS RITA LA ROY. *Who will doubt it in the face of the testimony above? Miss La Roy writes:*

"THE 'GREAT OPEN SPACES' were my first school. At an early age I was taken by my father to live on a large ranch. Before I was ten years old I was riding the plains with a .22 automatic strapped to my saddle. Breaking in ponies was a regular thing for me. One year I rode in the annual stampede.

Then—my father died. The ranch grew unbearably lonely. I came to the city to live.

But in spite of my hardy childhood life I gradually became run down, suffering with constipation and frequent colds. Every winter I seemed to get worse. I was beginning to become distressed.

"Then, three years ago, I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast, dissolved in milk. Next winter I didn't have a single bad cold. My constipation was helped, too. I am now one of the healthiest people about."

RITA LA ROY, *Hollywood, Calif.*

AS FRESH as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure health *food.* Where cathartics bring but temporary relief, Fleischmann's Yeast strikes at the very *root* of common ills. Cleanses the intestines. Keeps them active. Frees you from the constipation that daily saps your vigor and health.

As elimination becomes more regular, more complete, new stores of energy are released. Indigestion gives way. Skin troubles vanish. Your whole outlook on life brightens.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-62, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

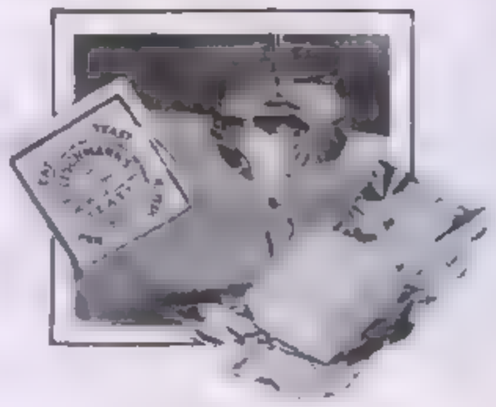
"I was placed in a very embarrassing position," writes WILLIAM BLAKENEY. *His letter follows:*

"IN MY WORK with one of the largest photographic studios in the world I meet hundreds of people every day. Naturally it was particularly embarrassing to me when my face broke out in unsightly blemishes.

"Various soaps and ointments didn't help. The eruptions became more severe—and so painful I couldn't sleep. They left ugly scars, too. What was I to do?

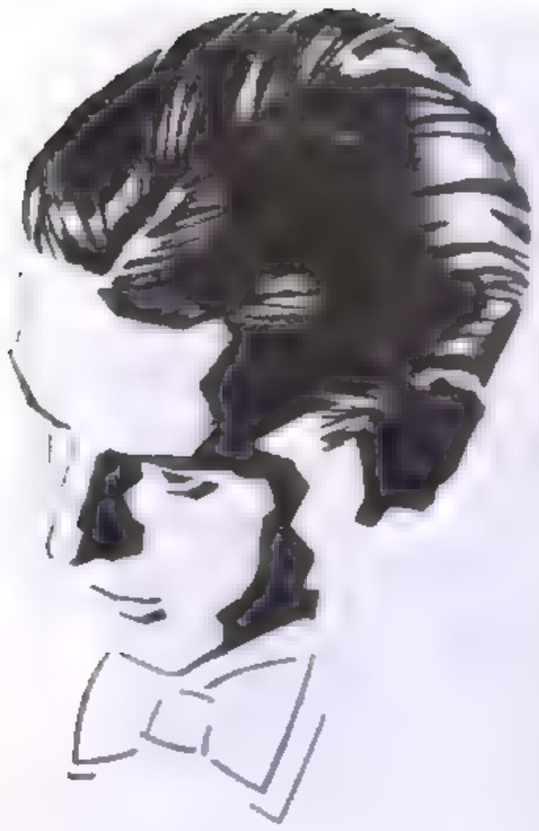
"The advice of a former classmate was 'Fleischmann's Yeast.' I tried it, and in a month the improvement was wonderful. My skin cleared up. I felt great. Yeast surely was a life-saver to me—I can't praise it enough!"

WILLIAM BLAKENEY, *Newtonville, Mass.*



Easy, natural—this new way to health, to greater zest in living

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. As you are benefited by eating Yeast you can gradually discontinue dangerous, habit-forming cathartics.



Hair getting a bit thin?

Yet it needn't!

So easily, so swiftly does this simple treatment bring new vigor—thick strength—to your hair:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

The Pinaud treatment is quickly effective, because it directly attacks the *causes* of thinning, falling hair.

Dandruff and poor scalp circulation—these, specialists say, cause most hair loss—most baldness.

Quickly, thoroughly, the Pinaud treatment destroys every vestige of dandruff. It makes the scalp fairly tingle with active circulation.

Begin the Pinaud treatment now. Use it every morning. It will restore your hair to strong, vigorous health; will keep it young, thick-growing.

You can buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine *today* at any drug or department store. Always look for Ed. Pinaud's signature in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc

THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD

Continued from Page 5)

of years in creating, to burn most of it where it fell! It was all good upland stuff—mostly oak and hickory, with some hard maple and a scattering of elm, walnut and ash. But there was no considerable market for it; everybody had timber then. Some of it went to the railroads as tie timber, the farm was fenced from it, a little rough lumber was sawed at the mill and it was the source of supply of the home fires, of which much has been heard in more recent times. But most of it was slashed to earth to be rolled into piles and obliterated by the torch.

There comes into this picture one Riley Neep. John Stout was an impatient man. Even with the labor he put upon it, the timber yielded slowly. There was the custom of giving to impecunious tenants who could do no better a leasehold upon land for the clearing thereof. The tenant engaged to clear so much land as his capabilities permitted in return for such of the timber as he could use or find a market for and the sole use of the ground for a certain period. Usually the lease ran three years. The tenant was entitled to three full crops on so much of the land as he was able to make ready for planting.

When John Stout grew impatient Riley Neep took a lease back in the woods on the south eighty. Stout hastily threw up a rough lumber house of one room and Riley moved into it with his bride. In three years Riley managed to clear four acres. He was not a particularly industrious young man and he got himself talked about in the neighborhood. They said he played cards. But he managed in some way to live on what his scanty clearing produced. I saw him once at a picnic, together with his wife and a gentleman friend. He wore a clean white shirt and his trousers were adequate if not impressive; but he had no coat and he was barefoot.

If Riley Neep were in the economic picture today he would be an object of governmental inquiry and governmental solicitude. Probably some congressman would be standing up for him. Nobody paid any attention to him then. Likely he hadn't learned that he was being oppressed. He seemed that day to be having a good time. Late in the afternoon, apparently sated with the other sports and pastimes, he and his gentleman friend sat down under a tree and played a number of games of seven-up.

An Old Ailment Passes

And so, after driving nearly 200 miles, the last 100 in a pouring rain, I turned in at Barney's. The place was familiar in most of its aspects, but much better kept than it had been in my boyhood. The snug, comfortable and recently repainted farmhouse had been John Stout's last reluctant material concession to the importunities of his growing daughters for a better and more attractive home. John could live anywhere and preferred to do so in the saddle. I recalled having seen the apple orchard planted; the cedars in the front yard had always been there. The red barn had been reared in my absence. The garage was an added note in the architectural symphony of the barnyard.

Barney was in the yard in conversation with the county veterinarian. The latter had driven out from town to diagnose the case of an ailing Holstein. Later it occurred to me that in Andrew Hance's time the Holstein would have been a brindle scrub and Andrew would have been his own veterinarian. His first move would have been to drench the ailing animal with a mixture of such nauseous liquids as he could find about the place. Probably he would have tapped her for hollow horn. Andrew believed in hollow horn and so did most of his neighbors. Then he would have lighted his lantern, and if the animal did not die sooner, would have sat up with it most of the night.

Barney was not expecting me. He hadn't the remotest idea I was nearer to his farm than the Atlantic Seaboard. But he was neither surprised nor excited. It is characteristic of Barney's type that it shows neither surprise nor emotion. It is hospitable, generous and kind, but inarticulate. Had Barney shown any sentimental interest in the visitor at the gate, he would have felt himself guilty of weakness. Cousin Carrie came out of the house to greet the unexpected caller, and the veterinarian went his way. Barney backed his car out of the garage to make room for mine and ran it into the barn, and we went in to supper. It was barely six o'clock, but the day's work was over and the chores done. I remembered farm chores as something to do in the dark or by the light of a smudged lantern.

I remembered the sitting room as it had been in John Stout's day. John was a prominent citizen and better fixed than most of his neighbors. He had more comforts. On the floor of the room in which he sat after his day's work was done, there was a faded rag carpet. In the room were a cheap rocker, three or four kitchen chairs, an old-fashioned lounge upon which a straw tick was laid. In winter a box stove warmed it; in summer the door and windows were screenless. In seasons when mosquitoes swarmed, there was a smudge of chips in the back yard, and the family sat around it to escape them. The smoke from the chips was acrid and unpleasant, but, on the whole, preferable to mosquitoes. In that vicinity wall paper had not yet become a genuflection to pleasing and artistic effect. The walls of John Stout's home were bare plaster which had once been white.

Watering the Stock

These memories obtruded as I went into the house. Probably they accounted for the deep impression the regeneration wrought by time and Cousin Carrie made upon me. There were good domestic rugs on the floor of the sitting room; overstuffed chairs, a comfortable davenport and a library table were ranged about. There were a piano and a radio. The walls were neatly papered and pictures hung upon them. I was subsequently to discover that there were electric lights, a furnace, running water and a bath.

Painted furniture had reached the neighborhood and there was a set of it adorned by Cousin Carrie's own hands in the dining room. I saw no books, but I had not anticipated books. Once in that neighborhood Ace Holden provoked comment, not altogether complimentary, by subscribing to three weekly newspapers. I was to learn that Cousin Barney subscribed to three dailies, six or seven farm journals and this magazine. If his propensity for reading had ever been construed as a reflection on him, he had apparently lived it down.

I was tired and hungry. As I centered my attention on the bounteous supper Cousin Carrie had provided, she and Barney discussed the neighborhood news. They were having their first visit of the day. Cousin Carrie had attended a meeting at the schoolhouse that afternoon. The occasion was a lecture given by a man from the state university on the proper culling of poultry. The lecture had been free. It occurred to me as I listened that the Government had taken no interest in Carrie's mother's poultry. She had never been the beneficiary of expert advice supplied free of charge. As far as the Government knew or cared, she raised no poultry.

There was a platter of home-cured ham on the table. I looked at it in amazement. Here it was the middle of September and Barney still had meat. In Andrew Hance's day farmers ran out of meat in May or June. Somehow they never killed hogs enough to run them through the year. It was just a condition that occurred every summer and nobody regarded it as a hardship. From May or June on through the crop-making and crop-gathering period of the year to early hog-killing time in the fall, the farmer and his help were on a short ration of meat. Probably it did not occur to him to buy meat. Had he done so, it would have been considered an extravagance. The poultry yard yielded something, of course. Harvesters, threshers and company were given fried chicken. There was now and then a mess of young squirrels from the woods or fish from the creek.

But there was little time for fishing or hunting, and neither sport was much encouraged in summer. It is not too much to say that both lacked the sanction of neighborhood opinon. The habitual fisherman was considered shiftless. In public esteem he ranked only a little higher than a fiddler. A man who played the fiddle was regarded as worthless, and not infrequently the neighborhood approximation of him was correct.

After supper Barney said "I guess I'll go out and pump some water for the stock," and I followed him out to the well in the barnyard. It was an old familiar well. In my early boyhood it was equipped with a sweep and a bucket. Time and again I had seen Mahala Stout drawing water from it for the cattle and horses, or drawing and carrying it two bucketfuls at a time to the hogpens. John Stout was always engaged in the various tasks of driving his hired men, performing the harder forms of labor or riding the road in search of those who wished to trade chips for whetstones, or vice versa. He had no time for chores, and Mahala did them. She was a gaunt, strong woman and could water all the livestock on the place in an hour or less.

The old familiar well bore no such aspect. The sweep and bucket were gone and a windmill had reared itself in their place. But a windmill is subject to the variations of wind and weather, and Barney no longer relied upon it. He didn't start the mill; all he did was turn on a gasoline engine and sit down beside it. I talked to Barney a little about the trials and tribulations of modern farming.

"There still is work to be done," I pointed out. "Even for so trivial a chore as pumping water for the stock, one must still start and stop a gasoline engine."

A Great Occasion

The evening with Barney did not turn out as I had hoped and expected. I had thought to spend the evening in talk and reminiscence; there were mutual experiences to discuss and memories to revive. But Barney seemed to take no interest in them. He had just paid $300 for a new radio and spent the evening trying to get Dubuque and Jefferson City. Particularly, he tried to get Dubuque, but there was much static. He spoke highly of the musical programs broadcast from the Iowa town.

I lingered on through the following day and night and in the evening we drove into Cadman, the county seat, for a picture show. The distance is eighteen miles and we drove in over the new concrete highway after supper, saw the show and were home again before eleven o'clock.

It was an old trail for me, for I had been to Cadman as a boy. It seemed we were always going to Cadman; I recall one year in which we were there three times. Cadman not only was the county seat but it was the big town round about and the first metropolis I knew. It must have had a population of 4000 or 5000 people then and there was always something to see. Once on a trip to Cadman I saw a medicine show—a magnificent equipage drawn by four dapple-gray horses, in which rode singers and comedians. Everything was free except the medicine. They charged for that.

The trip to Cadman which I remember best was made in that memorable year when we journeyed three times to the county seat. I was growing older, too,

(Continued on Page 52)

(Above) Ann and Ruth Allen, two sturdy Chicago young sters whose mornings start regularly with a breakfast of hot Quaker Oats. They rarely miss a day at school.

A 20-SECOND STORY IN PICTURES

Of how children properly provided with the great growth element of food develop mentally and physically

What that element is—How to supply it

70% of the Day's School Work Crowded into 4 Morning Hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to WATCH YOUR CHILD'S BREAKFAST—to start days with food that "stands by" through the vitally important morning hours.

WHAT children need for breakfast, according to the most recent findings of foremost authorities on child development, is food that "stands by" them

That means food properly balanced in the essential food elements PLUS an adequate supply of food's great growth element, protein.

When it is properly supplied, greater mental activity is indisputably fostered; greater physical strength and endurance promoted When it is lacking, children are listless, "dull." Few class leaders, say educators, are found among children inadequately supplied with this element.

For that reason, Quaker Oats, with its remarkable protein content, is urged as the ideal children's breakfast.

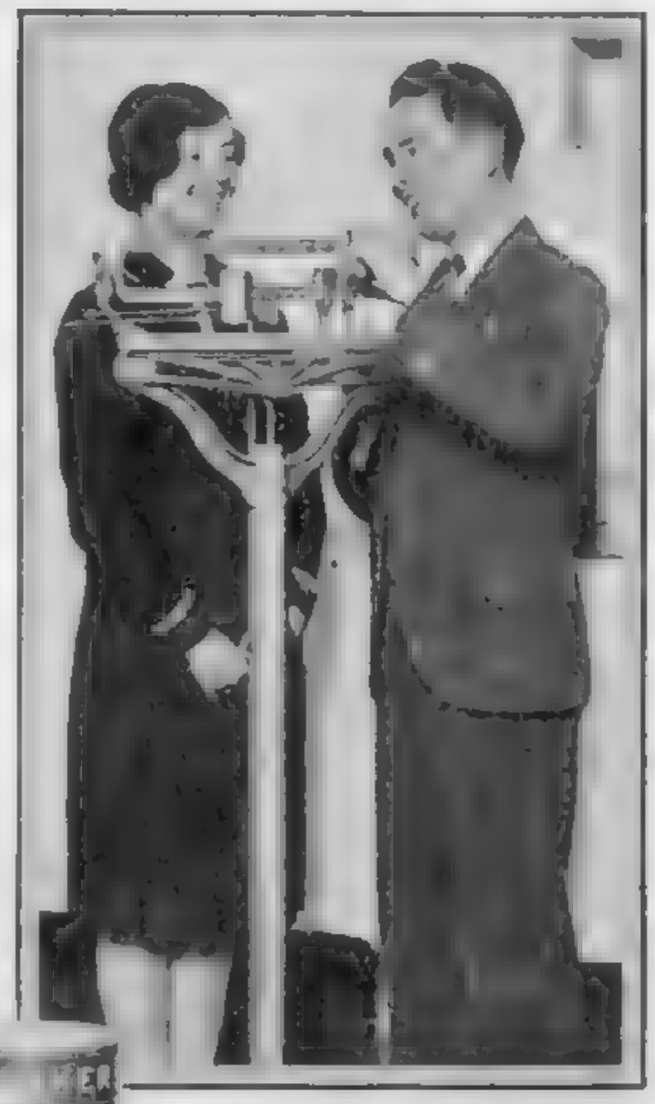
16% is protein—plus—an almost perfect food "balance" and unique deliciousness

Quaker Oats contains 16% protein. That element builds muscles. It re-supplies the body with energy lost in exercise and play. It, according to authorities, influences the mental activity of both children and adults. The oat contains more of this important growth element than any other cereal grown. It contains half again as much protein as wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as corn meal. Think what this means!

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals, and abundant in Vitamine B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage that lessens the need for laxatives. The oat is the best balanced cereal that grows.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies, too, the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness, according to thousands, that no other cereal known can boast

(Below) Agnes McCaul, 16-year-old winner of the health contest held in a southern state recently, watches her weight carefully. She is a hot oats breakfast enthusiast.



Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats. That is, Quaker Oats as you have always known them and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than plain toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

BIRD
ESTABLISHED 1795

For the Home!

Long Life ~ Rare Beauty ~ Low Cost

THERE is a Bird Rug moderately priced for every home. Colorful, enduring rugs that will beautify any floor of your home. Insist on Bird's when you require floor covering wherein charm of appearance is combined with utility . . . Bird's Rugs and Floor Coverings can be easily cleaned with a damp mop.

BIRD'S ROOFS in varied colors give lasting protection from the elements at minimum expense. These weather-defying and fire-retarding asphalt slate-surfaced shingles give years of service. Insist on Bird's, if you desire roofing which blends rugged quality with rare charm and distinctive appearance.

Bird's Felt Base Rugs are obtainable in leading department and furniture stores at prices ranging from $6.00 to $18.00.

RUGS

BIRD

Bird & Son, Inc.
East Walpole
Massachusetts

Chicago
New York

In Canada
Bird & Son Division
Hamilton, Ontario

Bird's Roofs are made for every type of building, and Bird dealers are always ready to estimate your roofing needs without obligation.

ROOFS

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 50

I was nearly nine, and important and spectacular things had begun to impress themselves upon my mind. The way we came to go to Cadman right in the middle of the summer was that Burr Robbins' circus showed in the town. There was a hegira from the neighborhood, for circuses did not come every day. Nearly everybody went up to Cadman to see the circus parade. Only a few could afford to go to the circus, but the parade was free and was considered well worth the time and trouble it took to see it. And though it took some time, it wasn't much trouble. All there was to it was a drive of thirty-six miles in a farm wagon and two or three hours of standing around.

Inability to see the circus itself did not greatly disappoint me. I hadn't counted on it. It had been made very plain to me from the moment the trip was projected that the extravagance of a visit to the circus itself was not to be considered. And the parade satisfied me pretty well. It was the best thing I had seen up to that time. I'm not sure it wasn't the best thing I have seen yet.

Among the few from our neighborhood who did feel that they could afford to see the circus was Adam Canaday. Adam had just got his Civil War pension and was in funds. He took his family through the side show, went to the circus and stayed for the concert. It was freely predicted that Adam's pension would do him little good—that he would fritter it away. Unhappily, the prediction turned out to be correct. Adam's pension was six dollars a month. He spent it about as fast as he got it and never seemed to have anything to show for it.

But in ordinary years, those in which no circus came to stir the latent enthusiasm of the countryside, the big trip to Cadman came in middle or late October. That period of autumn marked the annual reunion of the regiment, and except in times of illness we never missed it. It was also the occasion on which the hickory nuts were marketed and the grist for the winter's flour taken to the mill. Hickory nuts were the money crop of the fall, as maple sugar was the money crop of the spring. Hickory trees were abundant in every woodland and it seldom was necessary to get permission to gather the fall. An energetic family, working at odd hours through the season in which the nuts fell, could pick up what, after they had been hulled, amounted to six or eight bushels, and hickory nuts were steady at from seventy-five cents to a dollar a bushel. One year when the nuts were unusually abundant we took ten dollars' worth to Cadman, and that was important money—then.

Some Place to Go

On the trips to Cadman the wagons were loaded the night before in order that early starting might be facilitated. We started while the stars were in the sky and by daylight were well on the way. Thus one completed the outbound journey before noon. In fall, if the roads were good, it was possible to get home by eight or nine o'clock in the evening. The spring journey was more arduous. The roads were always bad and often almost impassable. One started as early as four o'clock in the morning and hoped to get home by midnight of the same day. But nobody regarded the journey as much of a hardship. It was considered a pleasure trip.

For a day or two I drove about the neighborhood trying to locate old landmarks and striving to re-create old scenes. I re-created the old scenes without difficulty. In the matter of locating the old landmarks I was less successful. Most of them had disappeared. Usually when I sought a landmark I discovered that somebody, at the expense of time and money and in recognition of changed and improved conditions, had obliterated it. The covered bridges at Ladell and Biningham had been replaced by modern structures. I have since learned that covered bridges are "quaint." I didn't know it then. What struck me as equally quaint was the disappearance of the legend which adorned the Ladell and Biningham bridges and all others of their day. It read: Five Dollars' Fine for Riding or Driving Over This Bridge Faster Than a Walk.

The old camp-meeting ground on the Robards place had become a cornfield. Both the religious and the irreligious used to gather there by the hundreds every August—the religious to worship God, the irreligious to profit by barter and sale or to carry on surreptitious practices in the friendly shadows of a religious awakening. The pulpit from which three or four sermons were preached every day was a rough platform covered with brush; the congregation sat upon rough boards raised some two feet from the ground. Around the amphitheater were the wagons and brush shacks in which the worshipers lived. Farther back the devil flourished.

The passing of the camp meeting—it has been gone for years—marks as clearly as anything may the social changes wrought within the span of two generations of Middle Western farmers. Probably those who went to camp meeting with an eye single to its accredited purpose were greatly in the minority. They always seemed to be. The others attended because it was some place to go. They were, for the most part, socially starved. The camp meeting was their nearest approach to an outing or a vacation. Nowadays there are many places to go. The Middle Western farmer's idea of a vacation is to drive to the Atlantic or Pacific Coast or to Florida. The camp meeting has become an indistinct memory.

Rugged Religion

I had seen the new church on one of my previous visits. Although they still speak of it as new, it was built twenty-five or thirty years ago. But Barney, who is one of the trustees, wanted to show me some of the improvements made in my absence and we visited it. They had, it seemed, installed a furnace, a new lighting system, cushioned pews of hardwood and a piano. I doubt now that my response to Barney's enthusiasm was adequate. Furnaces, lighting systems, hardwood pews and pianos are fairly familiar appurtenances to me. I am not much impressed by them. What I did as Barney, in his inarticulate way, extolled the comparative splendor of the new edifice was to re-create a mental picture of the old one.

It was a cheerless structure, architecturally as unattractive as a switch shanty. I remember it best when deep snows lay upon the ground or as an Ark of the Covenant come to rest in a sea of mud. Everybody went to meeting in winter. The revivals were held then and spiritual fires always burned a little brighter in seasons when farm work was more or less at a standstill.

The old church was one of the most uncomfortable of places. It was heated in winter by two great box stoves, one on either side of the house. Those who sat near the stoves were uncomfortably warm; those at any distance from them were uncomfortably cold. The seats were hard and shaped without concern for the angles of the human body. Kerosene lamps backed by tin reflectors dimly lighted the edifice. I do not now remember whether it was deemed improper for husbands and wives to sit together in church, but I do recall that they rarely did so. The husbands sat on one side of the church and their wives on the other. It could not, however, have been regarded as an impropriety, for young people keeping company with one another did sit together and there was no talk about it.

It was rugged religion that was practiced in the old church, and one that required both physical and spiritual endurance. For the country church then was the emotional outlet of the rural community. There were

(Continued on Page 54)

The PAUPER

A condition that can usually be prevented is robbing millions of their health today

EVEN though he have the wealth of King Midas himself, the man is a pauper who has lost his health. Surely you want to take reasonable precaution to guard your most precious possession.

The insidious thing about constipation is that so many people will not take it seriously. Yet the medical profession charges it with being the cause of a high percentage of all illness.

One of the most frequent causes of this condition is lack of bulk in the daily diet. The proper way to correct and prevent constipation is to remove the cause.

Millions of men and women have found they can escape constipation by eating Post's Bran Flakes every morning.

This delicious health cereal delights the palate and brings to the body *bulk* which is so essential to regular, healthful habits.

A two weeks' trial will prove what it can do for you

Constipation must not be neglected!* Do not expect to correct it with a single serving of bulk food. To be effective, bran must be eaten regularly, every day. That is why it is so important that you *like* the bran you eat.

Start a two weeks' test by mailing the coupon below for a free sample which will show you how delicious Post's Bran Flakes is, or by ordering a regular package from the grocer.

Tomorrow morning for breakfast eat Post's Bran Flakes with milk or cream. You will find it one of the most appetizing cereals you have ever tasted. You will be delighted with the crispness and the delicious flavor of the nut-brown flakes.

Keep up the program faithfully for two weeks. You can vary it if you like by combining Post's Bran Flakes with fruits or berries, fresh or preserved. It also makes marvelous muffins and bran bread.

By the time you have completed the two weeks' test we predict you will notice a difference in the way you feel and you will find that Post's Bran Flakes has acted as a natural and effective regulator.

But don't stop at the end of two weeks. Follow the example of millions of healthy people who keep on the "Road to Wellville" by eating Post's Bran Flakes every morning.

**Ordinary cases of constipation, brought about by too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.*

SEND THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE PACKAGE

Postum Co., Inc.
Dept. B-15, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me your free [illegible] package of Post's Bran Flakes, so I can see [illegible]

Name

Address

City State

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

as an ounce of prevention

© 1928, P Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 52)

fire in its worship and drama in its setting. The dimly lighted, unventilated church, with men and women on their knees in prayer, sometimes for hours at a time; a congregation singing There is Rest for the Weary, and the mothers in Israel shouting hosannas in the amen corner is as much a leaf from American history as any other battle.

The old church was not a station; it was a charge. The minister came every two weeks and preached in the morning and again at night. On Sunday afternoon he preached at an adjoining charge. Toward his salary the congregation of the old church was supposed to contribute $100 a year. Sometimes he got it. In my early boyhood there was only congregational singing. When I went back to the neighborhood as a young man, there was a cottage organ in one of the amen corners. In the new church there is a piano, and a choir leads the singing.

School let out as I drove past the unostentatious trim white building which stands on the site of the incredibly ugly and shabby structure in which I learned to read. I noted that there were only twelve or fifteen pupils, all apparently under twelve years of age. Fifty or sixty pupils, ranging in age from six to twenty-one years, had somehow crowded into the pitifully inadequate building I had known. The school term was four months, timed to begin early in November and to end early in March. This was a concession to the larger boys, who could not be spared from home until the heavier farm tasks had been completed. The idea of sending a boy to school when he might be serviceably employed at home received scant support. Those who overrode the neighborhood custom did so at the expense of being criticized. Even so, few of the larger boys had the benefit of an entire school term. They kept straggling in all through November and early December. As a rule, Christmas came before everybody was enrolled.

Off to School

Going to school set for the pupil a physical as well as a mental task. All along the road on that motor trip through the Middle West I had encountered motorbusses engaged in carrying country children to and from school. I recalled trudging a mile and a quarter, day after day, through deep snows or bottomless mud, to reach the schoolhouse. Time and again I have frosted ears, nose, fingers or toes in what subsequently proved to be a vain pursuit of education.

Many times I heard the teacher say to a tardy, winter-beaten pupil: "Don't go near the stove; your ears are frozen. Run outside and get a handful of snow and thaw them out."

How anybody learned anything in that overcrowded, uncomfortable, illy ventilated school building still furnishes me with food for conjecture As a matter of fact, only a few of the pupils did learn anything Pandemonium reigned; hoarse, raucous recitations were always going on. During the day a teacher heard five reading classes, a primer class, four spelling classes, two or three arithmetic classes, two geography classes, a history class and a grammar class The financial recompense therefor ranged from twenty-five to thirty dollars a month. Ciphering through Ray's Third Part Arithmetic was the distinctive scholastic achievement. Very few attained it. I recall only one Dan Thomas crashed through Mr. Ray's textbook on the easier mutations of mathematics in the winter of his nineteenth year. Grammar was not much in favor. It was considered unimportant or worse. As a rule, only the girls studied it. The boys figured grammar a waste of time.

On the morning I left the neighborhood I stopped at the home of Purvis Hance, another and younger cousin, to say good-by There I came upon the solution of the problem of the limited attendance on the district school. Purvis' two boys, fourteen and sixteen years old, came out of the house with their books and got into the car parked in front. They were driving into the village, five miles distant, where they were attending high school. Purvis is a tenant farmer. He doesn't own a foot of soil or an idle dollar. But he has a car, his boys are going to high school and his girls will follow them.

In the talk and discussion of the neighborhood I missed one plaintive and melancholy note to which my ear had been attuned. I heard little of sickness and death, of those who lay upon beds of illness and those who had been garnered by the grim reaper. And it was mid-September and what had once been the sickliest of the sickly seasons. In my boyhood, typhoid, malaria, ague and pneumonia had scourged the neighborhood summer and winter. Probably the floods that came annually and sometimes oftener, leaving a mass of febrile, rotting vegetation behind them, contributed something to the prevalence of malaria. But the hard, comfortless, unintelligent, unsanitary lives the people led doubtless marked the source of many of their physical ailments.

The Community Banker

Anyway, there was always somebody sick. In sickly seasons—and most of them were sickly—illness came coincidentally to half the homes. Often three or four members of the same family were down at one time. A light burning in a farmhouse window after nine or ten o'clock at night meant only one thing: Somebody was sitting up with a patient who was seriously ill One lying in bed at night often heard the hoof beats of a galloping horse upon the road. Somebody was going in haste for a doctor. Later he might hear the returning hoof beats of the galloping horse and a little later the blam of the doctor's hard-driven buggy as the wheels hit the wooden bridge down the road.

But forecasting the time of the doctor's arrival was pure speculation Three physicians practiced in the village five miles distant At greater distances, others were available But as far as any of them were concerned, nobody knew when At least, not in the sickly season, when they rode day and night. One seeking a doctor might find the legend "Back at eight o'clock" written on the slate hanging at his door. But that was no guaranty that he would return before midnight or at any other time in the immediate future. Once he took the road, nobody knew how long the necessities of his patients would keep him there.

I heard no talk of serious illness and little of illness of any sort. Somehow life had changed and existence had become less parlous. Mayhap an easier, better ordered, more intelligent scheme of living had wrought the change.

I have written of, or indicated, certain of the social, economic, religious and scholastic aspects of the old neighborhood. The people lived hard and went without. They had few comforts as this day and generation construes the term There was nothing of that which is now called entertainment, and opportunities for any sort of relaxation were infrequent But I do not imply that there was want. Everybody had enough to eat, was generously and warmly clothed, had ample protection from wind and weather, and slept comfortably in a feather bed.

Uncle Lamech Lewis was the rich man of the neighborhood His operations were less extensive and less widespread than those of John Stout, but John was always up to his eyes in debt and every dollar he had was breathless from the exercise he required of it. Uncle Lamech was ever solvent. Still, I don't suppose Uncle Lamech was worth more than $10,000 at any time in his life. When he died it was found that his fortune had greatly depreciated I never knew exactly how he made his money, he had started as poor as anybody. But through the years he was the neighborhood banker, which is to say that everybody borrowed money from him, or tried to Most of them succeeded. For despite his shrewdness, Uncle Lamech was big-hearted and easy and the kindliest of men. His livestock, his dogs and his cats were always too fat because he fed them too much.

Unfortunately many of those who borrowed from Uncle Lamech neglected to pay him back, and he died, still comfortably fixed but considerably reduced in circumstance. He had financed a couple of stores in the village and both had gone on the rocks. Young and impecunious gentlemen had borrowed and forgotten to return it. I was at Uncle Lamech's once when Andrew Davis came to borrow twenty-five dollars. He had taken a notion to get married and, having no money of his own, depended upon Uncle Lamech to finance the marital adventure. Uncle Lamech banked the deal, but made a vow as he did so.

"I'll let you have it," he said to Andrew, "but I'm going to quit helping you boys get married. You never pay me back."

Uncle Lamech, as became its richest citizen, had the only pleasure vehicle in the neighborhood. It was what was known as a democrat—a light, two-seated wagon, painted to simulate the appearance of a buggy, with upholstered cushions but no top. It was a gleaming note of splendor and the only one the neighborhood knew.

The inadequate manner in which the community financed itself is indicated by the fact that village stores were borrowing money of a farmer. But probably not one farmer in ten thousand had a bank account of any sort, or any credit or standing with a bank. If he had to have money and there was no Uncle Lamech available, he stuck a chattel mortgage on something—usually his team or other livestock. If he had to have $90, he signed a note for $100, bearing 10 per cent interest and secured by mortgage on his chattel. Thereupon the money lender shaved a commission of $10 from the $100 and the borrower took what was left. Had anybody advanced the idea that the Government would one day establish banks for the express purpose of taking care of hard-pressed farmers, it would have been received with incredulity.

A Political Issue

Outside of the few malcontents who belonged to the third party—there was always a third party, but its name changed from campaign to campaign—there was no feeling that the farmer was being oppressed. The idea that he might in some way be helped in his farming operations by government intervention was as yet unborn. None of the modern terms descriptive of capital and capitalism had been invented. Nothing was known of Wall Street, although the railroads had begun to come in for some condemnation.

The row was between the Republicans and the Democrats, and the issue was the old flag Despite the outrageous manner in which it treated them, the people were very proud of their country and they took off their hats and cheered when the old flag was mentioned. The trouble between the Republicans and the Democrats was that the Republicans claimed the Democrats had shot at it. The Democrats resented this aspersion with a fine show of indignation. They took the ground that, far from shooting at the old flag, they had helped the Republicans defend it.

The Democrats had much substantial evidence with which to back up their claim. Politically the community was pretty evenly divided, with the Republicans slightly in the majority. But most of the voters had been soldiers in the Civil War and the Democrats pointed with pride to the fact that nearly half of them were Democrats Nevertheless, partisan feeling was strong and bitter There were no political neutrals then.

If Uncle Lamech Lewis was the rich man of the neighborhood, Grandfather Harrison had lived the fullest and most adventurous life. Born in Lincolnshire, England, he had shipped before the mast at the age of fourteen Subsequently he had hunted whales in the Arctic, followed an ox team across the plains, engaged in battle with the Indians – there was an arrow scar on his shoulder – and had looked for gold in California and Australia.

One day in August, 1868, a stocky, ruddy-faced Englishman in his forties stopped at Grandmother Wier's door and asked for a drink of water. It was to develop later that he was foreman of the gang engaged in carrying the ditch, which was to drain the contiguous swamp, through grandmother's farm. Grandmother's troubles had been not altogether imaginary. Left a widow with a large family of children, mostly girls, and a quarter-cleared farm in the early days of the war, she had somehow seen it through. Grandmother was a very thorough and complete conversationist and enjoyed giving exhibitions of her talent. She engaged the stranger in talk. The next day he came back for another drink of water. In a week or two he was coming around to sit a little while in the evening. It was learned that the stranger's name was Harrison.

They Have Come Along

The fear that grandmother was going to marry the stranger seized the family and the relationship almost immediately. It looked ominous. There was much buzzing and finally much spoken opposition to grandmother marrying a stranger who was considered much beneath her. But grandmother gave it no heed and in November she married him. He proved to be one of the best investments the family ever made.

He took good care of grandmother and was kind to her children. In time they all came to love him. He cleared out the farm and made it blossom as the rose. With the profits from his own industry he built grandmother a fine new house. Then he made some investments of his own, buying the place across the road and putting some money out at interest. When he died in the middle 90's he willed everything he possessed to grandmother. Grandfather Harrison had failed at hunting whales and in the gold fields. But he easily acquired a competence on the farm he began tilling after he was forty.

We left the neighborhood before I was ten years old. Our farm lay mostly in the creek bottom. Only the pasture and the garden patch were above high-water mark. One year it was three times ravaged by floods and swept of every green or growing thing. A legacy of decaying vegetation remained and another autumn marked by sickness and disease threatened.

"I'm going to sell the farm or give it away," said father.

He almost gave it away, and in October we joined the cavalcade of covered wagons that passed by day along the road, all headed westward.

I didn't see the old neighborhood again until I was past twenty. Meanwhile I had learned a trade and achieved a white-collar job. I had come to know a little of the world and had acquired a certainty that I could get about in it. I went back to the old neighborhood soft handed, clothed in impressive raiment and prepared to patronize it a little. But it had changed too. Most of the old houses had been torn down and new ones erected in their places. There were new barns and fences. Everything had been primped up a little. Uncle Lamech's democrat was archaic. All the boys were driving fast steppers hitched to sidebar buggies. The family carriage had become common. The neighborhood had gone along about as fast as I had gone, and it had more ready money.

And that seems to be the point of this relation—admitting it had one. The farmer has come along. His living conditions steadily have grown better, his life easier. He knows more, has more and spends more. Every manifestation of Government takes him into account. More attention is paid to his woes than are paid to mine. He's done about as well as anybody.

How manufacturing skill is bringing down costs . . .

—in Paper Making, for example

Newer methods beckon

The paper-making industry offers an interesting example of lowered manufacturing costs.

Since 1920, according to authorities, the cost of fabricating paper has been reduced 10% to 15%.

These reductions in manufacturing costs have not resulted from cheaper labor, cheaper equipment, or cheaper supplies. On the contrary, they have been brought about through *better* equipment and *better* supplies coupled with *better* methods.

For example: Leading paper makers report that they have markedly cut down interruptions to production through the use of Gargoyle Lubricating Oils and the correct lubricating methods introduced by the Vacuum Oil Company.

These manufacturers also report power savings, reduced repairs and economy of oil consumption through correct lubrication.

The same results can probably be accomplished in your plant, in whatever industry you are engaged.

Probably no one thing in plant operation is more important in maintaining production than correct lubrication—nor more often unconsciously slighted.

Simply buying good oil will not bring down manufacturing costs. Individual operating conditions must be studied. Then oils which fit *exactly* the needs of the machinery must be installed and applied by the correct method.

A letter addressed to us will bring an experienced representative, who will, at your convenience, go more fully into the subject.

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MERCHANTS in every line of business are recognizing the fact that smart, dependable delivery service has become an important essential in merchandising success—

—and because no other delivery unit meets this requirement so completely at such low cost, the Bigger and Better Chevrolet Light Delivery Truck is reaching new heights of popularity in every section of the country!

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It is built on a wheelbase of 107 inches—four inches longer than before. The frame is longer, stronger and sturdier and rests on four long semi-elliptic shock absorber springs parallel to the frame that cradle the load over every type of street and highway. Steering is the easiest ever offered in a low-priced truck—for the worm and gear steering mechanism is fitted with ball bearings throughout . . . even at the front axle knuckles. And big, powerful, non-locking four-wheel brakes assure perfect control under every condition of roadway and traffic.

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But even more vital is the spirited new performance provided by the improved valve-in-head Chevrolet motor. To its world-famous power and dependability have been added a flexibility in traffic and a responsiveness to the throttle, that reduce gear-shifting to the minimum.

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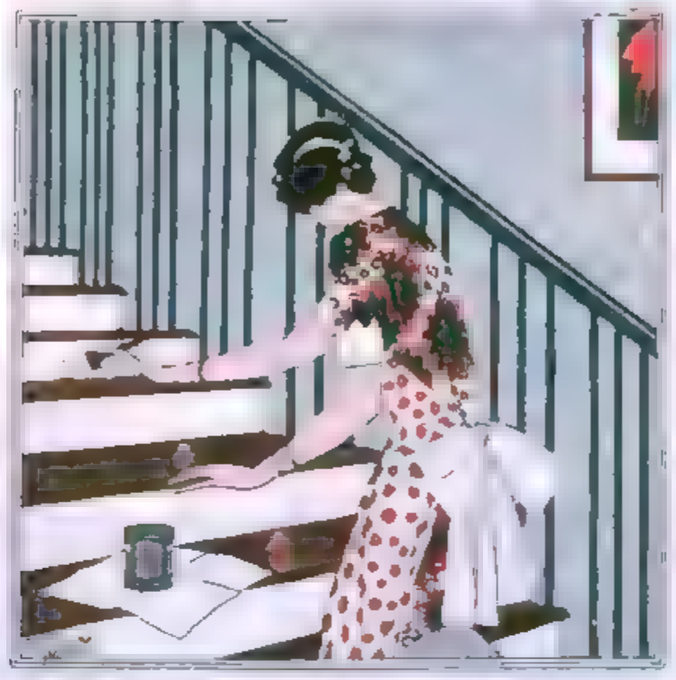

This stairway has seen many years of service. Duco will make it fresh and new. Isn't there a stairway in your home that would appreciate a Duco treatment

The fortunate possessor of a real old-fashioned fireplace gives Duco another opportunity to prove its value

With Duco you can touch up your automobile body or fenders and bring back their original beauty

Bright, richly-textured Duco colors are making this chest of drawers ready to play its part in the modern bedroom.

No experience is needed in using Duco. You can get a charming effect by doing the work yourself

THERE is a multitude of uses for Duco in every home. Indeed, wherever there is a surface to take a finish, there is a part of your home that Duco will make more beautiful. "Upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber"—you'll find uses for Duco in every room in the house.

Of course, such things as the dining room chairs, the living room table, the beds and dressers immediately suggest themselves. But Duco is just as useful for the secretary, the highboy, the end-table, the desk—for every article of furniture. Flower-boxes become fresher, brighter; even the wastebasket is smartly decorative when Duco has made it a spot of gleaming color.

Kitchen and bathroom especially invite Duco. Modern kitchens must be gay, bright, many-colored; and bathrooms of today have exchanged their surgical whiteness for the clear, delicate colors that Duco brings. In the nursery, baby's bed and Junior's express-wagon are equally candidates for Duco treatment. Transparent Clear Duco keeps its rich texture on floors and woodwork, and Duco stains bring rich colors to many interiors.

Duco dries quickly, eliminating the usual fuss and bother of home decoration. Its clear, brilliant colors remain bright and unfaded; its lustrous, flint-like surface stays enduringly beautiful. And Duco is so easy to use either with a brush or small hand sprayer that the whole family can help.

But remember, only Duco brings Duco results. So be sure you visit the du Pont dealer—the man who carries the real Duco, made only by du Pont. Look for the oval trademark on the Duco can.

Realizing the importance of expert advice on home decoration, the makers of Duco have asked a group of famous interior decorators to prepare a book of approved color combinations. This book, "A Color Scheme for Every Room," is filled with illustrations of model rooms, with instructions that will enable you to achieve, in your own home, the same effective results.

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Lady Luck and You

Seven-League Boots

WHEN Lady Luck taps one on the shoulder, what does one do? when a lucky break comes your way, what is the prescribed technic for dealing with it? There can be no question—at least so I have been assured by many men, successful and unsuccessful—that the give-and-take of workaday life involves at least a modicum of luck. When I remarked to a sales manager whose income is somewhere above $25,000 a year that nowadays nobody believes in business fairy tales, he said:

"Well, maybe not. But don't laugh at luck. Don't discount it. Many times in my life I've been lucky myself."

Very well, then, when good fortune, or coincidence, or what not, places a man in some auspicious situation, what does he do—and why? That is the matter with which this inquiry is concerned.

Out on the Pacific Coast young Clyde H—— was a salesman for a certain specialty concern. In the course of his busy routine he had placed one of his machines on trial in the offices of an automobile agency. As a prospect that automobile agency sized up as decidedly tough, and the toughness concentrated in the person of the manager. He was skeptical—acidly so.

Prompt Service Guaranteed

"YOUR concern is so big," the automobile man had said to Clyde, "that you don't care a hang, really, about a little firm like us. Suppose we did buy one of your machines. What could we expect in the way of service, of real, personal attention? Mighty little!"

"You would get the best we could give," Clyde had told him; "exactly the same service and attention as if you were the biggest customer we have."

"And that," the automobile man had said, "is apple sauce."

A week had passed. Clyde, starting out in the morning for the day's cruising of his territory, intended to stop first at a department store some eight blocks away—just a routine call on a pending deal. Halfway to the department store, at a street intersection, he encountered a traffic jam. To save time, he crossed the street and found himself in front of that skeptical automobile agency.

"I'll just drop in here," he said to himself, "and say hello to that manager and look things over."

He went inside and climbed the stairs to the mezzanine floor on which were the offices. Leading from the top of the stairs was a narrow carpeted corridor that gave entrance to a number of rooms, and at the far end of the corridor was the office of the manager.

As he turned at the stair top Clyde heard a voice. The voice was the manager's. His door evidently was open. He was talking over the telephone—talking to Clyde's own concern.

"Is this the Blank Company?" Clyde heard him say. "Well, this is the Acme Auto. I want you to send that man of yours up here and take out that trial machine. I've decided not to buy it."

The receiver clicked back to its hook. Clyde, standing unseen in the corridor, counted ten. Then he advanced, stepped into the manager's office and said:

"Good morning, Mr. Baldwin. Did you phone for me?"

The manager gasped. He rubbed the top of his head. Then he smiled and said, "Well, that's what I'd call a coincidence!"

"Yes," Clyde admitted cheerfully, "it was. But it demonstrates, doesn't it, that what I told you about our interest in you really was true? You wanted me to come here. And I actually was on your premises before you called me!"

The manager grinned.

"And," Clyde went on, "now that we've removed the real obstacle to your buying the machine—your doubt that we'd give you our attention—aren't you ready to sign that order?"

The manager signed.

In California a man named Stewart was managing director of a big chain-grocery concern. In the anteroom to his office one day appeared a young man who said he wanted to see the chief. His business—he made it clear—was strictly personal. Appointment? No, he had none; but he was willing to wait.

He waited all morning long. Then, in the tag-end quarter hour before lunch he was ushered into the presence of Managing Director Stewart.

"Please be seated," Stewart said. "May I ask your name?"

"Stanley Stanislowski."

Stewart reached for his pencil and asked, "How do you spell it—your last name, I mean?"

"S-t-a-n-i-s-l-o-w-s-k-i."

Stewart wrote the name down, then sat gazing at it.

"H'm," he remarked, musingly. "Odd name, isn't it? Hard to pronounce and hard to remember. I should think you'd find it a handicap."

"Yes, sir, I suppose it is," the young man admitted. Then he added: "But I didn't come here to talk about my name."

"Of course not," Stewart agreed hastily. "Please pardon my absent-mindedness." Then he asked courteously: "Now what can I do for you?"

"I want a job in one of your stores as manager."

"Well, you see," Stewart explained, "we seldom appoint a manager from the outside. Nearly all our managers are promoted from among the clerks. Now it's possible that we might take you on as a clerk if you happen to live fairly near one of our stores. We prefer that the clerks in each store be men who live in and are known in the store's neighborhood. Where do you live?" The young man specified. Stewart consulted his big, detailed map of the city, then went on: "We've just leased a piece of ground here. See the green square on the map? In a few days we'll break ground there for the building. You keep your eye on that spot, and when the building is nearly finished come and see me again."

What's in a Name? A Job

THREE months passed, and then one morning a young man sat in Stewart's anteroom, waiting. Appointment? Well, kind of. But he'd wait until the other callers were disposed of.

He waited all forenoon, and then, just before the luncheon hour, he was ushered in.

"Good morning," said Stewart. "Please be seated. I don't believe that I caught your name."

"Stewart," the young man said.

"Eh?"

"My name," said the young man, "is Stewart."

"But," said the managing director, "there's something odd about this. If I remember rightly you were in here before about something. And it seems to me that I recall something unusual about your name. But ——"

"Well," the young man explained, "it's like this: When I was in here before my name was Stanislowski. You remarked about it—said it must be a handicap to me. I hadn't thought of it before, but I realized that you were right. And so I went down to the courthouse and had it changed."

"And the new name you took," said Stewart, "was ——"

"Yes, sir," said Stewart, "it was Stewart."

Need I add that the young Mr. Stewart got a job?

Just inside the entrance of a big clothing store in the Mississippi Valley, the two proprietors of the place stood chatting. Entered a slim dark-haired stranger who addressed the two proprietors, asking:

"Is either of you the manager?"

"Yes," said one. "What is it?"

(Continued on Page 63)

Test this New Super heat-resisting Oil

Always an important factor in motor performance, correct lubrication is vital today. The new high compression motors demand oil which not only protects against wear but also provides a stronger-than-ever heat-resisting piston seal to give full power.

THE proper oil for your new high compression motor is no more like the oil of other days than your engine is like the "one-lunger" of years ago. You'll recognize this the first time you fill your crankcase with the new super heat-resisting Veedol.

The new Veedol oils are specially designed to resist the extra heat generated by higher compression and speeds. These oils are heavier, tougher, longer-lived — scientifically designed

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to give the added protection against heat and friction which the new type motors must have. They are a definite advance in the science of lubrication —as notable as the recent advances in motor design. The new Veedol oils give you these advantages:

1. They give greater motor protection (the heat-tested, fighting "film of protection" reduces wear, tear and repair on the engine).
2. They give greater mileage (being heavier-bodied they last longer).
3. They increase motor efficiency (they give a stronger piston seal due to heavier body and super heat-resistance).

Let the new Veedol demonstrate itself in action. Check its performance against that of any other oil. Drive up to any station displaying the orange and black Veedol sign and ask for the new Veedol. You will never allow any other oil to go into your crankcase. Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

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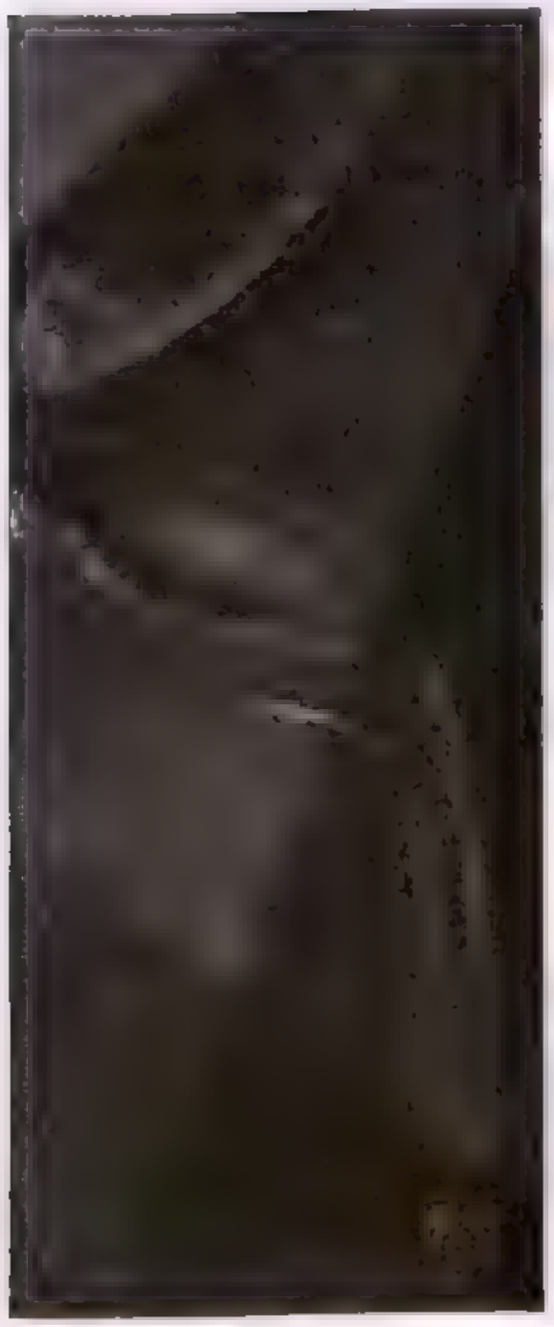

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SPARK OF LIFE FOR A GREAT CITY

— the spark that moves its freight

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Food for the city's millions hauled each day by motor trucks! These trucks must move on schedule, therefore most of them are equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

For either trucks or cars, AC means easier starting, quicker getaway, greater economy, more certain performance.

Be sure your car is equipped with plugs of this make, which holds the greatest endurance records on land, water and in the air. Regular line, 75 cents; AC 1075 for Model T Fords, 50 cents; (slightly higher in Canada).

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AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES

(Continued from Page 59)

"My name is Symonds," the stranger announced. "I'm looking for a job as clothing salesman."

"Any experience?"

"Yes, I've sold clothes in ——"

Right there came an interruption—a customer, who, coming in at the door, said to the three men: "I want to buy a suitcase."

"Yes, sir."

The two proprietors were startled, for the man who answered the customer was the stranger, Symonds.

"Yes, sir," said Symonds. "Just what kind of suitcase did you have in mind—leather or cane?"

Smoothly and casually Symonds turned to one of the partners and asked quietly, "Will you hold my hat, please? And where are your suitcases?"

The partner nodded toward the elevator and said "Basement."

Symonds piloted his customer to the elevator. The two entered the cage and down they went. And scarcely, so it seemed, had the cage touched bottom before it was up again. Out of it stepped the customer, carrying a shiny new suitcase. Behind him came Symonds, in one hand a twenty-dollar bill.

"Where," asked Symonds in an undertone to one of the partners, "do I get his change?"

When I last saw Symonds he was head of the clothing department in that same big store. The year before, he personally had sold $100,000 worth of clothing.

In 1925 Lady Luck flew to Florida, and she carried a cornucopia brimming with gold. In a real-estate boom millions and millions of dollars of outside capital flowed into the state. Eventually some of it lodged, as in eddies, in the banks; much of it seeped into the land itself and disappeared; much of it boiled on the surface of the stream as froth in the form of binders and mortgages, and the rest of it, so it seems, sloughed off into the Gulf and the Atlantic.

In two cities in Florida were two branches of a Northern manufacturing concern, each branch in charge of a local manager. Around those two branches, as around all other business enterprises in the state, business fairly seethed. Each of the two doubled its monthly sales, then multiplied them by four and six and eight and ten. Each of the two managers lay awake nights worrying, not about how to get business but about how to handle, physically, the orders that were pouring in and the deliveries that strained to be pouring out. Meanwhile, throughout the national concern of which these two managers were representatives many other able managers looked on and marveled—two middle-sized cities way down in Florida, each of them rolling up a sales total, month after month, that surpassed the respective totals of such giants as Detroit and Philadelphia and Chicago.

"Ye gods," the onlookers exclaimed, "what luck!"

Then the boom deflated. And what of those two managers? Well, one of them had put his earnings into the stock of his company and into other safe securities. Today he's worth a quarter of a million. The other had put his earnings into boomed real estate. Today he's broke.

I asked a star salesman—he's a sales-promotion expert now, working out of his company's headquarters—this question: "What was the luckiest thing that ever happened to you?"

He reflected, then said "A demonstration. It lifted me out of the ranks and placed me where I am—in line for an agency of my own."

"But where did the luck come in?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "it was like this: I was at a group meeting—you know, a meeting attended by agency managers and salesmen from maybe a half dozen cities. In the course of the program they asked me to demonstrate one of our models. And I just went up on the platform and did my stuff. If I do say it myself, it wasn't a half-bad demonstration."

"But," I repeated, "where did the luck come in?"

"Oh, the general sales manager was in the audience—just happened to be there sort of by accident. And he liked the demonstration so well that a short time later I was transferred to the home office. Sales manager said he wanted to broaden my influence. So now my territory is the whole United States."

"But about that demonstration," I inquired. "Was it fairly difficult?"

He nodded.

"The most difficult and complicated demonstration we have."

"And did you go up there on the platform and give it just sort of raw and cold and impromptu?"

"Oh, no," said he. "You see, I'd been studying that demonstration for two years."

"Along with the demonstrations of all your other models, of course?"

"Yes. But that particular demonstration was one that most of the other salesmen hated. It really was a stiff one to master. But I kept plugging away at it until I got it."

"And you still think that that day when the sales manager was in the audience you were lucky?"

"Sure! Why not?"

And, so it seems, there you are. Every successful man I've ever known will admit that at crucial times in his life he has been lucky. Indeed, he'll go further. He'll not only admit but he'll argue. If you point out to him that perhaps the happy result of a lucky break may flow from the fact that the beneficiary is constantly prepared for any kind of break—prepared in training, in common sense, in cool-headedness, in alertness, in good generalship, all of which are elements and factors that a man develops within himself and by his own effort—if you point that out to him, he'll say:

"Well, maybe there's something to what you say. Still, you know, you can't get around luck."

Personally I think that a man who argues like that is just plain stubborn.

—ARTHUR H. LITTLE.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN SPORTS

(Continued from Page 38)

informed in the arts. Often, in Boston, I accompanied him on a tour of the art galleries. He never went there without going to the public library to have a look at the Search of the Holy Grail. He really knew and appreciated fine paintings. This got to be noised about and was good for newspaper interviews wherever he went.

One morning at breakfast in the old Copley Square Hotel in Boston an artist who was also a writer dropped in to talk to Chief Meyers. I introduced them and the visitor immediately started a discussion of contemporary and ancient art.

"Mr. Meyers," he finally asked, "just what do you regard as the greatest of all paintings?"

"Why," answered Meyers, with just the suggestion of a twinkle in those black eyes, "the two paintings that give me the most pleasure and satisfaction are Search of the Holy Grail and Custer's Last Fight."

"Do you really consider that crude picture of a lot of Indians surrounding Custer—the one that hangs in many of the saloons—as a really great painting?"

"Yes," declared the Chief; "that is the only painting extant in which the Indians are shown getting as good as an even break."

The Boy Prodigy

In all solemnity, the young man jotted down his notes, and to this day I don't think he appreciated the Chief's really delightful sense of humor.

On another occasion I introduced the Chief to what we then called a heavy writer in Chicago. He sought Meyers' opinion of the Indian question, then a very live governmental topic in the Far West.

"Frankly, just what is your viewpoint on the Indian question?" he asked the Chief.

"To me," responded Meyers, "it is merely a question of the survival of the most unscrupulous."

A sporting star to appear in the firmament along in 1905 and 1906 was Ty Cobb. He had been in a year, though, before we realized that he was truly great. I intend to discuss him at more length later.

At that time, too, you know, Hans Wagner, of the Pirates, was at the top of his form. A most striking new figure in the sporting world then was Willie Hoppe, the billiard wizard. I was in the newspaper office one afternoon, about to enjoy a day off, when Charles Chapin, picturesque city editor of the Evening World, called me over to his desk.

"Do you know anything about billiards?" he asked, regarding me with that stern look that so many reporters learned to fear.

"Yes, sir," I replied, wondering how there could be any doubt about a boy raised up in a little Southern town having hung around the pool and billiard rooms. In fact I convinced him that I could shoot a pretty mean cue myself.

"All right," he directed. "This kid Hoppe, who beat Vignaux over in France, has just returned to America. He's going to be at a billiard room this afternoon. Now you hurry up there and get me a nice feature story about him."

I'll never forget that assignment. When I got to the billiard room Hoppe was giving an exhibition of fancy shots while his intensely proud father was standing near by giving out all the interviews. I have forgotten just how old Hoppe was, but he couldn't have been more than twelve or thirteen. The feature of the exhibition that fascinated me was that he had to stand on an upturned beer box to be on a playing level with the billiard table. Even with that handicap, little Willie amazed us with massé shots, three-cushion caroms and trick nursing inside the balk line that made us forget the unceasing conversation of his father.

This little shaver told me that he had used the same kind of box to reach the height of the table in his celebrated match with Vignaux. Willie was spoken of then as a boy prodigy. Many of the wiseacres thought him a flash in the pan. But he got better as he grew larger and won one championship after another. He captured the laurels so long held by Jake Schaefer the elder, Slosson, Sutton, Ives and Morningstar.

An Amateur in Good Standing

After the exhibition the habitués of the billiard room hurried to the tables to try out what they had learned. It was then that I had a hearty laugh over a practical joke and got wise to billiards horseplay. Two very serious-minded old players worked for an hour to make ordinary caroms, but the object ball would take all kinds of queer jumps, much to their consternation. One of the gamekeepers had given them a trick ball, weighted on one side so that it would make the most astonishing dips and twists. Just the same, those old birds kept right on trying—at sixty cents an hour charge for the table.

It was at one of the Willie Hoppe exhibitions that I first saw Mark Twain and enjoyed the privilege of talking with him. Mark Twain—or Mr. Clemens—was an enthusiastic billiard player, and a pretty good one too. He rarely missed attending a match game between the experts.

After that I used to see him playing billiards day after day in a little billiard parlor away up on St. Nicholas Avenue near where

He lit cigars with a $5. bill

They tell the story of the old Wall St. trader who, after a good day's profits, used to impress his crowd by lighting his cigar with a flaming $5. bill.

Stupid waste of money, wasn't it? And bad taste too. You can impress the crowd just as well by flashing your Firefly, gracefully lighting your smoke, and keeping your $5. Firefly for the next cigar.

You don't even need to pay $5. You can get a Firefly, good-looking, sure, clean and safe, for as little as $4.50.

The Firefly is made by Clark the Jeweler. It has the permanently covered sparking wheel (a Clark patent) and every other mechanical feature of the more expensive lighters.

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I lived. Oddly enough, I never heard him say anything funny. He was intent on his billiards and would play by the hour in almost complete silence. I remember that he always played in his shirt sleeves, but never rolled them up. He had a graceful way of handling a cue, which was impressed on my mind by the flash of a pair of plain buttons that he wore in his cuffs.

During those early years I had abundant opportunity to cut my eyeteeth on sports as New York regarded them. My greatest encouragement came from the late O. Henry. One night in the old Metropole bar he took a fancy to an odd-shaped hat that I wore and offered to trade with me. I think Charles Somerville and Morgan Robertson, the celebrated writer of sea stories, were at the little side table with us. I promptly traded for a gray fedora with a greenish band on it, and learned later that it was a habit of O. Henry's to offer to trade for any particular hat that he liked. Anyway, he had read a story of mine written in a rather boyish, simple style.

"You'll get along fine," he told me, "if you'll just keep on trying to be yourself. Don't try to get fancy, but say right out what you think. A little later on you ought to try fiction."

Nothing ever stirred my ambition as that advice from this little insignificant-looking man who was then rapidly rising to great popularity. O. Henry—or Sid Porter, as he insisted on being addressed—would never talk about his experiences. A few of us knew why long before it was printed in several of his biographies. I wish all of it never had been printed. His was a gentle soul. His greatest efforts were spent in avoiding parties where he would be lionized. I cherished for years O. Henry's coral scarfpin that was left to me when he died.

Having been brought up in a rather impoverished section of the South—impoverished by the Civil War—I had never acquired that peculiar attitude of New Yorkers toward men with a lot of money. In fact, I had seen but few men who were rich and they were outsiders. The intense respect—almost amounting to fear—in New York for men of great wealth always has struck me as funny. I couldn't understand it. Moreover, I discovered later that my unconscious lack of awe for such men was very amusing to my new-found associates.

A Good Talk With Mr. Belmont

To this day Vincent Treanor, then sporting editor, tells as a joke how unimpressed I was when he casually remarked one day that he wanted me to call on August Belmont and have a talk with him about the racing situation. At that time there was considerable agitation over a new racing law, and though I didn't know it, repeated efforts had been made to get Mr. Belmont's views without success.

"Go down there and have a good talk with Mr. Belmont," he directed, "and it may be worth a bonus to you if you get a good story."

I was that green about the financial district and its customs that it never dawned on me that Mr. Belmont would be difficult to see. The whole thing had been put up on me as a sort of joke, Treanor having a hunch that something amusing might happen. Anxious to make good, I hurried down to the forbidding-looking building and walked up to a brass-barred window behind which stood a man wearing huge spectacles. I told him that I wanted to see Mr. Belmont. Naturally, he inquired the nature of my business.

"No business at all," I explained. "I am from the World and want to talk to him about the racing situation."

The man appeared to think my request audacious and was hesitatingly making some comment when a gentleman, passing from one of the inner offices to another, overheard and looked in my direction rather curiously. This I discovered later was Mr. Belmont himself.

"Wait a moment," the man with the spectacles directed. Presently he returned, saying that Mr. Belmont would see me. This all seemed perfectly natural and I stepped right in.

"Sit down," the puzzled financier said to me. "Now what is it that you wish?"

"I want to get your views on the new racing situation. Over at the office they seem to think that you are the only man of prominence who can make the matter clear," I explained.

"But you have no credentials," he sternly reminded me. "I noticed that you didn't even send in a card."

I told him frankly, perhaps naïvely, that I didn't have a card—a detail that appeared to have taken on importance. I further explained that I was preparing to send in a note when the man called me.

"How do I know what you represent," he insisted, "coming here without any credentials whatever?"

"I didn't know that was necessary," I apologized in sincere humility. "I never in my life had any credentials. I always go round like this and nobody ever asked me for credentials before."

Easy Money

My face must have shown him that I was genuinely puzzled. I hadn't the slightest idea of being fresh or impertinent when I asked him if, when he was a young man, he ever had carried credentials. He laughed outright at that.

"No—come to think of it—I never did. Sit here and wait a moment."

The telephone was ringing violently. From Mr. Belmont's apparently annoyed attitude at the telephone, he was upset over having to give directions for social engagements and to instruct his valet accordingly. The telephone rang again before he could turn around. His next task was to rearrange some social dates, apparently with some member of his family. Again he was called to answer that he would attend some meeting the next day at noon. This kept up for fully half an hour, with me sitting there in all innocence, waiting my turn. All the time I was thinking what a terrible bother it was to have great wealth and social obligations.

"Well, young man"—he turned to me finally—"even without your credentials, and me without mine, what do you think of all that bother?"

I told him very frankly that I wouldn't swap jobs with him, because mine was more fun.

"Now you've expressed a real truth," he agreed, adding with good-natured vehemence: "It's a pity that more people don't feel sorry for us instead of wishing they were in our shoes."

Mr. Belmont then explained to me most kindly that there were many kinds of enjoyment in life besides being a financial power. He advised that I stick to my newspaper game if I wanted to be really content. I don't know why he talked to me that way, unless he simply wanted to get it out of his system and I happened to be sitting there as a target. In the outer office they told me that it was rare that Mr. Belmont ever kept anybody that long. They didn't know that his time had been taken up on the telephone.

"Now here's all there is about the racing question," he had told me as I was leaving, and it took up about one paragraph.

I went back to the office and to the editor's astonishment—almost disbelief—told him what had happened, expressing regret for not having got a better racing interview.

"Never mind much about the racing," he instructed; "write just what you have told me and describe how Belmont looked when he said it. You have had an odd experience."

I did exactly as told and got a five-dollar bonus, which seemed to me a pretty easy way to make extra money.

That lucky little incident brought me in for several freak assignments. We didn't write or print much baseball news during the off season then, and when winter came along the editor looked up odd jobs for me. Nowadays the metropolitan newspapers keep one or two men writing baseball gossip the year round. The annual baseball meetings, for instance, are as well attended by reporters as a big political convention was twenty years ago

The rapidly growing interest in sports could have been used to greater newspaper value much earlier if we had only realized it. Absolute proof lay right on the sporting editor's desk every day. Even before bylines became so prevalent, one sporting article would get more response in the mails than ten or twelve on other subjects. In those days of the American and National League baseball war it was not at all uncommon for a baseball writer to receive thirty letters in a single day—most of them denunciatory. Boxing writers also had a heavy mail.

Unquestionably the sports that have the firmest grip on newspaper readers are baseball and boxing. As a spur to newspaper sales, the championship heavyweight prize fight leads everything. The circulation manager of the most widely circulated paper in New York ranks the big prize fight first as a circulation getter, a big murder trial second and a baseball World's Series third.

A puzzling element to these circulation experts, and one of comparatively recent discovery, is the great mass of people who are voracious readers of the sports pages but never attend the games or matches. Interest no longer can be even approximately gauged by the number of spectators at any important sporting event. The radio people have claimed that 30,000,000 people listened in at the last World's Series and the big fight.

Personally, I have noticed the growing familiarity with participants in sporting events among people who never even hope to see them. In Northern New England and in the mountains of Tennessee I have met men and boys who knew the batting averages of big-league ball players much better than I did.

The Interviewer Interviewed

Away back in 1906 I unexpectedly encountered a most prominent specimen of that group of people who enjoy their sports through the newspapers and magazines only. I had been sent to interview James R. Keene, the noted financier and racing enthusiast. It was supposed to be a hard job, as Mr Keene, living in an apartment at the Waldorf, usually denied himself to callers All I could do was send up a card, which I did. Presently a page in uniform came down to say that Mr Keene would see me I was a little puzzled to know how to proceed in beginning a conversation with this formidable man. But he wasn't formidable at all.

"Come right in," he greeted, to my astonishment. "You are just the boy I wanted to see. Sit down and talk to me. From this card," he went right on, "I notice you are the lad who writes about baseball. I want you to tell me about this fellow Honus Wagner. What kind of fellow is he? How does he talk?"

As well as I could, I answered the questions, and then he wanted to know about Mathewson, McGinnity and a dozen others.

"I didn't know you were a baseball fan, Mr. Keene. I was sent here to ask about your racing stable."

"I am a queer kind of a baseball fan, young man," he explained, smiling. "I never see a ball game, but I read everything that is written about them in the newspapers. Yes, I read those Dick Merriwell stories in the dime-novel library too. That is my best relaxation. Does the writing of those stories pay well? How do you go at it?"

To my consternation, I discovered when I had left the presence of this remarkable personality that I had been questioned for an hour about baseball and ball players and that I had no racing interview at all.

Probably the most bizarre sporting event in the United States is the annual six-day bicycle race in New York. Its fascination lies in the gathering of representatives of every known sport and of every class of society, from the highest to the lowest. Long ago bicycle riding as a sport went out of style, but those fellows still spin around that wooden bowl for six days and nights once every year just the same. The attendance has never diminished in the slightest degree. Men go there for the adventure of sitting up all night, to recall old times, see celebrities, meet picturesque characters and what not. It is regarded just as much an annual duty to attend the six-day race at least once a year as it used to be to see John Drew in one of his plays.

The Old-Time Bicycle Races

Since its removal from the old Madison Square Garden, though, the event has lost much of its picturesqueness. Modern methods have even excluded the gangsters, the pickpockets and the coat snatchers. Their activities formerly gave the gathering most of its color. It really doesn't seem like the old six-day grind without the games of chance—or no chance—in the basement, so well remembered by its odor of broiling hot dogs. One runs no risk now of having his pockets picked.

In former days and nights of the race a rather well-paying secondhand coat business was built up by the crooks. It was their custom to assign experts to the boxes in which occupants displayed fur coats. These rat-eyed hangers-on would patiently wait for a sprint to start. When the spectator arose to cheer he was lucky if his coat wasn't snatched right out from under him. In one race the announcer always rushed to the center of the bowl when a sprint started to yell through his megaphone: "Watch your coats!" Protecting your coat was considered a feature of the night's fun. Newspapermen, however, were exempt from such depredations. In fact, one intensely cold night a runner for the gangsters, anxious to put himself in right, offered to equip several of us with "bennies that'll keep you warm."

One of the ingenious devices of the pickpockets was to install a swinging chair in the basement equipped with scales on which a visitor was invited to sit after having his weight guessed. If the expert guessed right, the customer was to pay nothing. This attraction was on the level at first, but the sharp crooks soon turned it to their own profit.

The weight guesser naturally had to run his hands over the patron's body so as to make an estimate of his weight. In doing this he would discover just what the victim had on his person, and where. When he was placed in the weighing chair the confederate would relieve the customer of his valuables. They worked that successfully for three days before the police got on.

In that semidarkened basement a visitor could indulge in 'most any sport that he fancied, from the three-shell game and three-card monte to throwing balls at the African dodger's head. In the meantime the athletic bicycle riders were continuing their deadly, monotonous grind around the track above.

One night a big fellow from the West, pretty well tanked up, had been amusing himself throwing balls at the African dodger. Tiring of that, he started down the line, and through a blurred vision detected the ball-rolling game operated by Japs. The idea was to roll the wooden balls into different holes and possibly win prizes, consisting of beautifully painted tea sets, china urns and all those things that Japs delight in. These valuable prizes were hung up on a huge highly decorated frame facing the patron. They were alluring.

This Westerner looked the layout over for a moment and purchased a dozen balls. Thinking himself still at the African-dodger place, he immediately began hurling the wooden balls at the valuable china sets and other ornaments.

"Dog-gone, I got that one!" he would exclaim as a china tea set crashed.

The horrified Japanese shrieked for the police as his broken wares fell about him, but the determined Westerner kept right on

(Continued on Page 69)

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Signed off

That's what my set did. Loose ground-wire. Found it in a jiffy with my flashlight. Everything okeh in a minute. Might have missed another good Eveready Hour if I hadn't had that flashlight.

A flashlight is certainly the handiest household implement we own. I wouldn't use any but genuine Eveready Batteries in ours—same brand as on my "B" circuit. Dependable—they are always *there* with light when you need it.

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Bogey-chaser

Betty used to be afraid in the dark before we got her a flashlight. No more night terrors and midnight screams now. A tiny finger touches the switch and daylight leaps out to put the bogeys to flight.

If you have youngsters, my advice is give them flashlights. I know what a consolation one is to a nervous child at night. And don't neglect the important item of what's inside—load the flashlight with Eveready Batteries. These little cells hold more actual *light* than it seems possible to cram into a battery.

Teach the children the flashlight habit.

Light, ahoy!

A welcome hail, that! I'd been caught in a storm and my engine went dead. Drifted till dark and then began signaling with my flashlight—an Eveready, and it lived up to its name. My flashlight brought help and a tow-line and we were soon home and safe.

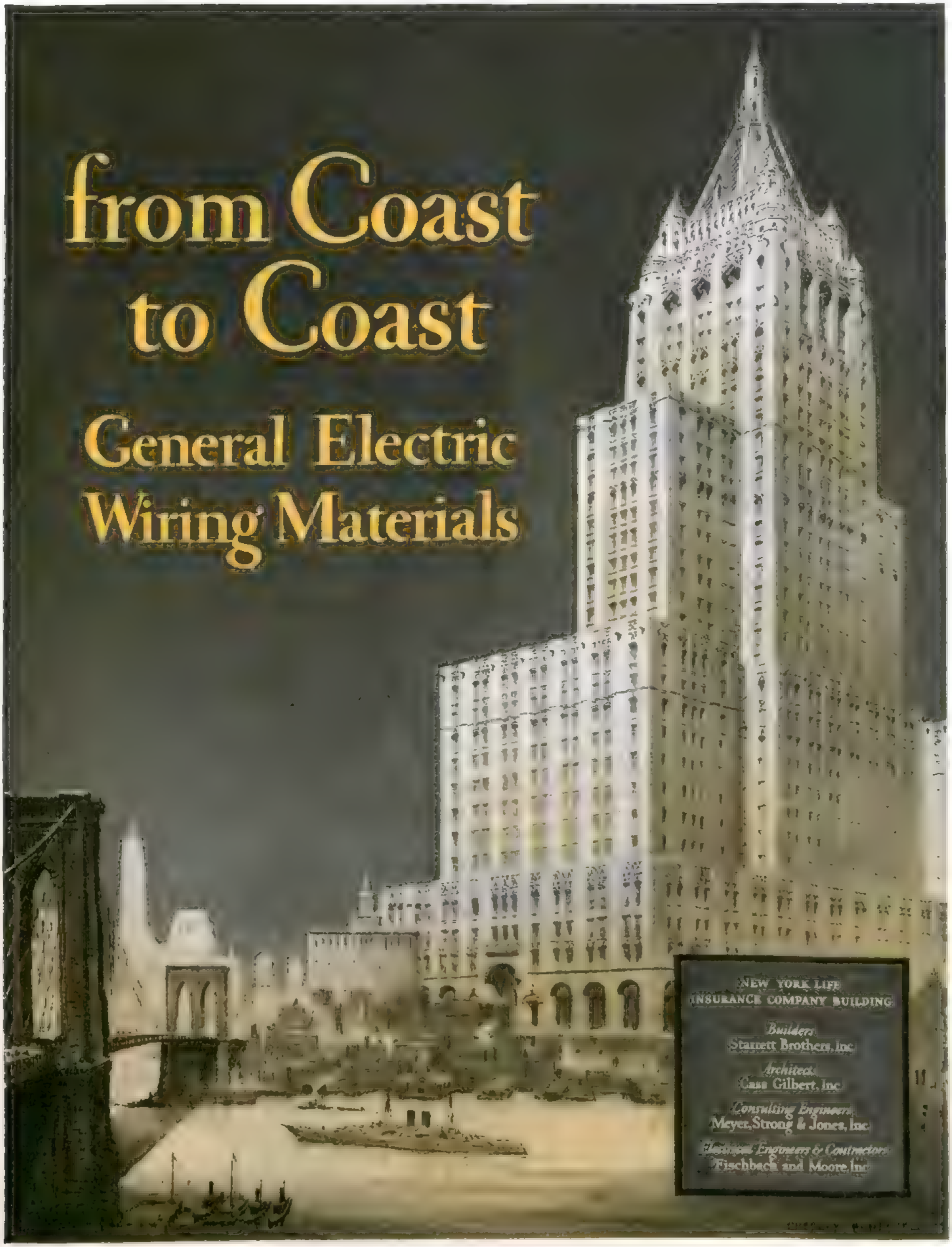
I'd never go out in a boat without a good flashlight aboard. And what's more important, keep yours loaded with Eveready Batteries—for the unfailing dependability you need afloat.

Get the flashlight habit, whatever you navigate. It's often the surest kind of life-saver.

Came the dawn

Yes, it finally came. Touring last summer, driving late one night trying to make the next town. Loose wire, short circuit, no lights. Box of matches didn't last long. Well, the family finally walked four miles to a farmhouse and I spent the night in the car.

Believe me, there's a flashlight in the side pocket of that car NOW. And one that's dependable—an Eveready. Ever ready to help me out in the dark because I keep it primed for action with the best there are—Eveready Batteries. That's a straight tip to tourists and don't pass it up. Get the flashlight habit.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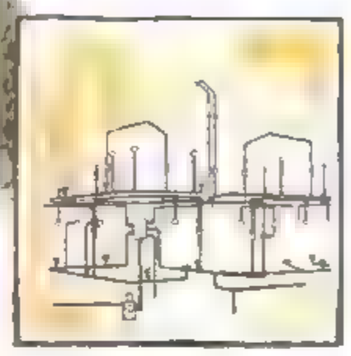

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So to protect your interests, and also to protect our own, we developed a special Alemite Chassis Lubricant and a special service called "*Alemite-ing.*" The word *Alemite-ing* (*trade-marked*) means to have your car lubricated with nothing but genuine Alemite lubricants.

Alemite Chassis Lubricant is a pure, solidified oil that will stand up under 3,000 pounds pressure. (Average grease breaks down under 200 pounds pressure.) It resists heat up to 200°. And will lubricate bearings properly at 30° below zero.

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All dealers who can give you genuine Alemite-ing service display the sign shown here.

These dealers use genuine Alemite lubricants. They, too, are the ones who have the latest high-pressure equipment. The sign shown here is their franchise and your protection. Look for it as you drive. Go to any one and ask to have your car Alemited.

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1. Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. (The picture shows how this is done.) This service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles in your car.
2. By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt, and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant. Most of the grinding noise and rumbling in a motor car comes from the use of cheap grease in transmission and differential. Such grease thins out in summer, allowing gear teeth to run dry. In winter it "freezes" up, and makes gears hard to shift. The grinding gears act like a dragging brake on your motor. The use of special Alemite Gear Lubricant usually adds 1½ to 2 more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running. It lubricates freely at 15° below zero, thus giving you an easy gear shift in coldest weather.
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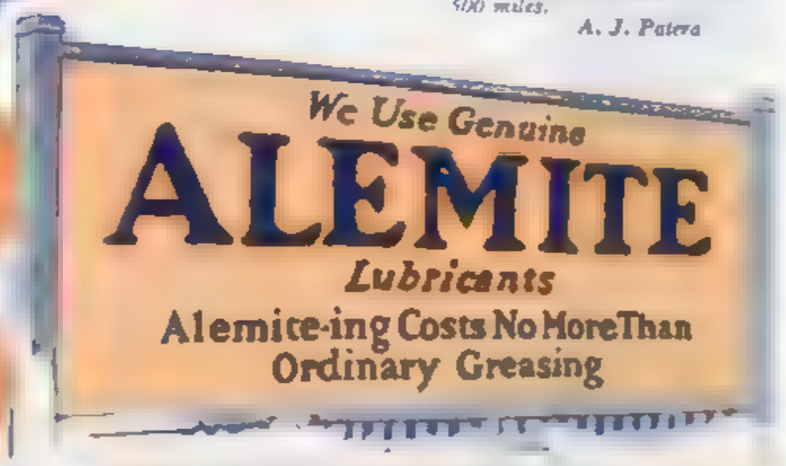

This is the kind of service that gives you "a 100,000-mile car with few repairs." This is the kind of service that makes a car run sweetly and smoothly—like it did when it was new.

Everywhere you drive you will find this sign. We urge you to use this service at once.

[Chassis bearings and springs should be lubricated every 500 miles. Gears every 2,000 miles.]

This, however, is only a general average. Odd noises in your car, such as rumbling, grinding noise, squeaks, etc., are also warnings that your car needs *Alemite-ing.*

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Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication

(Continued from Page 64)

until he had used up his twelve balls. Luckily a passing prize-fight manager knew him to be a man of wealth. When the police had finally straightened out the mess the Westerner had to pay a damage of more than $600, most of which he had to borrow. But he had had a riproaring time.

Such were the sports of the era of 1904 and 1906 before the sports writers were split out into specialization and their activities limited to one game.

Two years ago, as the baseball clubs went to Florida for their spring training, a special train pulled into the terminal at Jacksonville, bearing as a precious cargo the New York Giants and Yankees and the Philadelphia Athletics—$2,000,000 worth of ivory on the hoof, as one flippant writer described it. Such a joint pilgrimage had not been planned in advance. It simply so happened that the special Pullmans, all going in the same direction, had been hooked together. Along with the 150 athletes were thirty-two sports writers—twenty-six from New York and six from Philadelphia. For twenty-four hours we enjoyed a most unusual opportunity for visiting and talking over old times and new. Twenty-four years ago such a mixture would have furnished the largest and most continuous free-for-all fight that history ever recorded.

Impressed by the oddity of the situation, we got together and with all necessary statistics right at hand figured that the one day's journey had cost the ball clubs $12,280. The secretaries estimate that each ball player's expenses in a training camp—hotel bills and incidentals—average ten dollars a day. They remain in or about these camps for at least a month. So the coming month was to set the baseball clubs back $1500 a day, or $45,000 altogether. Then the trips back home over circuitous routes, the secretaries figured, would add another $25,000. Here was a total outlay of around $80,000 staring the treasuries in the face, with the chance of getting about one-third of it back in gate receipts. And, mind you, this did not include the expenses of the writers, some of whom travel as invited guests of the ball clubs.

A Training Innovation

That gives a pretty fair idea of what it costs to get a big-league ball club under way.

Ball clubs always count on the spring-training trip standing them a net loss of $15,000 each. If it happens to be a rainy spring, the loss is much greater. An exhibition game rained out is gone forever, there being no return date. Many of the poorer clubs have to borrow money to finance this necessary training and begin making arrangements with their banks along in February.

The ball players receive no pay during the training period, but it is pointed out by club officials that the ball player is the only professional in any line of endeavor whose expenses are paid while he is being put in condition to make good his end of the contract, which starts with the regular championship season.

When other men are engaged for a job, they are supposed to be in physical shape to go through with it. The prize fighters, or boxers, not only pay a tremendous price for their training but they also must pay the salaries of the trainers, sparring partners, managers, special cooks, and so on. The ball player has everything paid for him, even to laundry bills and medical attention. He claims, however, that he is not analogous to the prize fighter.

"That bird gets the big dough all at once," one ball player made it clear to me, "and never does work for a salary. What's more, they can't trade a fighter down the river whether he wants to go or not."

The best minds in baseball have tried for years to work out a scheme by which the expensive training trips to the far South can be avoided. As yet no one has found a substitute. It is all-important that diamond athletes be in shape for a quick get-away in April. Muscles will not loosen up and become pliable in the colder climes.

One year, a little before my time, Andrew Freedman, then owner of the New York Giants, tried the experiment of training the team out near his home at Lakewood, New Jersey. The weather interfered so badly that the best the players could do was to run around the lake, a distance of about a mile.

Charles Dryden, a former Philadelphian, the most amusing of all sports writers, whose style of quaint drollery is imitated to this day, made himself very unpopular with Mr. Freedman for this observation on the training methods at Lakewood:

"As a finishing touch the demon baseballers are sent for a run around the lake. If they catch the brass ring on the second lap, they are allowed to go around again for nothing."

Later in that year Mr. Dryden was barred from the Polo Grounds for having quoted Mr. Freedman as having declared during a heated moment of a league conference that "baseball is now standing on the brink of an abscess."

The Trouble With Baseball

In the old days it was not uncommon for writers to be barred from ball parks because of their aspersions on the conduct of the game or the personal frailties of its guiding minds. As professional baseball gradually grew into a national institution, and the class of its personnel improved, the stupidity of such moves became apparent. Such things are not done now. Nowadays a sports writer may travel with a ball club as its invited guest and feel perfectly free to write what he pleases so long as he does not delve into private and domestic affairs that have nothing to do with the game. Unhappily, that has occurred in a few instances.

As the ball clubs usually travel on special cars and enjoy unusual hotel accommodations, it is inconvenient and awkward for a writer to make his own arrangements and still stick with the crowd. For those who decline to travel as guests, many newspapers insisting on paying the expenses of their representatives, the club secretaries furnish the railroad transportation and hotel accommodations, sending itemized bills to the papers at regular intervals. This avoids inconvenience and also gives the writer a feeling of independence.

But to get back to that simultaneous arrival of the three big-league teams in Jacksonville: A mixed group of us walked along the platform to where the baggage smashers were emptying the baggage car and splitting out the property of the three clubs. The Athletics were going to Fort Myers, the Giants to Sarasota and the Yanks to St. Petersburg. Those porters had unloaded and piled up forty golf bags!

"What is this?" a curious passenger inquired. "The fellows from the North coming down to the golf tournaments?"

"No; baseball clubs," someone informed him.

"Well, I'll be good dog-goned!" he snorted. "It's come to that, has it?"

We did not explain to him that most of the golf bags belonged to the sports writers. Even so, quite a number of the players had brought their clubs along.

"Can you imagine," asked the old-timer, undoubtedly a vintage fan, "what King Kelly or Patsy Flaherty would have said at the sight of that?"

He went away sniffing his disgust at such modern tomfoolery. And that old fellow was not a bit more indignant than was Edward Barrow, general business manager of the Yanks, a week later, when he came to the camp and saw most of his well-paid athletes lounging about the hotel lobbies togged out in trick sweaters and plus-four knickers.

"That's what's the matter with baseball," he declared, pointing a scornful finger at the plus-fours. "That's why pitchers can't work more than once a week. That's why we have to have special shift hitters for batters who can't hit left-handers as well as right-handers. That's why the game is softening up. . . . For the love of Mike, son," he called to a debonair recruit, "go upstairs and put on some regular pants."

Mr. Barrow is of the old school. He has been the manager of several championship teams, has been president of a league and the discoverer of many great ball players. Strangely, Barrow was never a ball player. Baseball has had several great managers who never played ball themselves. Old Jim Mutrie, famed as early leader of the New York club, used to sit on the bench wearing a frock coat and a plug hat. Frank Seelee, of the old Boston club and the Chicago Cubs, was never a ball player.

It was Barrow who converted Babe Ruth from a pitcher into the outfielder and home-run hero that he is today. He was manager of the Boston Red Sox then.

There are many old leaguers who share the Barrow disdain of golf togs around a training camp. That game, though, is the life-saver of the writers. It gives them diversion in the mornings and helps kill the dreary monotony of the long trips away from home.

I can well picture what would have happened to me had I shown up at a training camp carrying a golf bag and wearing knickers back in 1907 and 1908. They would have thrown me in a river if one had been handy. I say that advisedly, because I was once thrown into a bathtub full of water at the end of a baseball dinner in Dallas, Texas, when I made the mistake of being the only one besides John McGraw to appear in evening clothes. They doused me, dinner coat, stiff shirt and all, Wilbert Robertson, now manager of the Brooklyn Robins, superintending the job. McGraw had been smart enough to change in the nick of time. Those training trips were chock-full of unexpected adventures.

On the Short End

A while back I made the observation that sports writers were often called upon to be diplomats. I had been in New York but two months when they told me that I would have to accompany the Highlanders, now Yankees, on a training trip through the South. This sent me right back to my old stamping grounds, and to my astonishment they handed me $150 in expense money, with the casual instruction that I could draw more as I needed it. I could hardly comprehend that comparative strangers would give a young fellow that much money and trust him with it out of their sight. You can get used to that sort of thing with surprising ease. In two days I was on a sleeping car chatting glibly and on the same footing with such of my heroes as Clarke Griffith, now president of the Washington Senators; Willie Keeler, Jack Chesbro, Kid Elberfeld and Al Orth. In another day I felt so at home that I was showing them some new card tricks.

Always I had wanted to know McGraw better because I had seen him play third base for the old Orioles. Arriving in Savannah, my opportunity came quickly. At the hotel I found the whole ball club in the billiard room playing a new game called golf pool. The idea was to start from the middle of the table and knock the object ball into the pockets, numbered in order like golf greens, in regular order and in the fewest number of shots. McGraw was making book on the contest and laying odds against the different players, the leaders being Mathewson, Mike Donlin, George Wiltse, Sam Mertes, Frank Bowerman and Bill Dahlen. If you wanted to enter, all you had to do was lay down so much money at the odds quoted on the blackboard and get a cue.

McGraw greeted me very cordially—he always had a way of making a stranger feel at home—and started to explain the game. As were most youngsters from small towns, I was somewhat of a pool shark, and after sizing up the game for a moment, grabbed a cue. On the board McGraw had laid a blind price of fifteen to one against me.

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You can't say "no" to Nature and get away with it!

WHEN Nature equipped mankind with teeth, she designed those teeth for hard work—and plenty of it. And for hundreds of centuries, while primitive man was taking his food pretty much as he found it, nothing went wrong with Nature's plan. Teeth stayed by their owners—giving no trouble at all—until their owners finally had no further use for them.

How different today, when increasing civilization and luxury have led to the excessive use of over-milled, over-refined and over-cooked foods! Teeth have ceased to work. Man is consistently disobeying Nature's law—and he is paying a bitter penalty! You *can't* say "no" to Nature and get away with it.

We'll never get away with it!

Dentists—working desperately to overcome a nation's increasing dental ills with all the means that science has placed at their command—warn us that the penalty for lazy teeth must *always* be paid. They urge us to safeguard the health of our teeth—so important to the health of our whole body—by eating at every meal some food that requires thorough chewing.

Ask your own dentist about this. He will give you a list of the foods he considers most valuable for properly exercising teeth and gums. It is very probable that Grape-Nuts will have an important place on his list—for dentists all over the country recommend this delicious food as an aid to better teeth.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley. In form and flavor it is unique—small golden kernels, with an enticing nut-like taste and a characteristic, ever-so-tempting crispness that makes you *want* to chew. You will chew Grape-Nuts thoroughly and enjoy chewing it. That's the secret of its fame among dentists.

Here's nourishment for teeth, too!

In addition to its value as a *crisp* food, Grape-Nuts helps to build sound teeth by contributing elements the body requires every day for proper nutrition. Phosphorus for teeth and bones. Iron for the blood. Proteins for muscle and body-building. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy. And the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite . . . Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration. And it is made particularly easy to digest by the special baking process that prepares it for your table.

Give Grape-Nuts a place on your menus! Your grocer sells it, of course. Perhaps you would like to accept the following offer:

Free! Two servings of Grape-Nuts and an authoritative booklet—"Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."

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The gang, as usual, were all set to give me my initiation.

Luckily I got a good start and with the fifty cents I had laid on the table won $7.50 of McGraw's money. To this day I think that did more than any other one thing to establish a friendship that has lasted for more than twenty years. A dark horse coming through the bunch amused him greatly. Thereafter he gave me information at every possible chance and a foundation for big-league baseball understanding that made it comparatively easy for me when I accompanied other teams. I had been set in right with a pool cue.

It was considered a sin to play pool when I was a youngster. It was also illegal for minors. That's why, I suppose, the game had such a fascination to the small-town boys who wanted to be sports.

Out of curiosity, I walked into a small-town pool room not long ago to see if it was possible to recall some of those boyhood thrills and days of dare-deviltry. Others are hereby advised not to try it. That pool room proved the dullest, most lifeless spot I ever saw.

Ball players of a mischievous turn of mind exercise fully as much imagination in planning practical jokes on their guests and one another as the accompanying writers do in thinking up things to write about them. John McGraw, the strictest disciplinarian during working hours, reveled in these pranks at night.

Once in Memphis, Tennessee, he and Bresnahan framed up a police raid on a poker game in which John T. Brush, president and owner of the club, was entertaining the writers and some of the players. Charles Webb Murphy, then a press agent, but later millionaire owner of the Chicago Cubs, also was in the game. When the spurious policemen broke into the room, Mr. Murphy insisted in an eloquent speech that we were merely playing a game of hearts.

"Cards and chips is the answer," insisted the officer, and confiscated the lot.

Opportunity Slips By

Fearing embarrassing publicity, Mr. Brush sent for McGraw, who had been hiding in the hall all the time, and earnestly besought him to settle quietly with the police. McGraw, still carrying on the joke, persuaded us to chip in and raise $100 for hush money. This he and Bresnahan spent on champagne for the pseudo officers and Memphis sports writers, who printed the whole story.

Mr. Brush, being banker of the game, directed us to keep mental account of the number of chips in front of us when the raid occurred so that he could settle later. He must have settled a dozen times before that season was over. The mental accounts varied according to how much a ball player needed later on. On second thought, they would recall a dozen blue chips that had been forgotten entirely.

Charles Webb Murphy's ready excuse availed us nothing that night, but his quick wit later made him a fortune and put on its feet one of the most famous ball teams in sporting history. Six months later, he and I, accompanying the Giants, were sitting in the almost empty stand at Chicago with James R. Hart, then president of the Cubs. I overheard most of the conversation between him and Murphy, but was not impressed. Otherwise I might have been rich myself.

For some pressing reason it had become necessary for Hart to raise money and he wanted to sell the Chicago club, even at sacrifice. At the end of the game Murphy rushed off to Cincinnati for a conference with Charles P. Taft, for whom he had once worked. They must have reached a quick decision. Murphy returned in forty-eight hours with the cash payment needed to close an option on the Chicago club. Murphy became a large stockholder, and what is more, he was made president. Almost immediately the club took on fresh life and proved a bonanza for the investors.

With Frank Chance as manager, the Cubs won the National League pennant within a year's time and that particular playing machine became historic. For many years it was a gold mine. Fans still remember the greatness of Three-fingered Brown, the pitcher; the second-base combination of Tinker and Evers, the outfield work of Sheckard and Schulte, the catching of Johnny Kling. Would that I had been as smart as Charlie Murphy.

The ensuing years were lively ones in the press boxes. The bitter enmity of the Giants and Cubs and the enormous growth of interest in baseball drew able writers like a magnet. The public, rival mayors and even big civic organizations took a hand.

Partisan Baseball

Judge Landis was a prominent member of the Chicago Rooters Club, organized by the Chamber of Commerce and the Board of Trade. I can see him now, sitting in a box chuckling, on a never-to-be-forgotten day when they hung an effigy of McGraw, attached to a kite, over the Chicago field. Further to celebrate their one-sided victory, they sent up one rubber balloon after another in derision, each representing a run.

Also do I remember vividly having been hit an effective clip on the chin through having been mistaken for McGraw. Our trainer, Harry Tuthill, who had previously trained Young Corbett, slipped out of the park and was caught in the act of cutting the kite string that released the dangling effigy of McGraw. Harry felt himself a hero and was willing to be a martyr. He was. A riot started and he had to flee for his life.

Through the milling crowd I finally caught sight of Mr. Brush in his open carriage, drawn by two spanking grays. He motioned for me to join him. No sooner was I seated than a big wild-eyed West Side fan leaped on the step of our stylish outfit.

"McGraw, you ——"

With that he swung from his shoestrings and caught me squarely on the button, as the boxing writers say. I had paid the price of geographical loyalty.

You can well imagine the stories that we sent burning their way along the wires to New York that night. Even the telegraph messenger boys regarded us with open hate and distrust. The gay diners sang derogatory songs of McGraw and New York in the gilded cafés. We call them night clubs now.

I was awakened at two o'clock in the morning by an imperative message from my office to know what had happened to my story. They hadn't received a word. Investigation proved that an outraged messenger boy, after reading my denunciation of Chicago in general and the Cubs in particular, had rolled the typewritten copy into a pneumatic cartridge and by a trick known to the craft made it jump into a wastebasket instead of the tube to the chief operator. I got up and wrote it all over again that night.

Today the messengers don't care whether the old hen sets or jumps off. The fortunes of the ball clubs are nothing in their businesslike lives.

At that particular period the law had played havoc with racing and with the boxing game. As a news feature, golf had not been heard of. They played the game, of course, but nobody paid much attention to it as newspaper sporting copy. Consequently everything centered on baseball.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Bulger. The third and last will appear in the issue of May twenty-sixth.

The race is always to the FIT

The race is not always to the swift, perhaps, but *always* to the Fit. And as you swing along in the race of life it's by your face that your fitness will be largely judged. *Keep your Face Fit!*

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Start the day with Williams Shaving Cream. Ultra pure. Uncolored. Super mild. Through its rich, quick lather razor blades move swiftly, closely. Your skin is left refreshed and grateful.

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Try this Williams formula for face care, Face Fitness. Try it for a month. You will have the best shaving time, the most contented face, you ever had.

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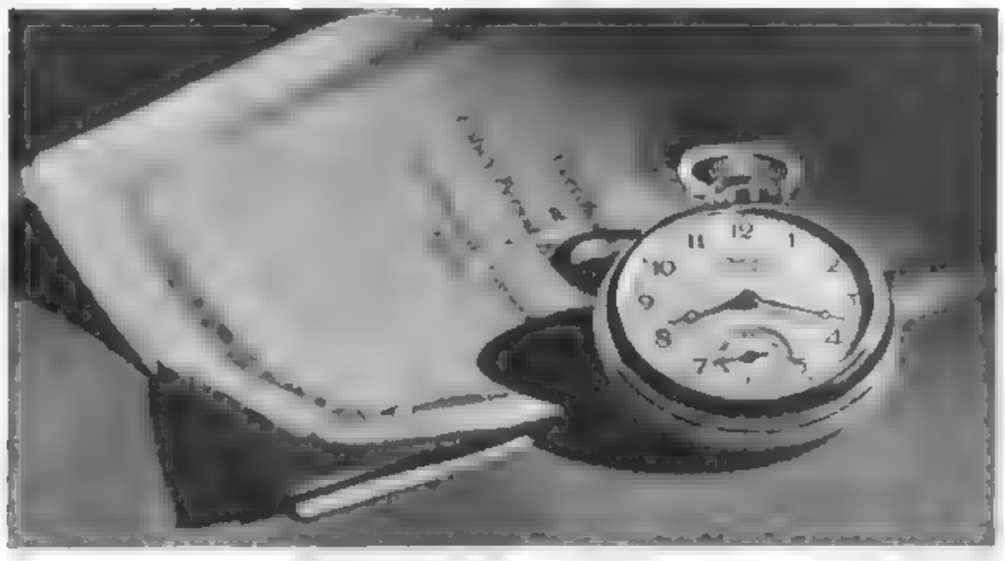
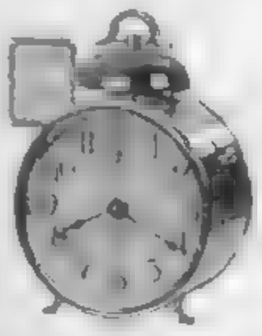


An Insurance Policy *for your expensive watch*

When you tune up the car . . . or putter around the yard . . . or go golfing . . . or go fishing . . . your expensive gold watch runs the risk of injury that may be either permanent or costly to repair.

Leave your dress watch at home on these occasions and carry an Ingersoll Yankee instead! Priced at $1.50, it is an insurance policy that exacts no premiums.

It tells time reliably. It is sturdy, and can stand more than a few hard knocks. It is handsome, with new good looks that come from closer casing and an antique bow and crown.



And now Ingersoll makes Alarm Clocks, too. Pictured above is the TYPE-T at $1.50, Yankee of the Ingersoll Alarm Clock line. Just as the Yankee is the most famous and popular watch in the world, so we believe that the TYPE-T will climb to equal eminence in the alarm clock field.

There are Ingersoll dealers everywhere. So, your Ingersoll Yankee is easily replaceable in the event of loss. Or, if it gets broken, the Ingersoll Service Department at Waterbury, Conn., will repair it quickly for merely a nominal sum.

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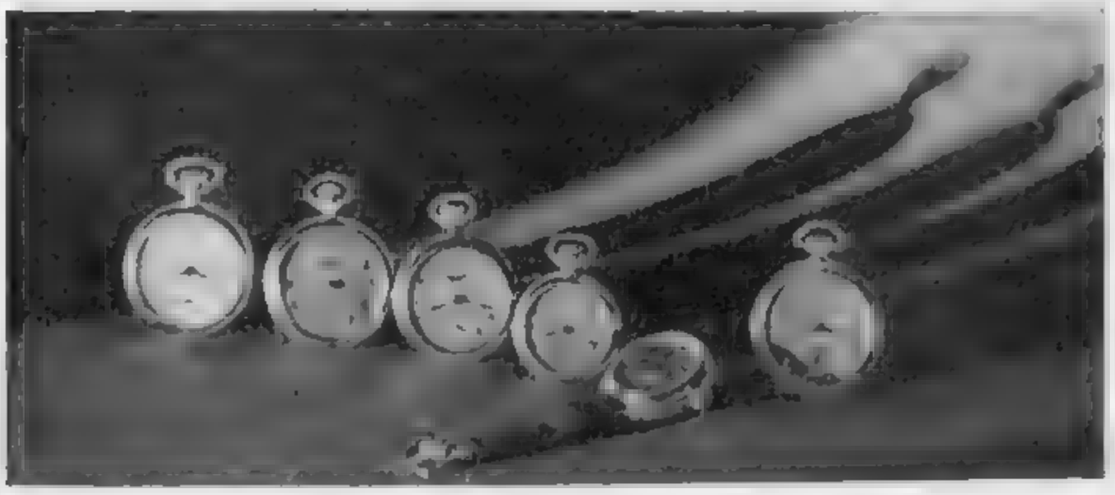
The Ingersolls illustrated below are: Yankee, $1.50; Eclipse, $2.50; Junior, $3.25; Midget, $3.25; Wrist, $3.50; Jeweled Waterbury in Chromium finish case, $5.00.



THE MOUNTAINS OF MANHATTAN

(Continued from Page 25)

epidemic after 1900, and any structure of pretensions to elegance dangled with festoons of abundance and cornucopias spilling out a ponderous plenty wherever a vacant surface offered. Inside, the allegorical horn of plenty was pursued with cast-iron pomegranates, figs and garlands almost in reach of the plucker, but forbidding and ominous in their metallic solidity. Ceilings were coffered and subcoffered with massive conventional floral *motifs* looking down between more ponderous plaster beams, themselves tortured with endless running ornaments, and the whole topped off with gold leaf—an architecture that has come to be known as Early Pullman Car.

Such florid elegance sounds expensive, but was not so, relative to the total cost of the building. If, however, carved granites and marbles were prohibitive, there was terra cotta. An ancient building material, terra cotta was restricted to appliqué ornament before the skyscraper, because it crushes under considerable weights. The curtain wall of the skyscraper, supported at each floor by the steel skeleton, made it structurally feasible. It came into use immediately, and in Chicago in 1894 the Reliance Building employed it exclusively in the curtain walls for the first time. Lighter than stone or brick, highly fire resistant and sturdy if not subjected to heavy burdens, it also is very cheap and capable of infinite ornamentation, coloration and imitation of more expensive materials. Offered any amount of flamboyance at a price cheaper than simplicity, architects and owners were tempted often beyond their powers.

It was the talented architect, Donn Barber, who remarked that the American public, in its demand for elaboration, had come to demand a symphony orchestra to play Yes, We Have No Bananas.

Here labor stepped upon the scene, all innocent of artistic intentions, and enforced a classic moderation. Such gewgaws were expensive in labor if not in material, and the pruning hook began to trim them ruthlessly from the tree of architecture.

Up to now, like the owner, I have been looking at the skyscraper from the street. There are other angles of vision—from a distance, from other buildings, from the air. From any of them the commercial high building was caught at an embarrassing disadvantage. By economic necessity ordinary owners were forced to crowd their structures close to the limits of legal permission. No wasted space meant a cube rising unbroken from sidewalk to a flat roof. However graceful a façade the designer might contrive to woo the eye from the street, the mass effect of such forms was monotonous.

The Modern Pyramid

But the single worst crudity of the skyscraper was this flat roof crowned with one of the world's most unlovely sights—a naked water tank set on stilts. The owner did not see his roof, neither did his tenants; therefore it was one with alleys and back yards. Anyway, water tanks always had been set on roofs since buildings had running water. Then, as the electric elevator began to displace the hydraulic types, a further eruption occurred on the roof—a penthouse to shelter the motors which, in the better installations, are set at the top of the shafts. These early penthouses had the grace of a woodshed. The first step toward reform on the roof was to combine water tank and motors in a penthouse and to soften the lines of the latter and blend it a little into the building.

I think I am justified in giving the credit to my brother, Goldwin, now dead, for the true answer to water tanks, penthouses, chimneys, steam vents, exposed pipes and all roof excrescences in the 8 West Fortieth Street building, where he hid them all in a symmetrical peaked roof. There had been occasional peaked roofs in high buildings long before that, but purely ornamentally intended. Incidentally, this building generally is regarded in the profession as the best solution ever made of the trying problem of an interior lot.

The New York Zoning Law, passed in 1916, was practically, not esthetically, intended. Depending upon the width of the abutting streets, the law requires that a building be stepped back at certain heights. These restrictions apply to three-quarters of the ground area of any new building. On the remaining quarter a tower may be carried to any altitude the owner may desire. The law was intended to protect the rights of lesser buildings and to permit the sunlight to reach the streets a greater part of the day. Its principal though purely collateral effect, however, was to give to architectural design in high buildings the greatest impetus it ever has known, and to produce a new and a beautiful pyramidal sky line.

From Europe—With Variations

No longer can a florist's box stood on end be erected in New York except to very limited heights. Speculators and other purely commercial builders and lesser architects had form thrust upon them by law. Abler architects were not unprepared for such an opportunity and rose to it splendidly. The 27 West Forty-third Street building in 1917–18 first illustrated the setback. This New York-born architecture is an adaptation of no other; it is our own, expressing ourselves. It is the sounder for having a reasoned motive rather than individual fancy behind it. Beauty of line and form rather than beauty of ornamentation distinguishes it. With only ten years' history behind it, the setback is a thing of grace and sweep. There is no reason to suppose that it is a finished form; towers of unimagined beauty should rise in the 1930's, and that is far enough to carry any prophecy in these eventful years.

We borrowed the zoning law from Europe, where long ago it became customary to limit any commercial building to a height not exceeding the width of the abutting street, measured from building line to building line; and as the purpose was aesthetic, the limitation was absolute. The setback is an American compromise. It is in effect with local variations in more than half the American cities of 25,000 population or more.

Washington is our only city, to my knowledge, that follows the European practice of absolute limitation. Boston did so until this year, when it adopted a zoning plan similar to New York's. Meanwhile it is a city of one tall building—the campanile-like Custom House, which towers over it as the Washington Monument dominates the national capital. When the builders of the Westminster Hotel in Boston contested the ordinance years ago and carried their structure above the 155-foot limitation, the city sued and won. The top floor actually was sliced away after it had been built, and the hotel stands today without a cornice and with the roof line running through the heads of the windows of what was next to the top floor. In contrast, the New England Building about to be erected on Berkeley Street in the Park Square district as a sort of industrial capitol of an awakened New England, will be the greatest of setback structures, rising to a height of 360 feet.

The intrinsic beauty of the setback form has carried it to cities that put no limitations on building dimensions. The new Philadelphia Electric Building not only is

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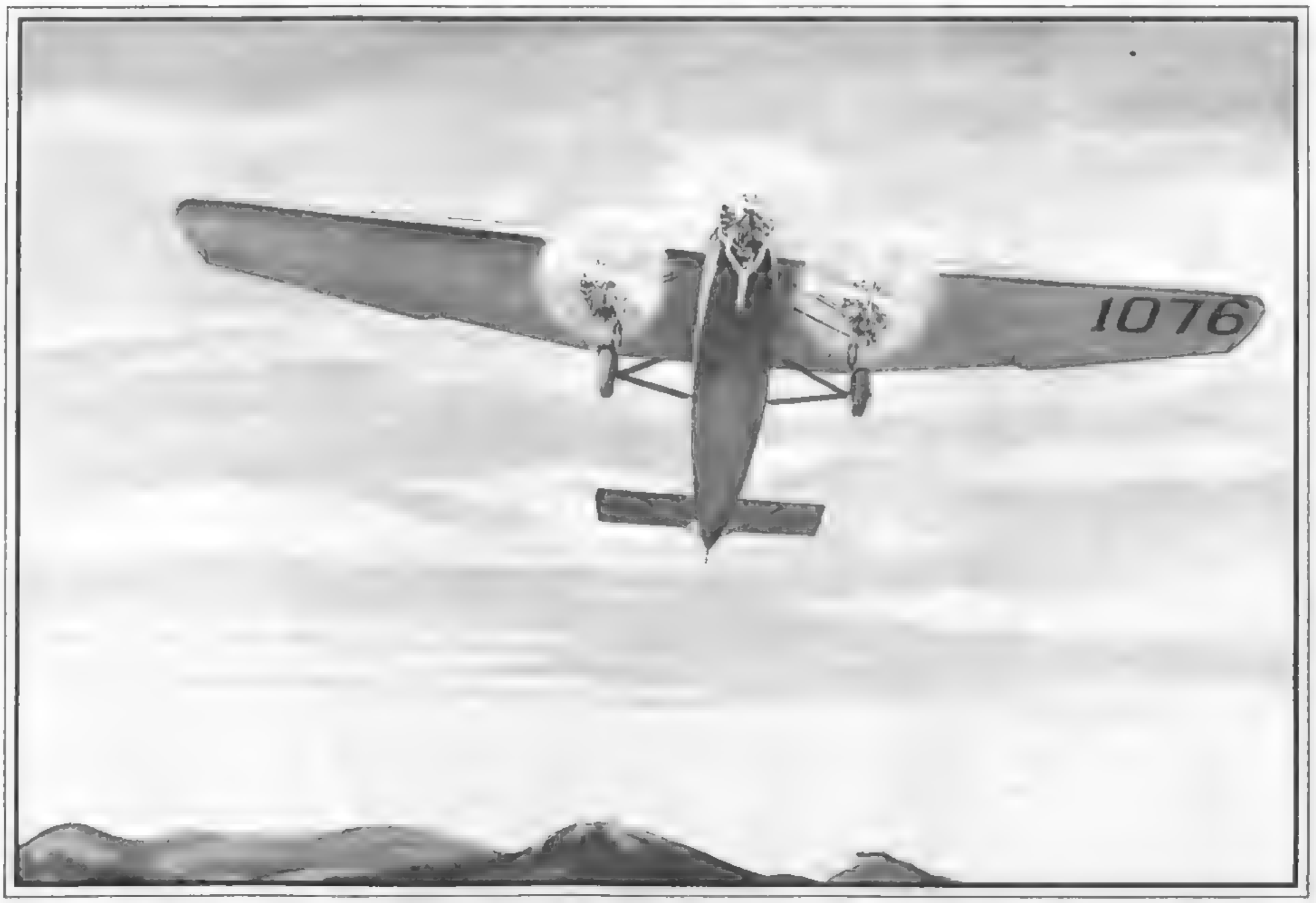

TIRELESS WINGS

WITH dust whipping up from the wheels the great limited begins to climb the Sierras, thundering eastward at 45 miles an hour. . . .

The sun sets into the Pacific and rises again out of the Great Plains. An airplane runs across the Field at Los Angeles on cushioned feet and leaps lightly into the air . . . climbing . . . climbing into the clean blue of the California sky . . . and away like a homing pigeon for the pink-tipped ridge of the mountains. . . .

An anxious banker travels in the train, racing to meet a vital appointment in New York. A famous satirist travels in the plane, dozing as it wings tirelessly under the stars.

Within 36 hours after leaving the Pacific Coast the satirist is dining in New York. Eighteen hours later he is again half-way across the continent on the return trip! Somewhere above Iowa he looks down at the dim earth below, *and there the great limited train is still thundering eastward, carrying the impatient banker who was so anxious to reach New York!*

Business men are looking wide-eyed at the sky. Some stand in a daze watching, speculating. Others, clear-visioned, already recognize that tireless wings are opening the whole world to wider markets, to new outlets, to a form of service that opens the boundless ocean of the sky to commerce.

How quickly the average man, startled for a moment out of the commonplace, sinks back once more into the routine of conventional activity. We have, for instance, the arrival of Lebrix and Costes in New York, almost unnoticed. Yet what had they done? . . . Across the Mediterranean they flew . . . over the Atlas Mountains and above the burning gold of Sahara . . . skimming the jungles of West Africa . . . taking the long, breathless leap across the gray Atlantic . . . high above the llanos of Brazil and the pampas of Argentina . . . and up, up, up and over the Cordilleras that look down upon the Pacific . . . along the backbone of the continent . . . over the Gulf of Mexico . . . along the coast of the United States . . . to land at last within sight of the skyscrapers of Manhattan.

This is not an epic flight. *Simply a preliminary survey for the French transatlantic air-mail that will bring South America as close to French ports as California is to New York!*

But how quickly the exceptional man has realized the significance of tireless wings! We have, for instance, the *New York Times* delivered at the Pan-American Congress in Havana on the morning after publication. . . . We have Armour and Company delivering packaged bacon in Detroit to meet an unexpected demand. . . . We have New York financiers and Los Angeles film producers gaining precious time . . . *all by the use of tireless wings!*

In the growth of modern business, complacency is fatal. And success depends upon eternal vigilance . . . an energetic search for broader markets . . . and a courageous optimism in the face of all competition!

The Ford Motor Company expects as startling a development in the air as the present generation has witnessed along the highways. . . . Thousands of brilliant minds are working on the problems that have hitherto hindered commercial progress. Neon beacons are piercing fogs! Radio telephones talk into the ear of flying man beyond the range of human vision! Earth inductor compasses point the way across the world! Radio beams mark highways through the sky! . . .

The Ford tri-motored, all-metal planes are being built to meet the requirements of this new age! *Their tireless wings are yours to command across the skies!*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

THE WALLOPS

[No. 18 of a series. No. 19 will appear May 26]

Friendly Enemies

"Goodness, wasn't it cold last night?"

Mrs. Brown shivered as she pretended to remember it.

"Didn't seem cold to me. Did you notice it, George?" asked Jim Brown, turning a shoulder to his wife.

"Some people just don't notice anything, do they, Clara?" said Mary Brown to Mrs. Wallop, glaring at her husband as she spoke.

"And some people notice everything, specially all the unpleasant things, don't they, George?" retorted Jim Brown, glaring at his wife in turn.

"Hey-hey!" shouted George Wallop. "What's got into you folks, tonight? What's on your minds?"

"If anything was on Mary's mind, it'd have to balance there. She thinks she knows everything there is to know about building houses."

"Well, I know enough to use good materials. And for the twentieth time, Jim Brown, I won't put pipe into our new house that's going to rust!"

"Well, if that's the trouble I agree with you," said Wallop, forgetting his determination to stay out of things. "Use brass pipe and you'll never regret it. You'll forget the few extra dollars* you had to pay for it after it's installed. But if you use cheap pipe—well, the repair bills will remind you the rest of your life."

But all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is better because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. It positively *cannot rust*, and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

*For a $20,000 house Alpha Brass Pipe costs only $76 more than the cheapest iron or steel pipe.

ALPHA BRASS PIPE

made from a special kind of

Chase Brass

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Incorporated, Waterbury, Conn.

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(Continued from Page 72)

stepped from choice rather than necessity but multicolored flood lights make the setback tower a rainbow by night—a unique and striking experiment that is likely to be adopted elsewhere.

The workings of the New York Zoning Law are so complex that a new profession—that of consulting expert in zoning—has risen there. These experts advise and interpret between the architect and builder and the building department in the fashion of lawyers. As builders, it has led us to make isometric outline drawings of the legal possibilities of any given building site. We carry these drawings to the final setback and indicate the unlimited tower possible on one-quarter the area. The owner then may see what form his structure would be likely to take at any given height and he does not mistake setback necessities for design.

The assault on the skyscraper in recent years has been on practical rather than æsthetic grounds. Led by Henry H. Curran, its enemies charge it with creating outrageous traffic congestion, unsettling land values and putting a disproportionate burden on the municipality for fire protection, water supply and sewage disposal. According to Mr. Curran, the skyscraper is the villain of traffic congestion. According to Harvey Wiley Corbett, a distinguished architect, writing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it is almost wholly innocent. Both are wrong, in my judgment. Certainly a building housing 10,000 workers aggravates the traffic problem for blocks around. But the high building is only one factor in a condition practically inescapable in modern urban life. The motor car is a worse offender than the skyscraper, as is demonstrated every day in such cities of relatively low sky line as Los Angeles. As well padlock Detroit. London and Paris both have rigidly limited sky lines and relatively few motor cars, yet their traffic problem is similar.

We tolerate traffic tangles because we cannot help ourselves. Better traffic congestion than no traffic. The basic difficulty goes even beyond the fact that our streets were designed for slow-paced, moderate, horse-drawn traffic. We forget that pedestrians died daily under horses' hoofs in the traffic of the 80's; that horse cars were slow, cold, smelly, infrequent and abominably crowded in the rush hours; that workers toiled up as many as six floors to their desks; that medieval and ancient cities were swarming warrens. In other words, cities always have been crowded and uncomfortable. Crowds make cities, cities make crowds, crowds make discomfort.

Bridged Highways

Our own peculiar dilemma arises from the fact that we were born into a simple world, have been catapulted into a highly complex one and have not yet adjusted ourselves to such a mighty revolution. In the last century man began, with an ingenuity he was not suspected to possess, to devise machinery to lighten labor, annihilate distance, increase physical comfort and wealth. Every such invention tended to make the city a more advantageous, more comfortable, more interesting place in which to live and do business. But as fast as the city improved, fresh hordes poured in from town and country to take advantage of these social-mechanical benefits, thereby largely canceling the gain. The process goes on undiminished.

Modern life and industry are organized on a basis of centralization. Machinery, of which the skyscraper is part, made this centralization possible, and New York and similar cities are its consequences, essential to its scheme. Every hour of the day and night New Yorkers and other city dwellers are outraged by physical discomforts which they might escape by moving afield. They remain, and instead new population flocks in from less congested areas to share and add to these discomforts, testifying that the city offers more to the average family than it demands of them. Either we must accept the city pretty much as it is for the present or we must decentralize modern life, return to 1850—which is preposterous. Individuals here and there may revert to the simple life, the commuter may compromise with it, but society cannot.

By chance, Manhattan is laid out on a plan that suggests to me a partial solution of traffic congestion at a not-inconceivable expense—the overpassing of the north-and-south avenues. In general, the east-and-west blocks are 600 feet long, the north-and south blocks only 200 feet. These long-block east-and-west streets also are one-way thoroughfares. Six hundred feet is just adequate for the fall and rise between blocks at moderate grades of overpasses occupying from one-third to one-half the street. A continuous viaduct would serve no purpose. With such an intermittent viaduct, traffic intending to turn into a north-and-south avenue would keep to the left at grade, traffic bound across the intersection would keep to the right, passing up, over and down. I should like to see it experimented with in one or two east-and west streets.

Roofs for the Tunnel

For twenty years or more men have been drawing dream pictures of a many-decked city, one in which traffic would be segregated by kind and speed on various levels. The inspiration obviously was the existing tube, subway, surface and elevated divisions of rail traffic. These visions carried such an arrangement much further to many-tiered streets and cross walks providing for motor and foot traffic. It still is a dream, and an impractical one in the light of this day's sun; but it is the best, almost the only vision of a traffic solution we have imagined to date and it may be that we are seeing its beginnings in the New York Central Building, now under construction.

Twenty-five years ago, while steam trains still operated into the old Grand Central Station through an old and inadequate tunnel, two passenger trains collided in the tunnel with heavy loss of life. The disaster brought a smoldering quarrel between the city and the New York Central Railroad to a crisis and resulted in an agreement whereby the road was to acquire large areas of valuable contiguous property, replace the narrow tunnel with a wide cut, electrify and build the present great terminal.

The expense of acquisition and construction was so great as to threaten the financial stability of that very prosperous railroad, and in casting about for relief, the novel plan of selling air rights to permit the building of commercial structures over the tracks in Park Avenue was conceived—oddly, by a firm of St. Paul, Minnesota, architects. The chief engineer of the railroad had come from St. Paul and called them in to advise him.

Under the skillful direction of the late Ira A. Place, general counsel for the terminal development, the plan was put into successful operation. Beginning with the Biltmore, a procession of great hotels, apartments, clubs and office buildings rose over the maze of two-level tracks leading into the terminal, and they return a revenue in air rights more than sufficient to pay the interest and sinking fund of the bonded indebtedness of the terminal.

The value of these air rights, moreover, appreciated sharply between the first and the last building erected. The Biltmore Hotel, pioneer of the development, pays only $100,000 a year to the terminal; the later Park Lane Apartments, $130,000; the Commodore Hotel, $175,000; and the Roosevelt Hotel, erected only two or three years ago, $285,000.

All these buildings are unique in that they have no ground rights, existing by virtue of their leases to the air above the street level. Patently, such superimposed structures have no basements; they take their steam heat from the New York Central's

(Continued on Page 76)

Fittings by TERNSTEDT

THE "HALLMARK" OF SUPERIOR AUTOMOBILE BODY EQUIPMENT

Smartly modern . . . . gracefully beautiful . . . . enduring . . . . the outside door handles of present-day motor cars artistically complete the harmonious symmetry of exterior line and design. No longer are they mere commonplace utilities. The specialized talent of Ternstedt artist-craftsmen has endowed them with a distinctive, *related* beauty . . . a permanence of finish . . . that makes pride of possession perpetual. Outside door handles are but one item in the group of Fittings by Ternstedt which so importantly contribute to the luxury, convenience and utility of the leading cars in each price class.

TERNSTEDT

MANUFACTURING COMPANY

World's Largest Manufacturers of Automobile Body Hardware

DETROIT U. S. A.

UNIT OF FISHER BODY CORPORATION

"That's a nice job on a day like this!"

"Not much fun. That happened to me once, before I began to use Kelly-Springfields."

(Continued from Page 74)

power house, located at one end of the terminal improvement—which heat, by the way, is purely by-product, in as much as the power plant is a necessity to generate electricity for the terminal.

The track space was blasted out of the solid rock of Manhattan—a stupendous undertaking in itself—and as the tracks come in two levels, it will be seen that the upper must run in part on a floor-like structure corresponding to the basement of the skyscrapers above. Engineers recognized that the vibration of the heavy trains would necessitate a special foundation for the superimposed buildings. Accordingly, the building foundations reach down through the entirely separate structure on which the tracks run, a sort of cage within a cage, with no points of contact, every column footing of each structure insulated from the others by ingenious construction which reduces to a minimum the transmission of the jar and impact of the trains to the footings of the skyscrapers.

A pedestrian on the sidewalk in the Grand Central zone may notice a curious separation of the base of the buildings from the walk. There seems to be and in fact is a slot of about one inch. If the pedestrian carries a cane he may confirm his eyes by thrusting the cane to its full length into the slot and be persuaded that the building is resting on air. He is simply observing the separated construction. The sidewalk and street rest on the railroad structure, the building on a structure of its own, running down through the former but unattached to it.

The New York Central's own building, now under construction, occupies the last available parcel of air-rights property in the development and brings to completion the plan so brilliantly imagined by these St. Paul architects. In this building vehicular traffic is carried through a great building above grade for the first time in history.

Park Avenue, one of the main arteries of Manhattan, is blocked between Forty-second Street and Forty-fifth Street by the terminal and between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets by this new office building. Through traffic northbound rises on a viaduct at Fortieth Street, crosses over Forty-first and Forty-second streets, carries around the Grand Central Station on an upper-level drive, overpasses Forty-fifth Street, enters the New York Central Building at the level of the second floor, curves and drops through it and emerges at grade at Forty-sixth Street. Southbound traffic reverses this order.

The New Phenomenon

Northbound traffic began to pass through the building before the steel was half erected. Southbound vehicles detour around for the present. When the work is finished in January, 1929, a skyscraper will stand at what appears to be the end of Manhattan's widest avenue, spewing a continuous stream of motor cars out of one portal and sucking them in at another. The nearest parallel that New York can show is the Municipal Building, through which Chambers Street passes, but at grade.

Chicago's new Union Station will be developed similarly and the new twenty-five-story Daily News Building marks the first purchase of air rights there. Now under construction on the west bank of the Chicago River, just north of the new station, the building and a public plaza will straddle ten tracks leading into the station, the air rights having been bought from the Pennsylvania and Milwaukee railroads and the Union Station company with the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The architects are the same, Holabird & Roche, who designed the pioneer Tacoma Building in 1887. The Chicago station is not electrified, and a great smoke chamber underneath the Daily News Building and the plaza will collect the fumes and powerful fans will carry them out over the roof. The new Union Terminal in Cleveland has the same general characteristic of superimposed skyscrapers with special problems of vibration and smoke. On Broad Street in Philadelphia the new 37-acre Reading-Terminal warehouse building will straddle the Reading tracks, as the Elverson skyscraper, across the street, already does. The dream seems to take form.

With which we will leave it to consider that modern city-created phenomenon—the speculative builder. All cities have them, but only in New York and perhaps in Chicago do they deal regularly in skyscrapers. Speculative building is not the highest type of construction, neither is it all its name may insinuate. Its followers are opportunists, but their buildings are sound in structure. The vigilant Building Department sees to that.

The Life of a Building

For that matter, any steel-frame building undergoes much greater strains during construction than it ever will be put to in operation, and the speculative builder has no thought of trying to erect an unsafe structure anyway. What he may do to a greater or lesser extent is to slight it in facilities.

These skimpings insure two things—a high return on the investment and an excessive maintenance charge. The speculator is not interested in the latter. The demand for space is such in New York that he expects to rent the building quickly; then, with an assured rental roll, he can refinance or sell to an investor and get from under. The type of investor who demands this abnormally high return on his money is either too ignorant to distinguish between a shoddily and a soundly finished structure, or, like the speculator, he is gambling with his eyes open.

If pressed, the speculator may defend himself with some plausibility. "What's the matter with it?" he will demand. "It passes the building laws, doesn't it? The buyer will make money on it, won't he? As for elevators and such, they are a good deal like automobiles—obsolete in a few years. In twenty years the normal increase in the land value will have more than justified a complete refitting or even tearing it down to build higher. Why build for eternity when all experience indicates that twenty years or so is the measure of an ordinary building's usefulness in New York? What is that but waste?"

He is right that it is a fair conjecture that a building of not more than sixteen stories will have paid for itself and lived out a legitimate life, possibly be an obstacle in the path of progress, within twenty to thirty years. Few architects and engineers have not watched some work which they had designed for all time razed to make way for greater things.

Or a speculative builder may turn a profit without turning a spadeful of earth. For example, he assembles a building site, putting up enough option money to hold the lots for a year, or he controls them on a contract of sale with a deposit of earnest money. Now he hires an architect to draw him an impoeing picture of a skyscraper; if it is several stories higher than the Woolworth Tower, so much the better. This he sends to the newspapers with a statement that work will start next Thursday. The newspapers like pictures of high buildings, real or imagined, because we readers have a weakness for them.

The next morning fifty brokers are waiting in the promoter's office to ask him if he wishes to sell. They have no purchasers in view, but they are confident of finding such. The speculator will sell, he states, if the offer is interesting. The brokers hurry out to work for him for nothing, the newspapers have advertised his property with publicity he could not buy. The site is a good one and the psychology attracts a buyer, frequently another speculator. The promoter takes his quick profit on the real estate and steps out. I have known such a building site to change hands four times, each time at an advance, before it was built upon.

(Continued on Page 78)

Do *you* still get your milk on the doorstep?

HOW many things do we buy today in the same form—of the same quality—that people bought twenty years ago? Not clothes or hats or stockings or houses, or even most of our articles of food. Are you using milk in the same old form? There's a more up-to-date way—Evaporated Milk in cans, from your grocer. Perhaps you have thought of Evaporated Milk only as something used by people who couldn't get any other kind of milk. Many thousands of people know it as the modern, up-to-date milk supply for every cream and milk use.

What Qualities Do You Want in Milk?

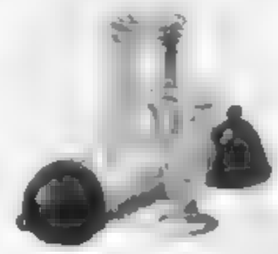
RICHNESS? Evaporated Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk.

SAFETY? Evaporated Milk in cans is the *safest* milk in existence.

PURITY? Evaporated Milk *is* pure milk—nothing added to it—its purity absolutely protected by the sealed container.

CONVENIENCE? It keeps fresh and sweet on your pantry shelf—equal to any demand for cream or milk.

ECONOMY? It takes the place of cream—at less than half the cost—and makes better, more wholesome food. Diluted to suit any need you have for milk, it costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk.



The Guaranty

Evaporated Milk is rich because sixty per cent. of the water of ordinary milk is taken from it. It is safe because it is sterilized in sealed cans—it is absolutely free from anything that can harm health. It is always pure and fresh and sweet because the pure, fresh milk, carefully protected until it comes to the country plants, is then *perfected* by the sterilization in the sealed container. The sterilization and the sealed can protect the fresh milk from everything that could destroy its freshness. It comes to you as fresh as when it left the farm—as safe as if there were not a germ in the universe.

The Up-To-Date Standard of Quality

Evaporated Milk is not a substitute for milk—it is milk. It is not poor milk—it is the *richest* milk you can buy. It is *not* "cheap" milk—it *is* economical milk. It is milk in the richest, safest, most wholesome form. It marks the end of long, long effort to provide a safe, rich milk supply for everybody. Grocers everywhere have it.

Send for Our Booklets

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION
956 Merchants Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, without cost, your booklets about Evaporated Milk.

Name_____

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EVAPORATED MILK

Richer~safer~more convenient~more economical than any other milk

Keeps fresh and sweet on your pantry shelf

If thrift is your aim

you can buy no more economical underwear than "B.V.D."

IT offers not only longer wear but more uniform wear, that preserves, to the last days of its life, all the fine shapeliness and cool, roomy comfort of a "B. V. D." garment.

Processes of our own mills and bleachery give "B. V. D." nainsook unmatched durability. And "B. V. D." tailoring—with its many special reinforcements, its lock-stitching throughout, and its thorough finish—contributes to "B. V. D.'s" remarkable resistance to wash and wear.

Measured by length of satisfactory service, "B.V.D." is the least expensive underwear.

INSIST on this red woven label.

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Men's Union Suit $1.50. Shirts and Drawers, the garment, 85c
Youths' Union Suit 55c
Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.
Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit

THE B. V. D. COMPANY, Inc., N. Y.
Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

(Continued from Page 76)

There are opportunities in New York for an enterprising operator to run a shoestring into a fortune legitimately in one enterprise. Here is a hypothetical case, based, with some surmises, on an actual instance in which a man, with no investment whatever, constructed a great building and sold it at a profit of $2,000,000 or thereabouts to a large corporation:

A mutual-benefit society owned a valuable corner occupied by a small building used for its own purposes. The society was dissolved, its affairs involved, and the property, subject to a first mortgage of $500,000, its only asset. The members needed cash. Here the speculator stepped in with an offer of $1,000,000 for the property on a basis of $200,000 cash and a second mortgage for $800,000. With this contract of sale in his pocket, he crossed the street to an insurance company, convinced them that the property was easily worth $1,500,000, borrowed $800,000 on first mortgage, paid the $200,000 and the old first mortgage of $500,000 and deposited the $100,000 in his bank.

Now the speculator looked about for a tenant for a new building to be erected on the property. The Universal Utilities Co., a great corporation, required more office space and the lease on its present quarters would expire soon. The speculator was able to offer the directors a very desirable corner and a building of any height or design they might prefer. The details of the building being decided upon, the corporation signed a long-time lease, anywhere from twenty-one to ninety-nine years.

A Small Fortune for Profit

The speculator now capitalized this lease by carrying it to a bond house, where he borrowed all the money he needed to take up the life-insurance company's first mortgage and to erect the building with a surplusage. The bond house floated an issue of securities and distributed it among the public. The bonds were well secured and everyone profited.

The thirty-story building was constructed on investors' money and the Universal Utilities Co., moved in. Now the speculator went to his tenant and said: "You are paying me $1,000,000 a year in rentals. I can show you how you can reduce this charge to $600,000 by buying me out. I am incorporated as the Fulton-Cedar Building Co. We have a $5,000,000 bond issue that calls for $250,000 interest and $100,000 amortization yearly. As the amortization piles up, my company will become valuable. I will sell you my company for $2,000,000 and you can pick up the second mortgage for seventy-five cents on the dollar for cash."

The deal offered the Universal Utilities a yearly saving of $650,000, less maintenance charges, and the eventual ownership of the property at a cash outlay of $2,600,000, and it agreed. The speculator withdrew with something like $2,000,000, for his enterprise, judgment and salesmanship.

Note that he did not make $2,000,000 out of building. It is a commentary on the industry that fortunes made out of it always are made indirectly. There is about $6,000,000,000 of recorded building in the United States yearly, another billion, perhaps, of unrecorded work. These are large figures, yet I never have known, never have heard of a millionaire builder *per se*. Speculative builders have made fortunes from speculation, professional builders have amassed wealth out of their special knowledge of real-estate values, and specialists have grown rich in tunnel, caisson, dock and harbor, sewer and highway construction.

The ingenuities of mere construction are pretty well established, but each of these latter operations always is a problem in itself where ingenuity often pays vast dividends, as in the case of Michael J. Degnon, builder of the Queensboro subway tube under the East River, and the Sunnyside yards of the Long Island Railroad. Degnon was an old-fashioned sewer contractor from Cleveland who greatly underbid his competitors for these jobs and still was made rich by them. In anticipation, he bought a swamp lying between the Queens outlet of the projected tunnel and the site of the yards, where he proposed to dump the excavated rock and earth. Every other bidder had to add many thousands of dollars for the disposal of this waste at a distance. Degnon not only avoided this charge but when the tube was bored and the yards were leveled he had filled his swamp and possessed an immensely valuable property which was converted into the Degnon Terminal.

When an industry ranks among the first two or three in a great industrial nation and no one engaged in it makes a living except indirectly, something is wrong. The answer is that building, while conducted with high technical efficiency, is, economically, the most disorganized major activity known to modern business, agriculture perhaps excepted. Building and farming linger in the economics of the nineteenth century, whence all but these have fled. It is as fiercely competitive as the jungle and it is at the mercy of the customer to an extraordinary extent.

The customer is a customer, usually, only once in his life. He rarely knows anything of building, and arm in arm with this ignorance walks suspicion. His intention is to keep his eyes open, buy as cheaply as he can and, having a contract, to depend upon the building laws, the architect's inspection, the ironclad plans and specifications, a surety bond for completion, and, not least, the fact that he has the money and the whip hand, to force the builder to deliver. Actually he invites the contractor to make what he can.

The low bidder in this dog-eat-dog competition has been forced to sell short on his subcontracts in order to underbid. That is, he bids low in the hope of passing the risk on to the little fellows and thereby to see himself home. For example, the plumbing bids range from $50,000 to $60,000. In as much as the builder bid competitively, he takes the low bid, but with the mental reservation that he will beat the plumber down to $40,000. He calls the plumber in, conceals from him the fact that his bid is low and tells him that nothing more than $40,000 will get the contract. The plumber, caught in this vicious circle, cannot pass the loss on to his workmen, whose union protects them, nor to the material men, whose business is stable. If he needs the work desperately, he is tempted to accept the $40,000 figure and hope to worm his way through the specifications by interpretation and substitution.

Too Much Competition

If the builder succeeds in grinding down all or most of his subcontractors, he is safe and they are playing with bankruptcy. If he fails to unload on them, he is certain of a loss; and in as much as necessity forced him into such a position initially, his margin of capital is likely to be too meager to survive the loss. Such competition explains the 50 per cent of failures in cycles of five years in the building industry, as vouched for by the Association of General Contractors of America.

The economic waste under competitive bidding is terrific. It costs a well-organized, thoroughly competent building organization somewhere between $1000 and $2000 to prepare an estimate and analysis of a complete set of plans and specifications, and requires from two to three weeks of intensive work. Such a builder is in contact with twenty to fifty lines of subcontracting, with perhaps a dozen representatives in each line. A total cost of possibly $10,000 to $15,000 is incurred by these subcontractors in addition to the general contractor's estimating.

An owner who wishes to exhaust every possibility of the bidding market is apt to send for ten to fifteen general contractors, all presumed to go into the estimate in fullest detail. It is probable that all these general contractors will circularize much the

(Continued on Page 81)

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

For the man who cares

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Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone can you be considered a fastidious person, acceptable socially.

Dandruff? Not a trace!

If you, or any member of your family, have the slightest evidence of dandruff, we urge you to try this treatment, which has benefited thousands:—

Simply douse Listerine, full strength, on the hair. Vigorously massage the scalp forward, backward, up and down. Keep up this treatment systematically for several days, using a little olive oil in case your hair is excessively dry.

You will be amazed at the speed and thoroughness with which Listerine gets rid of dandruff. Even severe cases that costly so-called "cures" have failed to improve, have responded to the Listerine method. We have the unsolicited word of many to this effect.

The moment you discover dandruff, use Listerine at once—and repeatedly.

LISTERINE

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
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You'll like it

Listerine Tooth Paste is as refreshing as it is effective, and but 25c a large tube.

(Continued from Page 78)

same market of subcontractors, and therefore the geometric progression of cost may not apply; but it is fair to argue that, on a building to cost between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000, the free estimating service alone furnished by the army of contestants arrayed by the owner will run from $25,000 to $35,000—all but a minor fraction of it dead loss.

An increasing number of architects and owners will not be parties to this wasteful demand upon the building industry, appreciating that the builder properly is a fiduciary agent as much as a first-rate architect; that things cost what they cost, and any endeavor to make them cost less carries with it the risk of making them cost more, while almost certainly jeopardizing the quality of the work.

To return to the Universal Utilities Co., why did such a corporation not oversee the building of its own home and save this high middleman's charge? Because it and corporations in general are unfamiliar with building and are timid about engaging in so foreign an enterprise. The directors have other and more important matters to think about and prefer to rent or buy on the market.

Because of this unfamiliarity with and timidity about building on the part of lessees and owners, professional builders sometimes propose and initiate new building enterprises, as speculative builders do. The distinction is that the speculator builds on his own, and builds first usually and finds his tenants later. He is a speculator first and a builder incidentally. The professional first finds an individual—or corporate owner or tenant—then builds for him.

The usual picture of the genesis of a skyscraper runs something like this: A owns a corner vacant or occupied by old outmoded small buildings. After long consideration, he decides to put up a many-storied office building there, arranges its financing, calls in an architect, states his desires, hires a builder and either engages a broker to find tenants or functions as the operating and renting agency himself.

It may happen, however, that a builder notes the corner would lend itself to a specific improvement—hotel, office building, bank, apartment house, theater, department store. If he is a speculator, he attempts to buy an option. If he is a professional builder, he first looks about for a possible lessee for such an imagined structure, finds one who might consider it, seeks out the owner, suggests that a tenant might be found in advance, brings owner and prospect together, advises with them, takes the contract for construction and turns the completed property over to the owner within a set time at an agreed price or at cost plus his agreed fee.

Spreading the Mortgage

There are three principal classes of lenders to whom owners and builders may turn. The cheapest money obtainable is the so-called savings-bank loan at 5 per cent or a shade under. Savings banks will lend up to 50 or 60 per cent of the value of a completed structure upon completion. When such a loan is arranged, it is customary to obtain the construction money from banking institutions specializing in such business. The rate in New York fluctuates between 6 and 7 per cent.

The insurance companies offer the next lowest rate of interest—5.5 per cent on completed structures. Some of them make what they term a building and permanent loan, advancing money for construction to responsible builders from time to time as the work progresses. The interest rate is higher to cover the cost of the necessary machinery of inspection. It also is possible on occasion to borrow money from estates by arrangement with the trustees. None, of course, lends up to the full value of the property or the whole cost of construction.

The bond houses dealing exclusively or largely in building issues are a recent and important development in the industry. They underwrite first-mortgage bond issues at six to ten points off the principal sum, covering their profit, risk and distribution costs, and sell the bonds, bearing 6 per cent interest or thereabouts, to the public. In as much as they turn over the principal, less their discount, to the trustee immediately, theirs is the risk of disposing of the bond issue to investors. The borrower in this instance pays all interest charges during construction, although he may not require a sizable part of the sum for as much as nine months; under the first and second methods he pays interest only as he uses the money.

These bond houses have been widely criticized, as new institutions are apt to be. For my part, though my point of view is not disinterested, I believe that they are a wholly legitimate and an invaluable addition to the machinery of building. They have tapped vast new sources of capital for construction without which we could not have built on the scale we have done since the war. The fact that one such house has failed under questionable circumstances has no more pertinence, it seems to me, than the occasional failure of a bank has to the fundamental soundness of banking.

Horse Trading

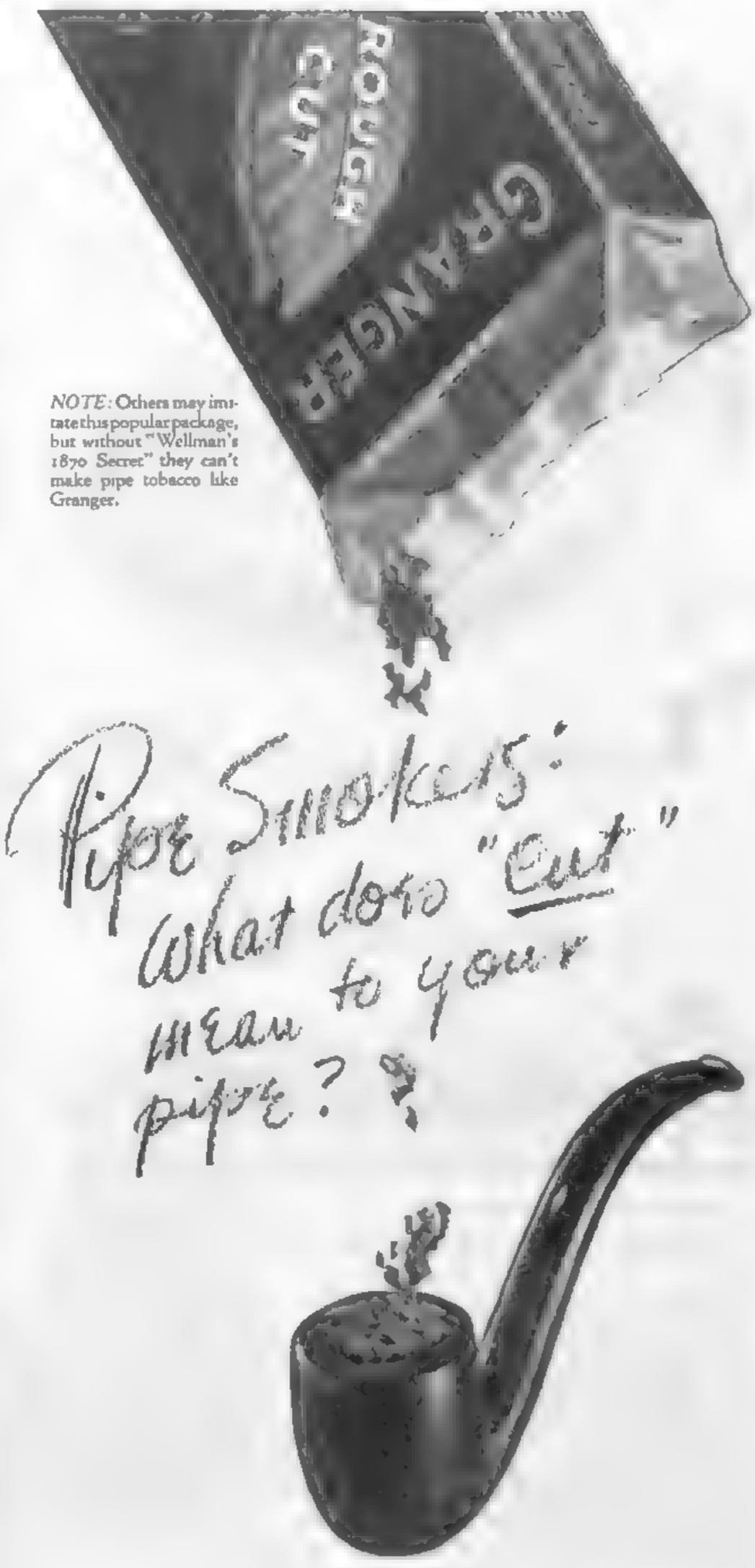
The bond houses were brought into being by the inertia of the insurance companies, which, in the earlier days of big building, continued to subscribe to the fetish, inherited from England, that a lender never must seek out a borrower or encourage him, but should wait on the latter's supplication. The borrowing and lending of money in modern business are as mutual accommodations as the buying and selling of merchandise, but the ancient superstition that the lender granted a favor and the borrower received one persisted.

These great life-insurance companies used to sit back with $100,000,000, which, by self-interest, they must lend on real estate in order to diversify their assets. Consider the hypothetical case of Jones, a New York builder of the period 1900–10. Jones had a $2,000,000 project. The controller or vice president in charge of investment knew of old that Jones was a legitimate, successful builder. He read in the newspapers of the proposed building. Across his desk daily came a mass of information on real-estate and building conditions.

There was little system to this intelligence, but it confirmed the life-insurance official's surmise that the Jones site was a good one and the project soundly conceived. It was to the company's interest to find such outlets for its funds, but it made no move.

In due time Jones appeared, hat in hand, laid his estimates before the life-insurance company and asked for a 60 per cent, or $1,200,000, loan—a proper figure. The insurance official glanced at the estimates and the first thing he said was that it was the wrong time to build. Regardless of whether building was up or down, Jones was certain to hear that the city was overbuilt and the business outlook gloomy. Jones left, returned in a few days and heard this story again. When he returned a third time, the attack had shifted. He was told that his building was overestimated. Perhaps the company could lend on a valuation of $1,600,000, perhaps not. Next the lender trimmed off this and shaved off that, reducing the deal to a David Harum horse trade.

Jones knew in advance exactly how this farce was to be conducted. If he was a skinflint, he estimated his building at $2,500,000 instead of $2,000,000, and after three or four weeks of dickering, the least he would take and the most the company would lend teetered into balance, all without too nice a regard for the equities or for the actual earning power of the building. True, the tradition was that builders were apt to be slippery customers or vague-minded optimists upon whom it was wise to keep a tight rein, and the tradition had a basis in fact. As building evolved from a



NOTE: Others may imitate this popular package, but without "Wellman's 1870 Secret" they can't make pipe tobacco like Granger.

How "cut" affects taste...

Any pipe tobacco, no matter how good, if cut too fine, burns fast and smokes hot. So Granger is "Rough Cut" in extra large flakes that burn slowly and *completely*... never leaving any of that "*half-burned*-tobacco" oil that makes a pipe taste bitter... That's another reason why pipe smokers say:

"Granger is just about the finest-tasting tobacco I've ever laid a match to!"

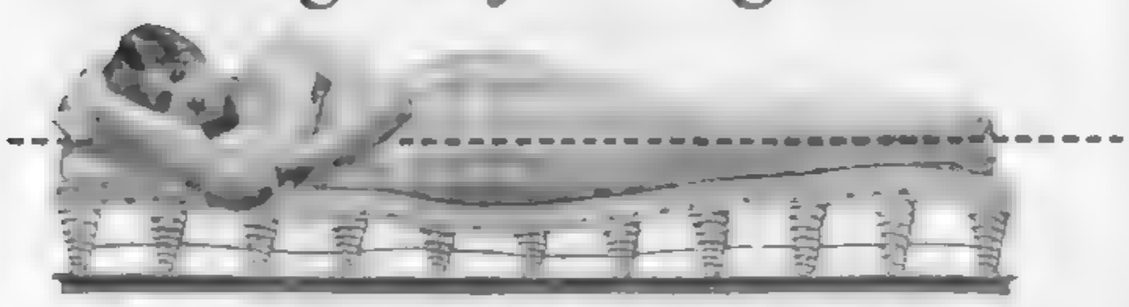
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT IN THE NEW FOIL PACKAGE IS 10 CENTS

This cramped sitting position is immediately tiring. A sagging bed curves the spine the same way—prevents restful comfort.

Support your body naturally

to get refreshing rest



When you sleep on a Rome De Luxe bedspring the spine is straight and natural; the body is fully relaxed

YOU immediately notice the tiring effects of sitting with your spine curved. Relaxation and rest are impossible in this cramped position.

Yet thousands sleep this same unnatural way. They have become accustomed to poorly designed bedsprings, and do not realize the harmful results of a wrong sleeping position. Mere unconsciousness, alone, cannot renew vitality when you lie on a bed that sags.

Sagging, with its many ill effects, is impossible when you sleep on a De Luxe spring. The De Luxe free coil construction, found in no other spring, insures a natural, restful sleeping position. Every coil in a De Luxe moves independently of all other coils, yielding to the pressure of hips and shoulders, yet rising to relieve all strain on the vital organs between. The spine lies naturally, straight and free from strain. Nerves and muscles are fully relaxed...refreshing sleep comes quickly.

You will soon notice the invigorating effects of comfortable De Luxe sleep. Arrange with your furniture or department store for a trial of this better bedspring. But be sure that you get a Rome De Luxe spring, for the true free coil movement that insures complete relaxation is found in no other bedspring.

Send today for Dr. Royal S. Copeland's interesting booklet "How Better Sleep Builds Better Health."

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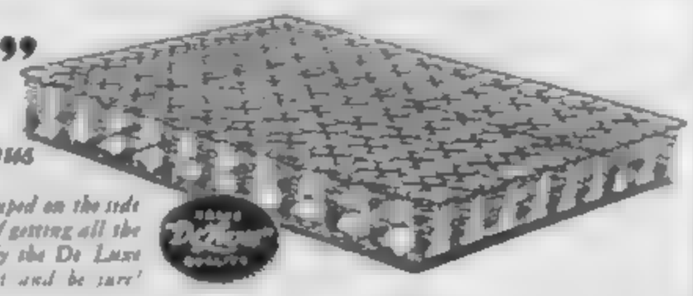
—the Bedspring Luxurious



This De Luxe label stamped on the side coil is your guarantee of getting all the quality points that only the De Luxe spring has. Look for it and be sure!

The ROME Company
BED SPRINGS • METAL BEDS • DAY BEDS • COUCH HAMMOCKS • COTS

trade into an industry, however, the lenders remained static.

The builder, under these circumstances, may have been driven to the then much higher rate of the early bond houses. As this new form of underwriting and brokerage became more stabilized, the rates were lowered, though they continue, naturally, to be higher than bank or insurance rates. When a builder goes to a bond house today he is greeted with: "Fine! We want to do business with you if we can. That is a good corner and it looks like a good time to build."

When Jones, Jr., lays his calculations of expected rentals on the table, the bond broker refers to his codified charts and quickly verifies the figures. When Jones, Jr., shows his cost estimates, the broker checks them promptly against the recorded costs of fifty analogous buildings.

It is not necessary to be hypothetical; let me close the picture with a famous instance of how a speculative builder's vision shamed the unanimous judgment of experts who kept their noses too close to the copy book of tradition.

The Specter of Office Buildings

In the course of building a subway, New York found it necessary to buy a block in the heart of the city. The subway curved sharply at a depth of fifty feet under part of the property and there a great excavation was made. When the subway was finished, the city offered the land for sale subject to the easement of its improvement fifty feet below. Now "easement" was a terrifying word in those days. Immemorially it had implied a bar sinister on the escutcheon of title. Lending companies averted their faces, and so the property, so advantageously situated in every respect, lay idle.

Among the buyers who had considered its purchase was a concern which planned a new building in this neighborhood. The site was ideal to its purposes—the best available in all the region, but the directors choked on the easement. At length a bold speculator braved this sinister thing lurking below ground and bought the whole property from the city for $2,900,000. Thereupon he turned around and sold the less desirable interior half, which was not encumbered by a subway easement, to the very concern which previously had flirted with the property and skittered away, and they paid him considerably more than half the $2,900,000 he had given the city for it all.

While the concern prepared to improve its half with a high building, the speculator promoted another large building on his corner half. As is the case with promoters, he endeavored to borrow every cent possible by mortgage and otherwise to carry out his plan.

The usual sources of such money told him that he was offering damaged goods and waved him away summarily, forcing him to turn to an early bond house, where he borrowed $6,000,000 and paid for it through the nose, the net proceeds to him being little more than $5,000,000.

These facts were widely known in New York and there was a great clucking of tongues. The enterprise was denounced in genesis, financing and execution as a reckless piece of speculative folly. A survey was cited, as one argument, to show that there already were several million feet of unrented space in that section of the city. Nevertheless the building was 85 per cent rented before completion and was highly profitable in operation from the outset. Soon after it was opened it was wholly occupied and offices rarely have been available in it since.

The next chapter was even more ironic. Within a few years after completion, the promoter, finding burdensome the drastic annual sinking fund which the original bond issue had imposed upon him, went to one of the great concerns of the country, just such as had balked at the easement and deplored the whole venture as unwise and unsafe, and borrowed on the property at a low rate of interest, $6,000,000, with which he retired the bond issue and paid the premium on the bonds which such retirement always involves. Few of us can hope for such a handsome retraction.

Since then he has been offered and has refused $11,000,000 for the property. There was nothing accidental in this increased value; no sudden shift in business channels or other unexpected turn of events explains it. All of it was predictable in the light of New York's previous history. The experts simply had sold short on New York and had been frightened by a name. Fiduciary concerns are the trustees of vast sums of others' money and they are rightfully conservative. As the custodians of these great reservoirs of capital, however, they have a secondary duty to industry. If they are to err on either side, it is much to the public interest that it be toward caution, but it is most to the public interest that they strike an intelligent mean. Conservatism always is in danger of atrophying to reaction.

As Time Changes

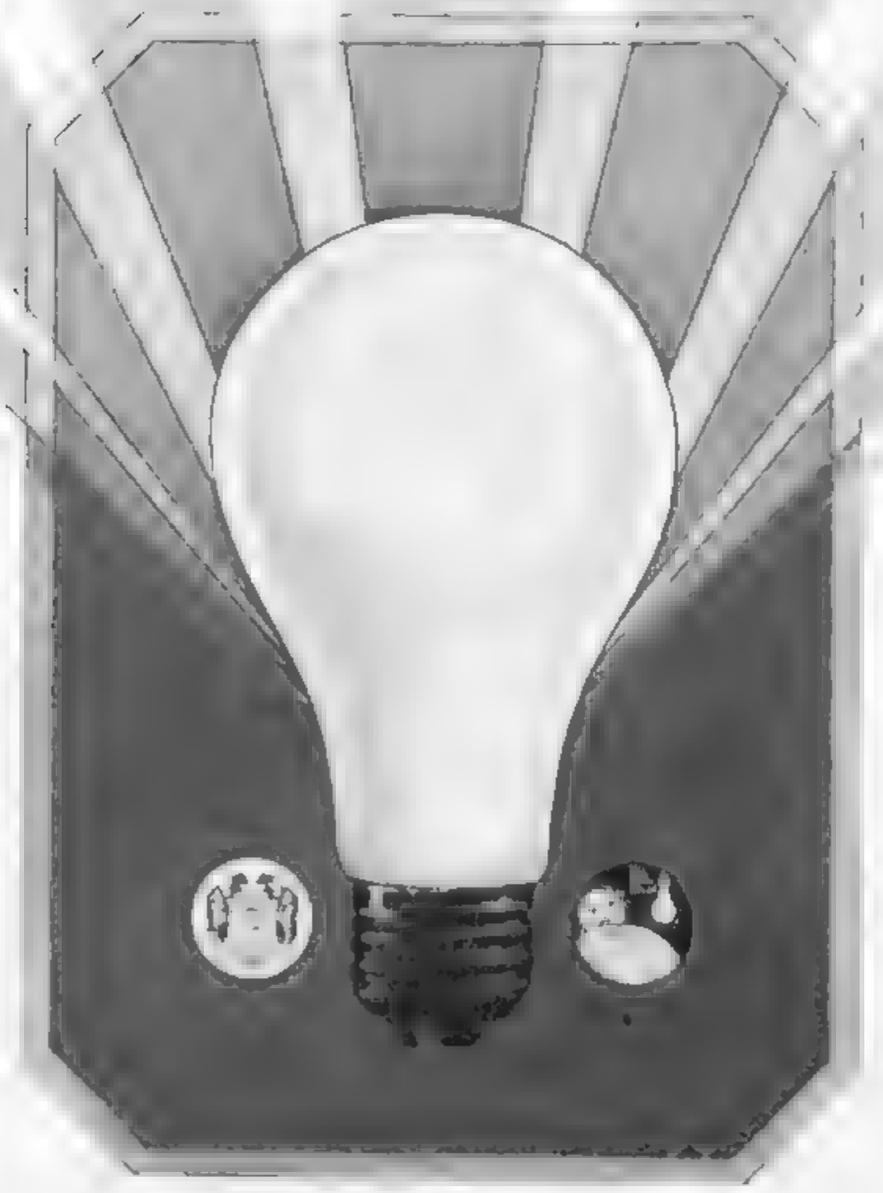
The survey referred to was made by a firm of unquestioned integrity but of literal turn of mind—as might be expected of statisticians. They began with arbitrary boundaries, taking in a district geographically compact but widely divergent in land values and transportation facilities. Then they painstakingly charted every foot of vacant floor space within those boundaries and struck a total.

A casual check showed that of this total of 2,000,000 feet of unrented space, some three-quarters was in old, even ancient structures, many of them inconveniently located, and that an inconsiderable part was in modern office buildings.

Properly located modern office buildings will fill quickly in defiance of surveys so long as their competitors are old, outmoded and badly situated. The public seeks new, modern, convenient office space just as it seeks the new, the modern and the convenient in homes, automobiles, clothes and all its wants. Fine new office space gets more fine new office space and the suffering falls on the old and outmoded. Skyscrapers tend to grow obsolescent as do motor cars and skirts. The problem of the owner, architect and builder is so to design and construct them that progressive maintenance will overcome the obsolescence largely, for, unlike motor cars and skirts, they have permanent, stabilizing advantages of favorable location.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Colonel Starrett. The last will appear in an early issue

We could make a lamp that would last 1000 years - *but you wouldn't want it!*



* MAZDA—*the mark of a research service.*

WHY? Because what you want most from a lamp is *light.* A lamp made to last 1000 years would give so little illumination that it would require a large number of them to equal the light from *only one* standard lamp...and the cost of current, of course, would be multiplied many times.

You *could* put solid rubber tires on your car. They would last longer than pneumatics, but you wouldn't want to. You seek comfort and pleasure in driving. You have some respect for your car, too!

You *could* wear solid iron shoes. They might last you a lifetime, but you wouldn't wear them. You seek comfort in shoes, as well as wearability.

So it is with lamps. You want the lamp that will give you the *best of soft light;* the lamp that *will last long* and at the same time be *economical* to operate. Exactly these advantages are offered in Edison MAZDA Lamps. You may be sure that you will get a full cent's value in light and service for each cent you invest in MAZDA Lamps. They give the most light for the least money.

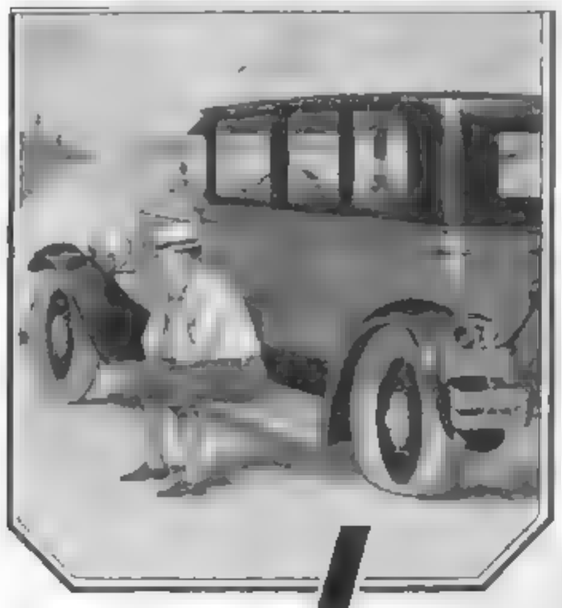
Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievements of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

Specify Edison MAZDA Lamps and for convenience' sake.... *buy them by the carton.*

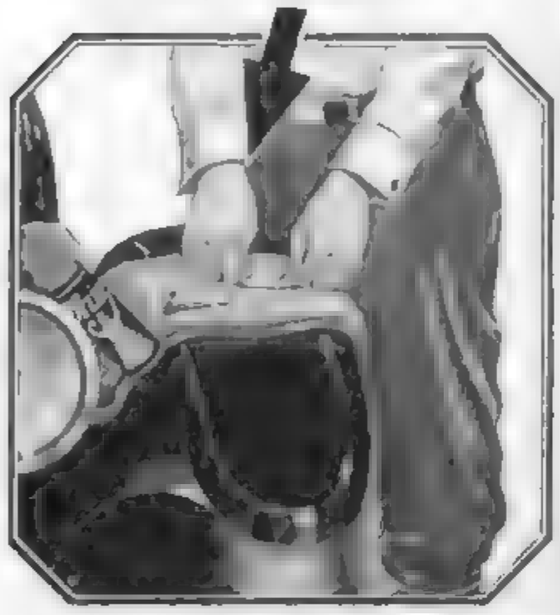
EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Why be caught like this~



when you can do this?



Another flat tire, and your spare already in use—don't get caught that way miles away from a garage or service station! Carry a

Whiz
ALL RUBBER
PATCH OUTFIT

It contains everything you need to make a quick and permanent repair. Extra heavy white rubber, cement, metal buffer and complete instructions that anyone can follow. No heating, no tools, or mechanical skill necessary. Before you take another trip, get a ***Whiz All Rubber Patch Outfit*** from your dealer.

THE R.M.HOLLINGSHEAD CO.
Camden, N.J., U.S.A. Toronto, Canada

There's no Economy in a cheap inferior patch

Whiz Patch is Extra Heavy and Never Comes off

TWENTY-THREE

(Continued from Page 21)

had about enough himself. The interregnum had restored his thinking faculties, his breathing had become fairly normal again. A very pretty and tempting picture came into his mind that caused him to smile nervously but exultantly. He was dining out that night, going to the play afterward. The tempting picture grew clearer, his eyes shone in pleased anticipation.

"Cash, please," said he politely, shoving forward the last remaining blue stacks, which he figured would be exactly two hundred and forty-five dollars.

"Certainly, Mr. W," replied the impressive person, and then to the few others who waited to be paid off: "All ready; no hurry. Just in a minute, gentlemen"

With a ponderous importance, as if all adjustments were now to his complete satisfaction, he took up the little ball between his thumb and forefinger and assumed the position back of the wheel; then he looked at Peter with an encouraging and almost paternal understanding.

"All set?" he asked.

"Cash, please," repeated Peter.

"Certainly, certainly," said the ex-faro dealer unperturbed. "Pay Mr. W." With that he started the wheel. "Whir—whir" went the ball.

Peter did not bet, he did not even watch the roll; he was trying to figure out how much he'd won. He had several five hundred dollar bills, one for a thousand—part payment for the time he had caught the number, the color and the column—and, as near as he could guess, he had more than eight thousand dollars. Yes, considerably over! The tempting picture grew still plainer, his smile more pronounced.

They paid him for his two stacks in twelve crisp twenties and a five; he had hardly room for them in his pockets, so he placed them compactly in his bill fold. He was still very elated but very calm. Moreover, he felt tired and hungry—not sleepy in the least. He had always longed for a real big experience, an honest, downright adventure. Now he had had one. He wondered if anyone would still be up at his club. He'd pop in there on the way home; he wanted to talk to somebody.

As he reached the door to go downstairs the gray-haired man suddenly joined him.

"Better have some supper," he suggested pleasantly, with an almost overgenial smile. The touch he lightly laid on Peter's arm was fairly brotherly. "I do hope you'll allow me to extend some hospitality. Of course you will." Without waiting for an answer, he continued, turning to the waiter: "Charles, bring in a couple of cold birds and a bottle of my special Pol Roger." Now to Peter again, invitation in his eyes: "You've had a good evening, Mr. W. I congratulate you. Give me this chance to get even. Don't say no, now! You mustn't say no!"

Peter was always polite; it ran in his family to be so; it belonged to his particular cult. He had been brought up on the inherited knowledge of the unwritten rules; he would never willingly offend anybody.

"It's very kind of you," he replied, "but ——"

The slight pressure on his arm and the renewed smile conveyed the idea that it was nothing at all that was being offered—simply the usual courtesy.

"Columbia played a great game last Saturday," remarked his would-be host casually. "You there?"

"Yes, sir." The respectful title had slipped in unconsciously. "Graduated last year." What a good, kindly old sport this was!

"Won five thousand on that game. I take a great interest in amateur sports," boasted the big man. "Got a nephew who's the best halfback at Purdue. Going to name a race horse after him. I'll show you his photo."

As they stood there several men went by them—ordinary race-track or prize-fighting looking individuals for the most part—no one was left at the table, for men, like children, seem to tire of a game simultaneously. Among those departing was the Lizard. As he went down the stairs with the others he looked back; trying to catch Peter's eye, he appeared to signal him with his hand.

"Know that young fellow just went out?" asked the gray-haired gentleman.

"No"—Peter was feeling very much at ease—"and he doesn't know me. Just ran across him somewhere."

"Thought so. He was never to college." The speaker stopped, breaking off suddenly. "If you got any friends here with you, just ask them to join us," he added, giving Peter's face a keen, searching glance. "If not, be glad to meet 'em any time. We make special arrangements if any ladies are coming they're welcome. You might make up a private party some evening."

"I came here all alone tonight," replied Peter. "Don't know a soul in the place." It was all very disarming, this expansive and courteous invitation. Peter warmed a little and returned the smile. "I don't go round very much," he concluded.

"You young boys got to be careful who you meet up with, specially at the race track nowadays. You've got to mind your step," advised his host, who seemed to be much relieved at something. "Come into my private—er—room. You'll feel all the better for a bite and a glass of wine. Then I'll send you home in my car. You've got to come again and bring your friends next time. Much more enjoyable."

Peter felt entirely assured that everything was just as it should be. His own Uncle Peter, in his apartment on Park Avenue, could never have been more earnest in advice or more solicitous in his hospitality. The response to the continued pressure on his arm was a stiffening of Peter's small biceps.

"Sure will." He smiled again to the repeated invitation. But to be honest, this was said with a mental reservation. After such a run of luck, he had made up his mind that, as he was going to hand back his lucky piece to his uncle, he had better not let the bug get him. Peter, although naturally unsuspicious, really had a level head and keen perceptions.

"Here we are, Mr. W." His new "old friend," with a ceremonious flourish, conducted him down the narrow hall past the entrance to the stairs. "Walk right in," he invited, pushing open a heavy door.

The room into which he was ushered was not very large; the furnishings crowded both the floor space and the walls. A cheap roll-top desk—companion to the one in the large front room—was on the right; next to it was a small portable iron safe and a large brass spittoon. There were a couple of plush-covered easy-chairs and six other chairs pushed close to a baize-topped poker table. A tall wardrobe-looking affair stood between the windows that were hidden by heavy velvet curtains. A battered bureau occupied a corner and a stained marble-topped washstand was set into the wall. Badly done copies of oil paintings in very heavy gilt frames hung everywhere and a dusty pile of them reclined against the far end of the table.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," waved his host as he pushed forward one of the plush chairs. "Have a cigar!" As he extended his case he beamed pleasantly. "By the way, ever go to the races, Mr. W? For a long time I had an interest in a big stable. Must have heard of us—Spottswood and Kearney. I was the junior member. We owned a lot of good horses. Racing's my hobby. This business is just a side issue. Got a very nice little club up at Saratoga, though. Like to see you up there sometime, Mr. W. . . . Ah!"

The "Ah" that broke in on his genial volubility was occasioned by the entrance of the waiter in the starched jacket. He carried a little table on which were some sandwiches and two small brown objects. Under his arm he held a bottle wrapped in a napkin; two large champagne glasses clinked in his free hand. He put the table down in front of Peter and turned his back. The cork made a feeble pop as he loosened it. When he went out the waiter closed the door behind him; it clicked softly.

Mr. Kearney poured out a full glass and shoved it and the bottle over to Peter.

"Real old vintage wine, Mr. Williams." He had, all at once, dropped the abbreviation. "The kind your father used to drink. Can't get much of it nowadays—perhaps it's a kind of educated taste. Cheerio!"

"Aren't you going to have some?" asked Peter as he looked at the other glass.

"I wish I could—I wish I could." This was almost sighed. The deep voice took on a confidential tone: "I am one of those unhappy fellers who can't or, I should say, mustn't touch it. I could tell you a story about that." Peter started at the word "story"; it was just the way his uncle introduced a long-winded reminiscence. "For fifteen years I haven't touched a drop. I'm not like you, as can take it or leave it. I'm on a perpetual swear-off. But never mind me. Go ahead! Go right ahead! By the way, these are imported South American quail. Got a friend sends them up to me. Cheerio now!"

Peter took a little swallow and looked at the bottle as the big man put one of the brown objects on his plate. The bottle appeared rather aged; the champagne tasted a bit flat and corked.

"Good, ain't it?" The gaze that settled on Peter was full of apparent benevolence.

"I'm not much of a judge of wines," remarked the winner of the evening, taking another very small sip which he pretended to enjoy.

"Let me give you a bit of advice, young gentleman, though I don't think you need it. You're wise beyond your years and have—er—self-control. I can see that! Never drink while you are playing—or even before. Afterward, enjoy yourself—celebrate. Go as far as you like." Mr. Spottswood or Mr. Kearney—Peter did not know which—waved the leg of the South American quail at which he had been gnawing, directly at the more than half-filled glass.

The bird Peter had attacked with knife and fork was proving to be very tough and dry, but politeness ruled him. How nice of anyone who had lost so much money to be so cheerful over it and to give him such good advice! The confession of his particular weakness, too, seemed very confidential and ingenuous—quite pathetic in a way. Urged by a further gesture of invitation, Peter raised his wine and took another small sip, hiding the glass in his hand.

The race-track man, in a low voice, had now begun a tale about a young man of good family who had lost more than he could afford at Saratoga. It was a long, rambling sort of recital; into it entered the speaker's generosity to the young man, who wanted to win so that he could propose to a girl with a lot of money.

"I could tell you his name," he ended at last, speaking very softly, but looking at his guest much like a disgruntled doctor making a mental diagnosis of an unwelcome patient.

"Oh, I wouldn't ask you to do that. You were going to show me a photograph of your nephew," Peter rejoined, lifting his eyes and feeling it was up to him to contribute some of the conversation. The live interest expressed in his tone was entirely affected, but he did it very well. His making believe to sip the wine had been done very well too.

"Of the horse I'm going to name after him," corrected the former stable owner after a puzzled silence. "Got it right here in my desk." He rose ponderously and, as he did so, picked up the bottle and filled Peter's glass to the brim. "Don't neglect

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"I could Have Kissed That Wolverine"

A story for the forty million people who will answer the call of the open road this year

DOWN in Western New Mexico, where you can still hear the measured boom of Indian drums stealing across the desert, Dr. Richard Pousma watches over the health of far-flung Indian tribes as a medical missionary.

Dr. Pousma makes his calls by automobile. He has written some of his motoring experiences to a friend in the North. With his kind permission, we reprint a few extracts in the belief that the tests to which he has put his Reo Wolverine will interest the millions who are looking for a motor car that will take them wherever the trail may lead, swiftly, fearlessly, tirelessly, surely, and economically.

"One day I was responding to the call of a sick Indian," writes Dr. Pousma. "The rainy season was just about over. It gave me a rather unpleasant feeling when we started out on our reservation road and I noted that my Wolverine was the first auto to make the trip since the rains. Before very long, we came to a sand arroyo—a dried-up stream bed cut deep into the sand of the desert floor. We had to cross. I thought I could make it and started down the near bank full speed in low. But just before we reached the top of the opposite bank, the wheels started spinning in the sand . . . An Indian came along with a couple of Navaho ponies, but they were not strong enough to help us.

Right up the side of an arroyo

"We could not back up and we could not go ahead. There was only one thing to do and that was to get back into the bottom of the arroyo, get a flying start, and try to slant up one embankment. It was a risky thing to do, as the grade was sharp and failure might very well mean that the car would topple over. However, we were ready to try anything. I got the motor humming nicely and let her go. She raced along the bottom of that arroyo for a short distance and then zoomed up that embankment as nice as could be. I could have kissed the Wolverine for responding in that fashion."

On another trip, Dr. Pousma writes that the routes they had planned to take were all blocked by many feet of snow, "but we were told there was a possibility of getting through over the Jerome route. They said that very few people were foolish enough to travel this route at this time of year, but that the mail stage was coming through each day. We felt that if the mail stage could make it, the Wolverine could too. Everything went lovely until we came near the summit of the Tonto Range. There the mud became so thick we had to put on chains, and a little farther we hit deep snow. We met the mail coach with the gearing in the rear end torn to pieces and unable to proceed. It was an awful job getting past him through the snow and mud. But the Wolverine's driving wheels never failed to turn when called upon . . . We met only three machines on all this stretch, and all were stalled. But the Wolverine kept plugging on.

Through rivers and quicksand

"Twenty miles farther along, we were confronted with a mountain stream fully a hundred feet wide, and no bridge to cross it. There was a fording place, but we had been warned that there might be so much water from the melting snows that we could not get across. Gingerly, we started. In the middle of the stream, the motor stopped. Not so good—in the wild Arizona country, at sundown, and with two women and a baby in the car! The water was running over our running board and over the pan of the engine. I got out and waded around to get an idea as to the best route to get out of the river. The discovery of quicksand added to my discomfort. We decided that water splashing into the carburetor had stopped the motor, and that we would try once more. I stepped on the starter again, and after a little while she began to purr; and I want to tell you right now that I don't know when any music sounded sweeter to me than that moment when I heard the engine responding to the throttle. We continued and got out in fine shape."

Dr. Pousma's motoring is not all confined to struggles through the worst that desert and mountain can offer. Early in the winter, he took a trip to California and back, and found that for speed and ease in city traffic, his Wolverine was just as dependable as it was on a mountain grade.

Real speed on desert roads

"The second day we were out, we made a rigorous test of the speed, stamina, and comfort of the Wolverine. We left Flagstaff, Arizona, at 7:20 A. M., and arrived at San Bernardino, California, a distance of 480 miles, at 10:30 that evening. Several stops were made en route for lunching and sightseeing. This was not a boulevard trip either. I don't think there were more than 75 miles of pavement on the entire journey. Most of the trip was over desert roads . . . tore along forty-five and fifty miles an hour over the stony roads . . . across a mountain range, but the Wolverine was fit as a fiddle and never faltered, ran clear to the summit in high gear.

A city car too

"In Los Angeles, we had to cross the city several times. If you have ever been to Los Angeles, you know that automobiles are thicker in that city than fleas on an Indian pup's back, and you've got to watch every opportunity for shooting ahead. Right then the Wolverine showed itself to be a city car as well as a mud bucker. She was not only quick on the get-away but we dared to travel along at considerable speed because we had complete confidence in those four-wheel hydraulic brakes.

"If you have a friend who wants a car for the busy city, and wants to make rapid progress safely, tell him to get a Wolverine. If he wants to use it for hard country riding, tell him to get a Wolverine. If he is rich and wants comfort and reliability, or if he is poor and wants sturdiness and economy, tell him to get a Wolverine."

The Doctor seems to have said it all.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Mich.

—REO WOLVERINE—

"All the day through"

YOU'LL always find P. A. and me together, following the sun around. But we differ from the fellow in the song. We're *never* blue! No, *Sir!* P. A. and I joined hands when linen dusters were standard equipment for the Sunday drive. I'm still broadcasting my prescription for pipe-joy.

I like to lift the hatch on a tidy red tin and treat my detector to that Prince Albert aroma. Then I light up. . . . Cool as the click of a taxi-meter. Sweet as the words: "This ride's on *me.*" Mild and long-burning, with a rich, full-bodied flavor that's just great!

From the first pull after the bacon-and-coffee till the house-slipper kick-off at the end of the day, P. A. hands me plenty of silver-lined smoke-clouds. No matter what your present program, pour some of the National Joy Smoke into your pipe. Then you'll know I'm not just talking words.

This tin contains TWO full ounces of jimmy-pipe joy.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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your champagne," he laughed encouragingly. "No heel taps now, as we used to say in the old days. Down she goes!"

The roll-top desk seemed a little hard to lift. The big man turned his head away slightly. That was the reason he did not see Peter pour the wine, swiftly and noiselessly, into the tall brass receptacle at his knee. When he did look he was pleased to observe that the winner of the evening had his head back, the empty glass to his lips. It apparently took some searching—two or three minutes; perhaps more—to find what the big man was looking for, but at last he extracted a photograph and brushed it off with his sleeve, taking his time over it.

"This little horse won a pile of money." He paused, cast a furtive, frowning glance in Peter's direction, and continued, half murmuring: "His color is chestnut red; really you could call it red. Photo doesn't do him justice. No. No." He apparently was studying the picture as if he had never seen it before. "Doesn't do him justice at all." The big man mumbled something more. The truth was he was swearing volubly under his breath.

Peter extended his hand. Mr. Kearney—he had decided that Kearney was his name—now sat down very slowly and quietly opposite him. As he handed over the faded print he looked directly and searchingly at Peter's eyes. His expression conveyed a certain perplexity, if not exasperation. Peter saw a horse with a jockey on his back, a garland of flowers round his neck, and someone holding the horse's bridle.

"That's me," said his host gruffly, pointing with a crooked forefinger—"that's me about to lead him out." As he slowly spoke he filled Peter's glass again. There was quite a long pause. "Now I'll tell you who my nephew is—my sister's son, you know—my—er—my youngest sister." He leaned forward and softly whispered the name of one of the most famous halfbacks in the country, and then, continuing the forced whisper insinuatingly: "You'll drink his health, like a good sport. Wish I could join you. Here goes now!" He lifted Peter's drink and held it out to him.

Peter was getting bored. It was news to him that this particular football player had ever been to Purdue. In accepting the hospitality of the house and staying as long as he had, he felt he had done as much as politeness required. In sampling the corked champagne and tackling the South American quail he had done more. Mr. Kearney was getting on his nerves; he'd had enough of him. As he took the extended glass it was on the tip of his tongue to express his thanks and urge his own departure. Just then there came a knocking on the door. It was the kind of knocking that is made with the back of a person's finger nails. Mr. Kearney scowled. The light tattoo persisted; the big man rose.

"Well, how goes it?" someone whispered huskily into the room. "All right?"

"Fine," replied the proprietor of the house heartily, but in a low, confidential tone. Then, as if to explain the hoarse whisper, he went on: "You'd better take something for that cold of yours. Mr. W is going to leave in a few minutes. Going to send him home in the car. John come?" Something like Saint Vitus' dance was affecting Mr. Kearney's left eye.

"Guess he's detained," replied the hoarse voice more loudly. "I'll go and see" However, the speaker still lingered. Mr. Kearney stepped out into the hall, half closing the door; more whispering followed.

While all this was going on, Peter poured the wine into the spittoon again; he wondered if they had heard him.

"I'd just proposed a toast," began the unctuous, oily voice with the ponderous smile back in it again, "and ——" Mr. Kearney, standing with his hand on the door knob, looked over his shoulder into the room.

"I drank it all alone," interrupted Peter, waving the large empty glass by the stem; "and now I think I'll ——" He was about to rise when he felt two heavy hands on his shoulders.

"You sit here and make yourself at home. I'll come back in a moment. Please allow me the honor of taking you down to the door myself. Just rest easy—only a second—back right away." In his effort to be easy and reassuring, Mr. Kearney had introduced an almost soporific note into his lower register: "Back right away."

There was the sound of another whisper and the door closed. Peter thought that he distinctly heard a click this time, but it didn't mean much to him just then. He didn't wish to appear ungrateful, but he drew a half-irritated, impatient breath and poured the whole bottle into the brass receptacle. That settled that! He wanted to go home, he wanted to go to bed, he wanted to count his money and get it into the bank as soon as possible. Such a sum opened up actual vistas of imagination that he never thought he could indulge in except in dreams. He had nothing to worry about now. Florida or perhaps Europe this coming winter if he could get off, a little car, or a small motorboat of his own—oh, lots of things.

He'd tell Sylvia, of course—he usually told her everything. He'd tell her at dinner that very evening; he generally sat next to her. She—well, that opened up another line of thought. His heart beat faster. There came in the tempting, alluring picture and certain other heretofore impossibilities. But coming down to the concrete, bed seemed to tempt him most. He didn't feel very well; there was a taste in his mouth that reminded him of the time when a dentist had filled an aching tooth with something on cotton to stop the pain. There was a numb yet tingling feeling at his elbows and little fingers; his lips were stiff and his eyelids heavy. Too much nerve strain probably. When he got to his room he would call up his office—Peter was in a broker's office—and tell them he couldn't get there today—indigestion, cold, or something. . . . Oh, you nice little bed! His head nodded.

Then suddenly he remembered that, besides having to go out to dinner and to the play that night, he was to lunch with his Uncle Peter at his apartments at one o'clock. Well, he could make it. A walk in the open air and he probably would feel better. Never mind about that car. Most likely, if he found he didn't care to walk, he could pick up a taxi on Columbus Avenue. Anyhow, the big evening—or the big morning, to be more exact—was over. His head nodded again. Peter, with a start and a gasp, looked at his watch.

His insistent old bore of a host was taking his time about returning. Throwing off the feeling of drowsiness, Peter attempted to rise and fell back, then he slowly pushed himself to his feet. He felt somewhat perturbed and very uncomfortable.

Hullo! What was the matter with him? If he had not grasped the back of the chair he would have gone forward on his face. Peter had been something of a lightweight boxer in college; it was just as if he had received a hard one on the button—the point of his jaw. He shook his head; that cleared it a little. But something was all wrong. Instinctively he started, or better, lurched toward the door and grasped the brass knob; it refused to open.

There was no mistaking the sudden fact revealed to him—he was locked in!

Up his spine came welling a succession of nasty little shivers; he tried to stop them. He knew that he must not give way to the temptation to sit down again and that it was up to him to keep cool and think it out. The taste in his mouth and the smell of the room began to tell him something. Then he had it. He had it! That wine was drugged—that was the matter with him. Of all the simple fools he was the worst! He ——

Steady now! Someone was coming down the hall.

Peter backed away just as the door opened suddenly. Three figures stood there—Mr. Kearney, the pale-faced, heavy-jowled person, and the broad-shouldered man who had worn the green shade. At first no one said anything, then Mr. Kearney spoke up.

"Well," he exclaimed, and his astonishment seemed genuine. "Didn't know but what you'd gone to sleep on me. Sorry I've been so long, Mr. W."

"I—I think I'll go home," faltered Peter, drawing a breath. "Never mind about the car or anything. I'll walk. Just let me go. Not feeling very well."

As he spoke he stepped out into the hall; his legs felt queer, his feet seemed to have gone asleep. Standing aside, they made way for him; he noticed that the only light seemed to be coming from the large room and that was not very bright. With one hand feeling along the wall, he passed ahead of them toward the stairs, then he heard whispering behind him and the words: "No, no, no," pronounced harshly.

All the lights were out on the lower floor; down there it was pitch dark. There came a heavy grasp on his elbow and Mr. Kearney joined him. The other two were close at his heels.

"Come in here," muttered the proprietor, turning him into the gaming room. "There's something I've got to tell you."

As he was being urged forward, Peter noticed another figure leaning against the stair rail. In the dim light he made it out to be that of the big negro doorkeeper. He did not have on his white jacket; he was clad in a sweater and held a cap in his hand. On the banister beside him were Peter's own overcoat and hat. From the pit of his stomach up his spine to the back of his ears came the curious sensations, much stronger than before—waves of them—growing, growing. Fear—breath-stopping fear!

The gray-haired man spoke on very gruffly, hauling Peter very close to him: "This place is—is being watched. There's three bulls—cops—down in front. One of them's looking through the window." The only things that the cop could have seen, even with the lights turned up, would have been a center table and a bedraggled sofa, but that didn't make any difference. "We can't let you go out," growled the big gambler—"not just now. We're lying low! Do you get me?" His face was scowling; his grasp tightened as he finished.

Peter got him plainly enough. They did not intend to let him go. No, not alive and with all that money on him. Never in the world! Cold shivers went over him again from head to foot. It was all horrible, devilishly unbelievable.

Mr. Kearney, as he ended speaking, gave a sign with his head to the two others; they pulled the cloth covering off the roulette table. The heavy-jowled man picked out the little ball and gave the wheel a spin. He did it just as if he wanted to make sure the thing would work. Mr. Kearney passed his free hand over Peter's hips and the back of his coat; then he released the hold on his arm.

Peter's eyelids were quivering; his lips and tongue were stiff; he could not have formed a word. His hands felt numb; his knees were shaking. Were they going to give him a chance? Or were they just holding him there until ——

The big man touched his shoulder and pointed toward the table.

"Twenty-three! Your favorite number, Mr. W," declared the night-bleached one.

"Fi—five hundred on the black," faltered Peter thickly at last, gathering himself together; and trying to put his hand in his trousers pocket.

"Five hundred black," repeated Heavy Jowl and spun the wheel.

It was red.

"Never mind any chips or money. Just bet the finger, Mr. W. You trust us, we trust you."

The race-track man had dropped his scowl and had grown almost genial again. A long ivory counter was placed on the wooden rim that inclosed the numbered circle—that was a mere empty formality.

In three rolls Peter lost fifteen hundred dollars. The spins were very short each

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Touch and go...

A Swan Pen goes into action the instant point touches paper. So sensitive are nib and feed that it answers to the slightest pressure. Try this pen. Feel its smooth response. Know how faultless pen performance *can* be, in a perfect instrument beautifully fashioned by jewelry craftsmen. Full man-sized pen $5. Largest size $7. Unconditionally guaranteed. Mabie Todd & Co. (*Makers of fine pens since* 1843), 243 W. 17th St., New York; 209 S. State St., Chicago.

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How Screen Stars *Emphasize* Shapeliness

by wearing a certain type of hosiery

JOAN CRAWFORD

chooses this exquisitely feminine all-silk hose with this smart Allen-A Heel*

Those marvelously shaped legs of Joan Crawford's. Acknowledged the most perfect in all movie-dom. If you knew the infinite pains taken in the selection of *her* hosiery you would never again treat the selection of *yours* lightly.

For movie stars and directors have discovered that shapeliness of ankle and leg is due, in no small way, to hosiery. That by wearing a certain type hose it is possible to make legs less perfectly formed than Joan Crawford's actually appear graceful and appealing.

To emphasize the symmetry of her legs Miss Crawford chooses this new Allen-A Heel style.* A most exquisite creation of sheer chiffon silk from top to toe. Full-fashioned to mold closely to ankle and knee, thus enhancing the natural curve.

The new Allen-A Heel, which tapers to a point above the slipper, gives an alluring slenderness to the ankle never before attained. It also reinforces the heel.

And to assure long service the *silken* foot is further reinforced by an extra narrow sole and special side and top toe guards of fine lisle. Invisible even when worn with "cut-out" slippers

You will find this lovely Allen-A creation at your dealer's in all of the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3715. Only $1.95 the pair. If your dealer does not carry this style simply send us his name—a postcard will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

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Hosiery
for men, women and children

Scene from "West Point," new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release, featuring Joan Crawford

**The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores—are now available at Allen-A dealers' everywhere. Priced from $1.50 to $3 the pair.*

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time; hardly more than a dozen revolutions. Everyone seemed most interested and apparently most sympathetic, but Peter thought he detected sarcasm in their voices. They were jeering at him! He had bet on the black the last roll.

"Just popped out of Thirty-two," observed Mr. Kearney, yawning. "That's hard luck. You'd have won."

A wild idea came to Peter's badly jolted mind that maybe he might be mistaken—that, perhaps, this frightful nightmare that he seemed to be moving in was all his imagination. He was still cold down his spine, still shaky, and had not taken his eyes off the board; never watching the wheel itself.

"I—I can't beat it. I'll quit," he mumbled, endeavoring to be casual. With a great effort he tried to force a smile.

"Those bulls still out there?" asked Mr. Kearney without turning.

"Still thar yet," replied the colored man from the hall; he had never moved.

"He's not the kind of a sport to quit now," sneered the man from whose spinning Peter had made his first winnings. He had started chewing a very strong, mint-scented gum. "Once again, Mr. W. All set?" The smile he essayed was a worse failure than Peter's. It had a leer in it. He almost breathed in Peter's face.

Mr. Kearney pulled up a stool. "Sit down—sit down," he said shortly. "You'll be more comfortable. Now I'll tell you what," he vaunted; "I seldom do it, but I'll raise the limit for you. One thousand. Eh, what? One or two wins and you make a killing—a sure killing."

He had to play and he had to lose. It was all true; the nightmare was real! He didn't like that last repeated word either. But they were giving him a chance; he must not show the white feather. Which proved that, for all the terror that held him, Peter had his nerve with him. He was not given to ejaculatory prayer. If he had been he would have breathed a fervent one that bad luck would attend him and that it would come quickly, or that, if there were any cops outside, they would immediately break in. Nothing in the world, under some circumstances, is so welcome a sight as blue coats and brass buttons.

Mr. Kearney had put both forearms familiarly on the lone player's shoulders, leaning rather heavily against him. There was something hard under his coat, just below his left armpit. Peter could feel it; he did not have to guess what it was.

"One thousand on, on the—er—er—red," he pronounced.

It didn't matter; they could make it any color, any part of the board they liked. How had he ever beaten it before? His forehead and the backs of his hands were damp. Would he ever hear that door downstairs close behind him? He was tempted to hand out all the money at once, but then he concluded that would never do.

"Single O and the green."

They put up another counter; it had a lot of ciphers on it. The ball never started now until Peter had made his choice. He made it simply by pointing. One quick spin after another and the debits mounted against him swiftly. Would they take his lucky piece? Would they compel him to sign checks and hold him until they cashed them?

"Wait a minute, Mr. W. Wait a minute now. Just wait."

Mr. Kearney, releasing his detaining grasp, walked over to the hall entrance and whispered something. The colored man looked over the banisters and almost immediately looked back.

"Them bulls has done gone," he stated, as if speaking by rote.

Mr. Kearney repeated the words back into the room, just as the negro had pronounced them. There were no policemen there; there never had been. It was as much as if he had said so!

"That's good," smiled the gum-chewing gambler very broadly—"that's good!" Then he added, "Clear track, Mr. W. . . . Want to play any more? We'll stay as long as you will."

Peter shook his tired aching head and said nothing. He repressed a half shudder. Now what?

"Well, let's see how we stand," grunted Heavy Jowl.

They counted the crumpled bills for him as he pulled them out of his pockets; straightening them in neat piles on the table. It took not only a little time but it took the last greenback in his bill fold to meet the exact accounting. At all events, they seemed satisfied. The sum was more than he had thought.

When this was done and over with, Peter was helped into his coat by someone. The big colored man went down and opened the door with a sliding of bolts and a clatter of chains; he did not say a word.

"Come again, Mr. W.!" called Mr. Kearney over the banisters. He had not done his guest the promised honor of coming to the door; very unsteadily he had swayed himself down alone. He was free!

Rather wabbly as to his legs, his heart pounding like a square wheel on a trolley, Peter stood on the steps in the cold early light. Very slowly he took four or five long breaths of the fresh crisp air before daring to descend. Words could not have expressed his mingled emotions. Almost dominating the sensations of relief and thankfulness at his escape from that awful hell was a feeling of bitter anger. That he would have liked to hurl a bomb through that second-story window with the drawn shades goes without saying. But his anger was not all against those miserable, slimy, smooth-spoken gunmen, murderous figures of his living nightmare; it was against himself also.

He certainly was the original E. Z. Mark! As a first-class saphead he was the cat's silk tights! Why hadn't he left when he had first started to go? No, why hadn't he left when he started the second time? They would never have dared to hold him up in the crowd. Just too blinking polite—that was it! More than nine thousand dollars in his pockets at one time and now he had—or had he? Yes, he had his lucky twenty-dollar gold piece and not another penny.

By this time he had reached the sidewalk; he would have to walk home. Across the street opposite an empty building stood a small sedan. It was rusty, needed paint and had a New Jersey license number half hidden in splattered mud.

On the front seat was an unshaven, jailbird-looking person fast asleep. That was the car perhaps—the car from which, if he had drunk any more of that vile stuff, they might have thrown him an unconscious, or perhaps a —— Peter gave a shudder; he had read about such things. Less than an hour ago he had been sitting in that little room with the locked door, waiting. Waiting for what? A chill came over him, his anger disappeared.

Swinging round he started somewhat unsteadily toward the avenue. No, he would never tell a soul of the doings of this night—not even Sylvia. If anyone had ever been concerned about Peter's getting the bug, that was over with; he was cured. But gone were the wonderful dreams, gone the beautiful picture, impossible as ever were the heretofore impossibilities.

"Bunny Rabbit," said Sylvia, "I wish I had sat next to you at dinner last night."

"So do I," replied Peter. "Haven't I told you that you ought to sit next to me as often as possible? It was your aunt's party! Where was your fine Italian hand?"

There was no reply to this. They were sitting next to each other now in a Subway train, bound uptown. Sylvia was one of those sensible, young-fellow-my-lad girls that would rather use the Subway and arrive home in time to dress, than sit alone in her family limousine in the Fifth Avenue jam and always be late or in a hurry. If she wasn't alone—why, that was a different matter—but then, it all depended. Peter this time had got on the same train and into the same car by accident, which seemed

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Underwear

not to be unpleasant all round, as accidents go. Their surprised greetings had shown that. It was just luck.

"You went to sleep and squeaked," accused Sylvia after a short pause, going back to her opening remark. "I would have pinched you."

"Bored, I suppose. If you'd been there by me I'd have kept awake all right. You can't keep on guessing in your sleep."

"At the theater afterward, when you didn't have the good fortune to sit next to me ——"

"That's truth, but conceited," put in Peter. "Go on."

"—— you went to sleep again and you looked like the very devil."

"I didn't go to sleep there," objected Peter. "I just closed my eyes. It was the second time I'd seen that crook play and it's all wrong. A crook's a crook all the time. No one should be polite to 'em or trust 'em. Heroes! You can't make a hero of a gambler. There isn't such a thing as a decent or an honest one. They're murderers and knockout men and they never play a straight game. They're dan ——"

"Bunny," whispered the girl, "you've got hold of my shoulder and this is a Subway."

"I kept my voice down," defended Peter. "The car isn't crowded."

"No," returned Sylvia, "but the look on your face. Do it for me when we get home, but not here. Why, my Peter Bunny Rabbit!" The glance she gave him conveyed real admiration, besides abundant surprise.

Peter, with one fist clutched in the other, had subsided. At the next station a crowd began to get on.

"See your uncle lately?" asked Sylvia, breaking the silence again, though she liked Peter's scowl very much.

"Saw him yesterday—my birthday. What's your idea in bringing that up?"

"Forgive me for forgetting it and the usual flowers, that's all. Oh," she gasped suddenly, "your gold lucky piece! Had you lost it?"

"All but," replied Peter. "Thank the Lord I hadn't! He's a sweet old thing, my uncle. He was mighty nice to me; his concern's making a lot of money. . . . Been a gay one in the long ago, dear old bozo. Still loves to dance."

Peter's uncle was just coming fifty-three and he considered the present social world as very much of his oyster yet. But *"O tempora! O mores!"* as he might have said himself, being given to trite Latin.

"He's very good looking and dances very well. But did he ——" The slim, bob-haired, boyish girl with the long, beautiful silk-clad supports rubbed thumb and forefinger together—which suggests exactly what she meant when she added: "How about the berries?"

"Oh, he gave me the reward of merit—his check for the two hundred—and—er—well, something more."

"How about the story? Was it long?"

"Of course it was long. Don't remember much about it. I went to sleep on him there. I'm afraid—my back was to the light. I was feeling rather feeble—been up a bit late."

"Much as you remember now—forget strange interlude—come across!"

"Well, he'd won it out West at roulette in a place called Hop-Toad, or Bullfrog, or something, away back in the 90's. Then he'd matched himself with it to see if he'd buy in on a silver mine or not. It came heads and he cleaned up a million. Then he quit gambling forever. I told him I'd quit, too, except ——"

"Except what?"

"Except when the presence of ladies makes it highly respectable—half a cent a point and all that. I don't want to be a wet smack."

"That lets us in at Monte Carlo, Bunny."

Peter's eyes caught hers—were they laughing at him? It gave him another guess. Sylvia nudged him.

"Get up and give this lady your seat," she whispered. "Be a little gentleman."

"Didn't see her." Peter rose and an elderly and rather tired shopper wedged herself, with a nod of thanks, into the end seat. Peter took hold of the white handle over his head.

After a while more people got on, for they were at another station. Peter had been going over in his mind the doings of the early morning of the day before. He was scowling again. Nine thousand dollars! Well, that was his secret. Nobody was going to call him the names he was calling himself. Nine thousand dollars!

"Did you get away with it, Mr. W?"

The low-spoken question gave Peter a start. He turned and looked into the narrow eyes of the Lizard; he was next to him, holding onto the end strap. Peter was inclined to be stiffish with intruding strangers, but the interest in those eyes and the suddenness of it all, clicking in with his thoughts, disarmed him. Sylvia was not looking.

"Not much," Peter replied in a low tone, gripping the metal support tighter.

"Don't mind my talkin' to you?"

No one could have told that the Lizard was talking at all; he pronounced his words out of the side of his mouth without moving his lips perceptibly.

"Certainly not," returned Peter, with an attempt to talk out of the side of his mouth also.

"Saw you leave." Peter looked at his sporting companion with wide-open eyes. "You were in awful bad, bo. You were lucky. That crowd was run out of Chicago. I was scared for you. I was over across the street in a doorway, doin' the lookout."

"Did they see you?" asked Peter. "Were there any cops there? They told me so."

"No. And nobody saw me, neither. That 'Bulls out in front' is an old racket! Not even the gazabo in that car saw me. Say, but that was a bad business! But he wouldn't have gone far in that car—that bird."

It was like talking to a ventriloquist. Sylvia still was not looking; she was intent on the tabloid sheet the elderly woman was holding.

"Why wouldn't he have gone far?" asked Peter—he had given a quick little shake to his shoulders.

"The air was let out of both his back tires." The Lizard gave a downward pull to his lips and quivered an eyelid. "I thought that maybe they'd give you the drops—they call it Peter, you know. Five or six good big swallows and you're out—dead to the world! That was the crookedest wheel ever spinned! It went on the fritz for a while—that's when you won them nine grand, Mr. Williams. Didn't you see me give you the come-along as I was goin' out?"

The use of his name had given the ex-winner a start at first. "It was mighty kind of you. What's your business, if I may ask?" he inquired softly. "I don't mean to be fresh, but you seem to know me."

The Lizard's two narrow eyes sought Bunny's face; it was a nice face, frank and undeceitful.

"I'm a spotter, if you're wise to what that means—a ——" He mentioned another name that Peter caught. "I called up headquarters as soon as I got out an' asked 'em to send up a couple strong-arms, but they was all out some place else with the axes that night. Nothin' doin'." He leaned a little closer. "Never go to them places alone, Mr Williams. . . . I got your name off them checks. . . . If you do, leave early. The last horse never wins . . . I'm gettin' off here. . . . Read this evening's papers. You'll get a real kick. They got what was comin' to 'em. So long'"

Peter nodded a farewell; then he looked down, expecting to see a pair of inquiring gray eyes. But something else he saw attracted his attention and his own blue ones grew wide and then wider.

Sylvia nudged him with one of her silken knees and said something, but he paid no attention. His gaze was fastened on the tabloid sheet that the woman in the corner was now holding on her lap. The heading ran: RAID ON HIGH-CLASS GAMBLING HELL NEAR COLUMBUS AVENUE. WELL-KNOWN CHICAGO CROOKS CAUGHT. And there were pictures!

"I was asking," repeated Sylvia, "who was your little friend. Funny-looking egg."

"He wasn't an egg," replied Peter. "He told me he was a pigeon."

This had Sylvia guessing for a minute. She looked up at him, perplexed. Peter was still fascinated by the tabloid and he was grinning. He would like to have seen that raid. Would like to have been there, for that matter. Being caught in a raid was more or less of a lark nowadays; they always let you go unless you were a waiter or a proprietor. Nine thousand dollars! Then Peter's face grew very sober; he drew a great, thankful sigh. He was alive and it had been a great adventure. But never again! Not for him!

"Bunny," whispered Sylvia, giving his coat a pull this time and beckoning him to bend down, "you need someone to look after you. Stop off at the apartment. Here's our station. . . . No use trying to hide it, you've got something to tell me, haven't you? Tell the truth like a good little rabbit."

"Yes," nodded Peter, "I have." Peter's uncle had offered to take him in as a junior partner next year; no reason why he shouldn't tell her that. And —— Well, it opened up certain big vistas. It might even —— He put his finger in the fob-watch pocket. The lucky piece was there, for his uncle had handed it back to him. It gave him a lot of courage. . . . Oh, you lucky piece, do your work!

Peter did not speak those words out loud, but they were in his thoughts as he took hold of Sylvia's arm to help her through the crowd. Her big gray eyes were glistening; she responded gently to the pressure of Peter's hand. He could feel her heart going as fast as his own.

Peter's Uncle Peter had finished dressing for dinner and had just given a very well-satisfied glance at his spruce figure in the glass when his telephone rang.

"Hello!" said he. Then he recognized Peter's voice. "Yes, I can hear you very plainly. What are you doing? . . . Yes, I can hear a faint tapping. What's this all about? . . . It's your lucky piece! . . . What do you mean? . . . Stand a little closer. What are you trying to say?"

Then he heard a musical laugh and another voice began to take up the conversation. But it's really better to listen to both ends of the line.

"This is Sylvia talking now."

"Why, hello, Sylvia! Peter up there?"

"Yes, he was knocking on the receiver with that gold piece you gave him. We're engaged!"

"Well, well, well! That's fine! I had always rather hoped that he —— My dear, I think he's the —— I told him it would bring him luck. You know, there's a story attached to that gold piece. . . . Oh, he has, has he? Well, well!"

"I think it's a perfectly wonderful story," thrilled Sylvia. "I'm glad you think he's lucky."

At this moment she and Peter were holding the shining double eagle together—that is, they both were holding it.

"I think you're a darling peach of an uncle," went on Sylvia, after a pause in which a sudden little laugh figured. "See you soon! Can you get this?"

There followed a sound often transmitted over the telephone.

Peter's uncle put down the receiver with a sigh of pleasure. Fortunate young scamp, that nephew of his. He had enterprise—that boy! Hadn't lost any time. But he could have told the story of the gold piece much better himself.

Perhaps Sylvia might not have thought the story so exciting as the one Peter told, nor would she have shivered while she listened. Well, there are all kinds of luck, and even the good may have a superlative degree.

Wasted—

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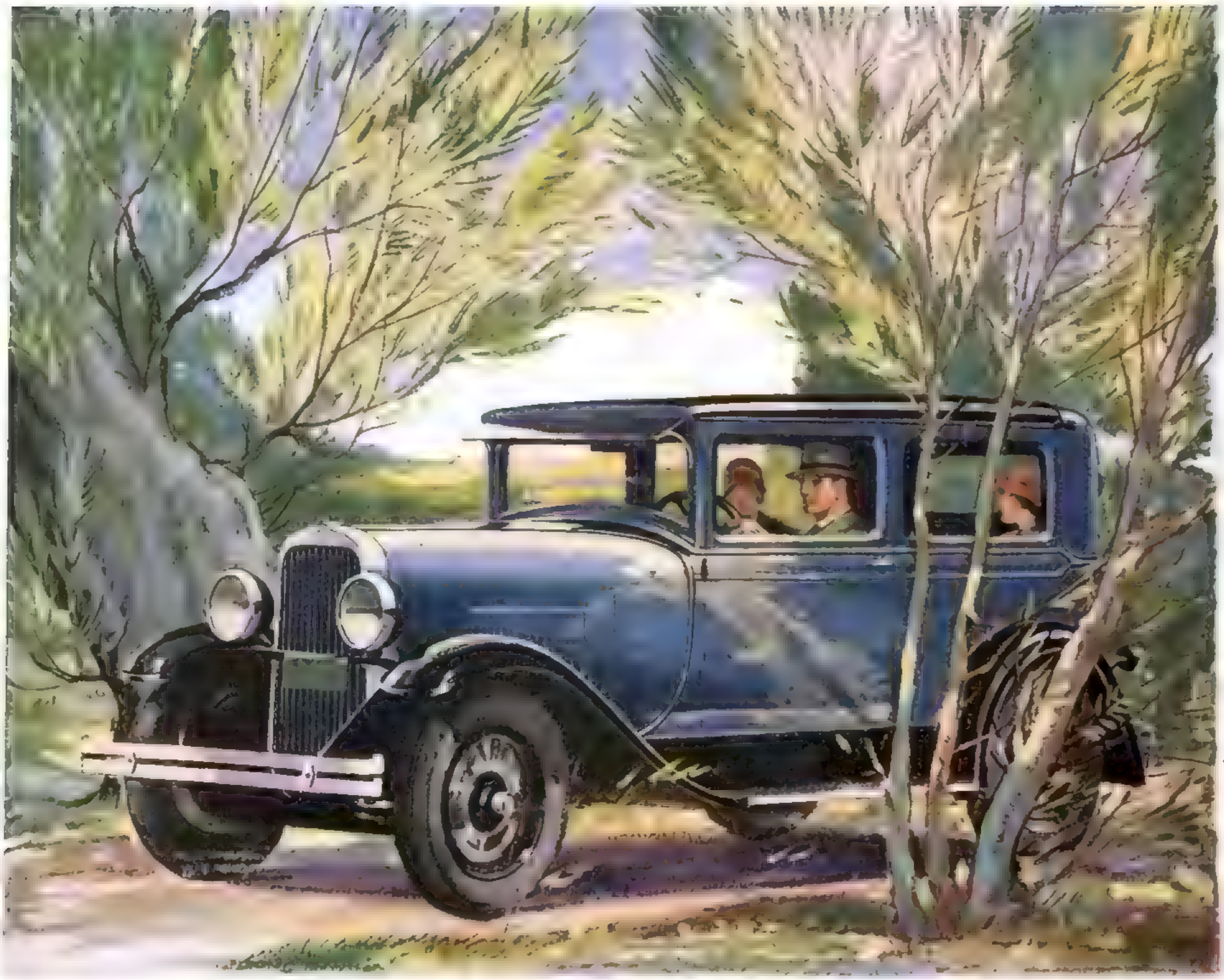

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$925

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SILVER BLONDE

(Continued from Page 7)

"I think lots of them are awfully pretty," she said.

"Not the kind you're used to, though."

The implication of superiority pleased Helen and she smiled again very mysteriously indeed.

"How did you happen to come to this dump, anyway?" Mr. Montgomery asked under the influence of the smile.

"One of the girls asked me."

"And you thought you'd like to do some slumming? That's the way with me too." Loyalty to Minnie kept Helen from agreeing orally. But she smiled, and again her smile was mysterious. "You can't fool me," Mr. Montgomery went on. "I know Park Avenue when I see it. How about a twitch?"

She saw that he was asking her to dance. He danced beautifully. She watched herself and him in the mirrors. He held her as though to do so were to be intrusted with some infinitely precious thing which only uncontrollable pride forced him to exhibit. Mr. Montgomery was observing their appearance too.

"Some difference between you and these square-built little Rachels," he said. "I'll bet you're the only one in the room who started out with gold hair. Or if they did, they monkeyed around with it so much that it might as well be peroxide from the roots."

Silver-blond Helen had been tempted recently to add just a tinge of copper to her locks. Maybe she wasn't glad now that she hadn't.

"And with dark eyes, too—brown pansy eyes. I'll bet you're just home from boarding school on a vacation."

"No."

"You haven't been hanging around very long, though."

"I'm old," she told him. She was, too—twenty-three.

"What do you do with yourself? Just have a good time?"

"What would I do?"

"I suppose there's nothing you can't do when your old man comes across with all the kale you want. But don't you ever get bored?"

"Why would I get bored?"

"I should think a girl would."

"Not me."

It was great fun. If only, when they stopped, Minnie Coffin weren't sure to come up and spoil everything!

"Operas once a week," Mr. Montgomery surmised, "and shows and dances and teas?"

"What is there in it?" Helen sighed.

"I thought you said you weren't bored."

"Not yet."

"What will you do when you are?"

"Get married, maybe."

"That'll be just the same thing."

"Not with the right man."

It would be still worse than having Minnie spill her secret, if he shouldn't find out till the end of the evening and should then see her in the terrible gray coat with synthetic cat collar and cuffs which she'd bought in Mumford.

"You're just the society type, I guess," he remarked.

It was the most beautiful picture anyone had ever had of her. How horrible that it should have to be spoiled.

"I suppose you think I'm terrible," she told him.

"Terrible like quail and champagne," he kidded.

The music stopped. "What do you say to a drink?" he asked, starting to guide her toward the punch bowl. Minnie Coffin stood beside it.

"No, thanks," Helen said. "I've got to be going."

"Why, it's not more than ten o'clock."

"I know it."

"Then why have you got to go?"

"I've been thinking that I ought to for quite a while."

"You're going to some other party."

"Maybe."

"Say, when will I see you again?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I've got to. Will you come to tea some place with me Sunday?"

She considered the proposition. "Yes," she agreed at last.

"Shall we make it the Plaza?"

"All right."

"Where shall I stop for you?"

"I'll meet you there." And then, in case he should think that was odd: "I don't have to be stopped for, and things. I'm modern."

"What time? About half-past four?"

"All right."

Then she had gone into the room where the girls had left their coats and cowered there. Minnie had come in looking for her.

"Say, Helen, what's the matter with you? I got worried."

"I've got a headache."

"Honest?"

"Honest."

"That Montgomery man didn't get fresh, did he?"

"No."

"They hadn't any business asking a stiff shirt like that. What does he want with a lot of working girls? Didn't he get fresh, really?"

"Not a bit."

"I thought maybe he had and you told him where to get off, and that was why he left."

"Did he leave?"

"Right after you danced together. You came in here and then he ran for his hat and coat so fast he almost knocked me down. I got scared maybe you were upset and crying. Why don't you come out and try some of the salad? Honest, it's elegant. It's veal, but it tastes just like chicken."

Helen Pegram was not tempted somehow. The luxury of Mr. Montgomery's vision of her had affected her in a strange way.

"No, I guess I'll go on home, if you don't mind. I've got this headache. I've had a lovely time though."

She put on the gray coat and the terrible hat she'd thought was all right in Mumford. Well, she wasn't going to have to wear them much longer. She'd saved up a hundred dollars and she knew just what she was going to get.

Galoshes! How she hated galoshes. But she had no intention of spoiling her satin slippers, sloshing around in the mud. Outside the door she had an awful fright. For there stood Mr. Montgomery, leaning on his stick.

He glanced at her and she thought she was gone, but he didn't speak. Then she knew that he hadn't recognized her. She ran for the Subway, however, in the fear that he might see something familiar about her back, chase after and make sure of her. She was not comfortable until her local pulled out.

By Sunday she had her new costume complete. Miss Burgess had trusted her for fifty dollars on her future salary. The coat and dress were lilac beige. The off-one-eyebrow hat hadn't any trimming but a tuck—but such a distinguished tuck!

"How long did you stay the other night?" she inquired of Mr. Montgomery, to make sure he hadn't suspected the figure that flew away from him.

"I left just about when you did," he answered. "How did you get off, anyway? You must have had your town car parked around the corner."

He said it flippantly, but Helen had had time to work into the rôle he had given her.

"Well," was all she said. But the syllable, as pronounced, meant: "Is there anything so surprising about that?"

"I still don't get why you were at that party," he told her. Again she resorted to her mysterious smile. "You certainly look like a certified check today," was his next remark. "Whose model is that, anyway?"

"It's a Jeanette. Do you like it?"

"Do I? Say, just the way that piping is put on the side would be enough to get me. Do you know, I was scared to death for fear you wouldn't meet me?"

"I told you I would."

"But somebody might have stopped you."

"Nobody stops me. I do exactly what I want." Fatal sentence.

"Do you know, I don't even know your name, outside of just Pegram," he asked.

"That's nice, isn't it?"

"No. There's no Pegram in the telephone book, but there are two in the Social Register. Are you one of those?"

"I'm the old man with the beard," she replied.

She was glad the movie magazines said so much about the lure of mystery. She had kept mystery about her always with Mr. Montgomery. Judas priest! she'd had to. A lot Mr. Montgomery would have thought about her if he'd seen Mrs. Gillgallen's boarding house and her and Minnie Coffin battling the Subway rush twice a day, or any of the other tableaux which made up her life in fact.

She had worn the black chiffon dancing frock again the one night she dined with him and went to the theater.

Subtly, ever so subtly, she'd inquired "Do you like this?" so that he would think she'd forgotten he'd ever seen it.

Maybe Mr. Montgomery had, but he had not spared what would have been for her a delightful illusion.

"Yes," he said. "You wore it at that Jolly Hour dance, you know."

It was not so extraordinary that she should wear the lilac beige twice more to tea, and she had done so, but she simply didn't dare go to dinner with him again. She hadn't another respectable rag, and she hadn't worked off all of the fifty dollars yet.

It was to dinner that he always asked her now. One dress one really knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out dress, and S. Otis Montgomery was hers. Mr. Montgomery who wore dinner clothes every single evening, and a morning coat and silk hat on Sundays. Mr. Montgomery who was engaged in some business of which he could say: "Well, profits have been pretty handsome this week, countess. What will you have—terrapin? No terrapin on the card? Shall we make it a couple of orders of turkey?" He had said when they parted last, with a sudden shyness which rather became him: "I've got something I've been trying to work up my nerve to ask. Next time maybe——" And there was, it seemed, to be no next time.

Perhaps she was not exactly in love with Mr. Montgomery—just dazzled by him. But she had read a pretty deep article in a movie magazine once which explained that sort of thing. There was the romance of youth, it had said, and the romance of ambition.

The romance of youth had died for Helen Pegram when Eric Peterson chugged out of Mumford on the 9:55. This was the romance of ambition, and thanks to Ed Pegram, it looked as though this, too, were doomed to an untimely end.

Helen hated Ed Pegram as she thought of it, and she finished her coconut cake with a savage and economical scraping up of the crumbs and the frosting that were left on the plate.

Miss Burgess had been waiting for her.

"Helen, dearie," Miss Burgess said, "I have something awful to wish on you. Old Mrs. Witherspoon telephoned that she doesn't like the dress we sold her the other day. It was only by telling her that I'd have you go around and see if you couldn't suggest some alterations that I could calm her down."

"Where does she live?" Helen asked in a discouraged voice.

"At the Plenipotentiary, on Park Avenue. Go up and kid the old lady along, will you? Tell her it's not youthful enough for a mere girl of sixty-five, but otherwise it's all right. Pin up the skirt a little. I knew I was making a mistake when I advised her against having it sixteen inches from the floor. She had a well-turned ankle back in the eighties."

"I'll go right over," Helen said.

A bout with old Mrs. Witherspoon was just what she needed to make her day complete, but she wanted to please Miss Burgess not only from policy but from gratitude, so she didn't voice the groan in her heart.

Miss Burgess divined it, however.

"Don't look so glum," she laughed. "Maybe she'll slip you five or ten dollars. I've known such things to happen. I wouldn't send you to her if I didn't know that you were the best saleswoman I've got."

Miss Pegram buttoned the blond satin jacket she had made to disguise it, over her black shop dress and put on the lilac beige coat and hat.

It was a fine crisp day. The air was so brilliant it seemed to have particles of mica in it. Bathed therein, New York was excitingly beautiful.

And yet life in New York was not what Helen Pegram had hoped it might be. What had she hoped for, she wondered. Excitement, anyway; men to think she was beautiful; distressing incidents, perhaps, but at least thrilling ones.

New York had proved dull and ever so lonely. People took it for granted that she was the chill statue she appeared to be, and didn't seem very much interested. Absolutely the only thing that had happened to her was the business of Mr. Montgomery. And look how that had turned out. You couldn't be very depressed on such a day, though.

"Just another dream gone," Helen said to herself. That was the way Jack Titherage had met the failure of his eight-million-dollar Super Jewel Special Production. If he could be brave about that, Helen guessed she could be brave too. "Just another dream gone."

Old Mrs. Witherspoon was resting. Over the house telephone her maid asked Miss Pegram to wait downstairs.

Helen took one of the extremely ancestral chairs opposite the desk. She didn't mind waiting. It was rather fun to see the people who came for their keys and their mail—rich people. Spatted gentlemen with heavy silk ties and tortoise-shell-handled walking sticks; dowagers puffing under their furs and being very gracious to the dapper clerk, anxious to be liked as only lonely old ladies can be.

"Could you look in my box and see if my daughter left the key? Thank you so much. You always look out for me so nicely at this hotel."

The most exciting figure, however, was a tall, young woman in chartreuse color, with a great catch of sables about her neck and one heavily gloved hand on her hip.

"My mail come yet—Mrs. Quentin Duchard? I've forgotten the number of my room."

"Number 848, Mrs. Duchard. No, there's nothing in the box."

"When is the next delivery?"

"It should be here at any moment now."

Mrs. Quentin Duchard's was a name Helen had heard—as who has not? Ingrid Vail Robertson she had been. Everyone thought she was going to marry a Spanish duke, but she had made a real American love match instead. It was Miss Burgess' boast that when the famous Mrs. Duchard bought clothes in America she bought at Benson's, but since Helen had been there she had never entered the shop. Just about Helen's age and about her height, Mrs. Duchard wasn't so beautiful as Helen, but there was a certain go-to-hell something about her. Helen didn't wonder that the duke had been broken-hearted and had tried to commit suicide.

(Continued on Page 99)

..add LIFE to your shoes!

Why do some shoes always look new?

Heels are one of the biggest factors.

Heels that keep them square with the world—tough, long-wearing heels, that don't let the shoe run over.

Goodrich makes that kind of heels. Tough as Silvertowns. Smart as Zippers. Buoyant heels—that put new life in your step and longer life in your shoes.

There's a shop near you where you can quickly have Goodrich Heels put on They cost a little and add a lot. On stylish new shoes, you will also find them—a mark of distinction.

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The NEW HUPMOBILE CENTURY EIGHT

884

POWER - SPEED

The name Century attached to the new Hupmobile Eight is overflowing with meaning. For this car is truly the embodiment of all the motor car progress achieved by this Twentieth Century. In power and speed, it affords you the superlative smoothness of the straight eight as an engineering type and

STRENGTH - STYLE

of Hupmobile in particular. Its strength lies in the stamina and soundness which Hupmobile builds so well. In style, it presents a creation so new in its beauty and in the harmony of its ensemble that it will prove the goal of all cars which would seek to compare with it in modern attractiveness.

THE CENTURY 125 EIGHT has all the advanced engineering features, the refinements and luxury of the new Century Eight

How easy it is to shave when you control *hydrolysis*

It is the skin-irritation caused by *hydrolysis* that is responsible for most after-shaving smart.

Hydrolysis is the scientific name for the process through which free alkali is released when soap is dissolved in water. All soap—and this includes shaving soaps—is made with caustic soda or caustic potash (lye). As long as this caustic constituent is combined in the soap it is harmless, but when water is added a part of the soap "hydrolyzes," forming free alkali. This alkali, so liberated, in combination with the action of the soap, causes irritation.

Every man knows that there are many factors that have real bearing upon the enjoyment of a shave—the edge of the razor, the texture of the skin, the sureness of the hand.

But his shaving cream is also of the utmost importance. And, with regard to shaving cream, here are facts worth any man's consideration.

Because in Squibb's Shaving Cream hydrolysis is controlled, you need no longer suffer from the skin-irritation it causes. And, that this irritation is very real is proved every time you shave when your face is sunburned or chapped.

More! Squibb's Shaving Cream contains certain ingredients that make it truly emollient. It is actually beneficial to your skin. It does away with any need for lotions or hot applications, or any of the methods used to try to soothe the skin. That is because Squibb's leaves the face smooth, supple and refreshed.

Give Squibb's Shaving Cream a trial. You'll find it a wonderful beard-softener. It lathers richly and quickly and rinses off easily. Men who *should* shave twice a day will no longer avoid doing so.

Squibb's gives a wonderful shave in cold water as well as hot. And it's a fine shampoo, too. It never changes its consistency. Truly, it's like every other Squibb Product—the finest that can be made.

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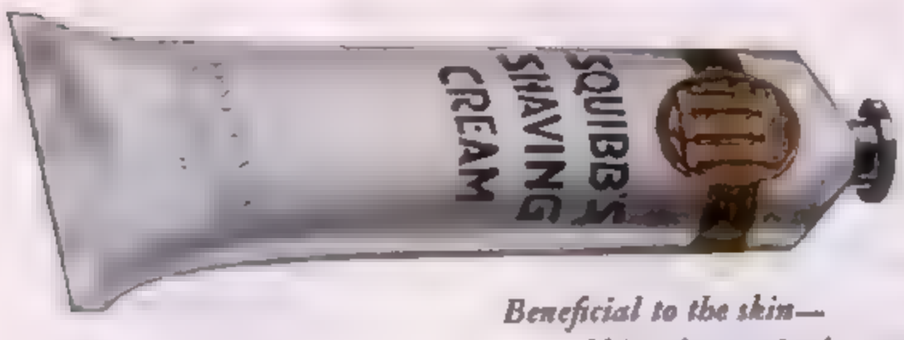
A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB



Beneficial to the skin—
no rubbing is required

40¢

THIS COUPON IS WORTH 10c

Your druggist will give you a 40c tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream for 30c on receipt of this coupon. If, for any reason, he cannot supply you, mail the coupon and 30c to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Box 1215, City Hall, New York City, and we will gladly send you a full-size tube in return.

Name _____

Address _____

To Druggist: This coupon is good until July 1st. You may redeem it at its full value by simply mailing it to us. In honoring this coupon you are extending a courtesy to both your customer and E. R. Squibb & Sons which will be greatly appreciated.

(Continued from Page 94)

In comparison to Mrs. Duchard, even Alison Thayer, the creamy temptress of the screen, who came to ask, ever so temptingly, if there was not just one little letter for her, seemed somewhat mild.

"Miss Pegram!" Helen jumped and the bell boy who had called her name said: "Are you Miss Pegram?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Witherspoon says come right up to Room 618."

Mrs. Witherspoon had a permanent suite at the Plenipotentiary. She had had it decorated for herself. An eighteenth-century marquis might have commanded identical apartments for the sixteen-year-old bride to come to him from the convent of Fontevrault. Turquoise and coral and gold, they hung above the hard, efficient city. Paintings of roses and rose-colored flesh bloomed from fluted frames on their walls.

The light was tempered through peach-tinted gauze in the boudoir into which Helen was shown. A great dressing table bore golden jars and *flacons* and mysterious delicate instruments which might have been a surgeon's or an engineer's. Deep gold-embellished chairs offered their passionate embraces. A great couch seemed to cry for the imprint of loveliness.

Rising from it was Mrs. Witherspoon. She might have been sixty-five, as Miss Burgess had said, but she looked nearer eighty, with her rheumy eyes and a stringy havoc where must have rippled once a splendid fall of double chins.

She was dressed in a negligee which had been designed for no good purpose and her slatty arms emerged from its lace unpleasantly like their essential bones. An old, badly painted, nerve-racked woman, only one thing kept her from being a pathetic figure. It was the fact that Mrs. Witherspoon insisted upon being pathetic. Her little whiny voice perpetually sought sympathy and more sympathy. It was the only thing in life she wanted. And before her almost menacing pursuit, sympathy retreated, growing clearer of vision with every footstep, and more resentful.

"Oh, Miss Pegram," Mrs. Witherspoon keened, "I'm so disappointed in my little dress! I thought I was going to get such comfort out of it, but when I tried it on I could have cried. It hasn't any style at all. I bought it and I suppose I'll have to keep it, but I don't know that I shall ever want to go back to Benson's again."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mrs. Witherspoon."

"If only it hadn't come today of all days. I'd had one of my bad nights. I don't believe I closed my eyes at all. I sleep very badly. I suppose you sleep like a child, my dear. You don't know what blessings you have."

"Miss Burgess suggested that the skirt of the dress might be ——"

"Well, I'll try it on and you can see. And I needed my sleep last night so much too. This is one of the hardest days I have. I've been busy all morning at the bank. I can't tell you how tired I am. My hands are so tired from those heavy shears."

Mrs. Witherspoon's maid brought out the gown and put her into it. Helen Pegram, working over it, had to listen to the endless cortège of Mrs. Witherspoon's woes and murmur comforting phrases over the pins in her mouth.

"Oh, Mrs. Witherspoon, isn't that terrible? Why, not for a moment, Mrs. Witherspoon."

While she pinned that futile adornment into some silly adjustment with the vanity of the old woman inside it, Helen Pegram felt the surge of bitterness which led the Parisian mob on Versailles, a hatred she did not know could be worse until, when she was ready to leave, Mrs. Witherspoon said:

"Now, my dear, just one moment. Will you give me that purse, Mary? Oh, it's so dreadfully heavy. Here's something for your trouble, my dear. And thank you so much."

Into Helen Pegram's hand she had pressed a fifty-cent piece. Fifty cents!

But Helen Pegram was good at her job.

"Oh, Mrs. Witherspoon, there's no reason at all ——"

"No, my dear, I want you to have it." She was actually trying to be pathetic about having pried herself loose from half of one of her millions of dollars.

"Thank you, Mrs. Witherspoon. Good afternoon."

In the corridor Helen had an impulse to throw the coin away. Fifty cents! Oh, well, there was no use being a fool. It would buy her a luncheon. But to be poor in this money-gorged city, to be in a position where one had to be considerate of a detested fifty cents!

There were three girls about Helen's age in the elevator; two in cloth coats trimmed with leopard and one in mink. One of the leopards was sniffing a small green-and-white handkerchief.

"My dear, I simply love it."

"And it's only fifteen dollars an ounce!" the mink said.

"Only?"

"Now you know that isn't very much for a really good perfume."

"Of course it isn't, Sarah," the second leopard one agreed.

Their affluent intimacy seemed to blot Helen Pegram out of existence. She stood against the wall of the car, looking as uninterested and expensive as she could.

"I've got to stop and get my mail," the mink said.

"Well, don't be all night about it. We're late now."

"I'm expecting a check."

Even if there were no check, the letters that girl would get were sure to be of the sort that Mrs. Fahnstock had had. Just the sight of them would be good for more credit than Helen Pegram would have in her life, now that Mr. Montgomery was to disappear from it.

The elevator stopped and the three girls surged out of it and toward the desk, where a different clerk was now distributing letters into pigeonholes. It pushed into Helen Pegram's mind that, to obtain some, all one had to do was to ask for them. It wouldn't be honest, of course, but the hatred of her poverty which would go on forever was so strong that Helen Pegram didn't know that she cared. State's prison though!

She had taken only about four steps from the elevator when, on the floor at her feet, she saw a scrap of green-and-white material. She picked it up. It was a handkerchief—the perfumed one, of course. Helen put it to her nose. A lovely hothouse odor. And it cost only fifteen dollars an ounce.

The girls were waiting at the desk. Helen walked over to them.

"I think you dropped this," she said to the leopard one who had been sniffing it.

"Oh, yes," the girl answered. "Here's your *mouchoir*, Carol."

Helen might have been a bell boy, so completely did the girl ignore her.

Suddenly Helen Pegram wanted to assert herself, wanted to clamor, "I'm somebody too!" She was restrained by a depressing conviction that she was nobody. If she were —— At least she could be somebody for the benefit of those girls.

She leaned across the desk. "Have you any mail for Mrs. Quentin Duchard?" she asked in a bored voice. "Room 848, I think."

That was not saying that she was Mrs. Duchard, or even asking for anything, really.

"Yes, Mrs. Duchard."

With especial alacrity the clerk extracted three letters from a pigeonhole and handed them to her.

"Thanks," Helen drawled.

The three girls had heard.

"Oh, by the way," the mink said, "thanks for picking up my handkerchief."

Helen looked at her and nodded ever so slightly. She had letters. She had the things which would let her get any clothes she wanted.

She crossed the thick Savonnerie rug of the lobby to the door in a daze, it was so surprising. But what an awful thing to have done! What if someone had heard her who knew Mrs. Duchard? She looked to see if she was being followed. Apparently not. It would be just as well to get off wide, apparently empty Park Avenue. She hurried down Fifty-first to Madison.

As she did so she told herself that anyway she would get the letters back to Mrs. Duchard the next day. She might perfectly well be a friend of Mrs. Duchard's who had called for her mail and then had forgotten to turn it over to her. She could explain something of the sort. It was not awfully serious. Or she could put them all in an envelope and mail them. It would certainly be silly not to use them, now that they were in her hands. And yet to use them with any uncertainty about paying for the dress they obtained would be just the same as stealing it.

Stealing! The word, in Helen's mind, made her muscles draw tight with revulsion. Yet those letters! Oh, why had she ever begun such a thing?

In her agonized indecision she felt like standing and wringing her hands, and unable to make up her mind what new thing to do, she went into a drug store and did hopelessly what she'd done over and over again these last few days—called up Mrs. Gilligallen.

"Oh, Mrs. Gilligallen, I'm sorry to bother you like this, but has a letter or anything come for me?"

"Yes, there has, Miss Pegram. There's a telegram here. Do you want I should read it to you?"

"Will you, please?"

Mrs. Gilligallen left the phone, muttering that she hoped it was no bad news.

Probably it was from Mr. Montgomery, Helen thought, putting off their date.

"It's all right, dearie," came Mrs. Gilligallen's reassuring voice. "It says there's a sum of money for you at the office of the telegraph company."

"Oh, hooray!" Helen cried. "Is some uptown office all right, do you suppose?"

"The nearest one to here, it says. And you've got to present this telegram."

It would take most of the afternoon to get down to Mrs. Gilligallen's and back, but perhaps she could make it.

"If I do, can I get the money right away, do you think?" Helen asked.

"Is it a lot of money?"

"Oh, yes."

"Because then it takes a long time, I've heard. A week sometimes."

"Oh, bother! Well, thanks, Mrs. Gilligallen."

Helen hung up the receiver. Anyway, there wasn't any reason why she shouldn't use the letters now. The people from whom she bought would be paid just as surely as if Mrs. Quentin Duchard were buying. It was just a way of getting credit. Everybody ought to have a right to that.

She took another nickel from her purse and called up Miss Burgess: "Miss Burgess, I've got a terrible headache. Will it be all right if I don't come back this afternoon?"

Headaches! She hadn't done anything but pretend them ever since she met Mr. Montgomery.

"Oh, I guess so," said Miss Burgess. "Did you get Witherspoon fixed up?"

"Yes."

"Give you anything?"

"Fifty cents."

"No wonder you've got a headache. Well, take care of yourself, honey."

The way lay clear before her. Helen Pegram fortified herself with a frosted chocolate.

She couldn't go to some little shop and get credit on letters. That sort of thing demanded a big, assured establishment like Benson's. Benson's rival was Maxwell's, which occupied another half block farther up Fifth Avenue. Helen had always wanted to see what their stock was like.

"I want to look at evening gowns," she said to the young woman who bowed up

Continued on Page 102

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NOW—protection at the spot where furniture meets floor covering. No ugly dents to glare at you! No deep-gouged holes where furniture has rested!

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So easy to install, too—NoMars slip handily into most sockets already in use. Their unobtrusive good looks add a needed finishing touch to furniture

Four sizes—for light, medium, heavy and extra heavy furniture

Size	No. 1	No 2	No. 3	No 4
Width of base.....	1⅛"	1½"	2"	2½"
Price (Set of 4)	$.75	$ 80	$1.05	$1.50

Put NoMars on your furniture and protect your floor coverings Order NoMars from your hardware dealer or, if he cannot supply you, use the convenient coupon below

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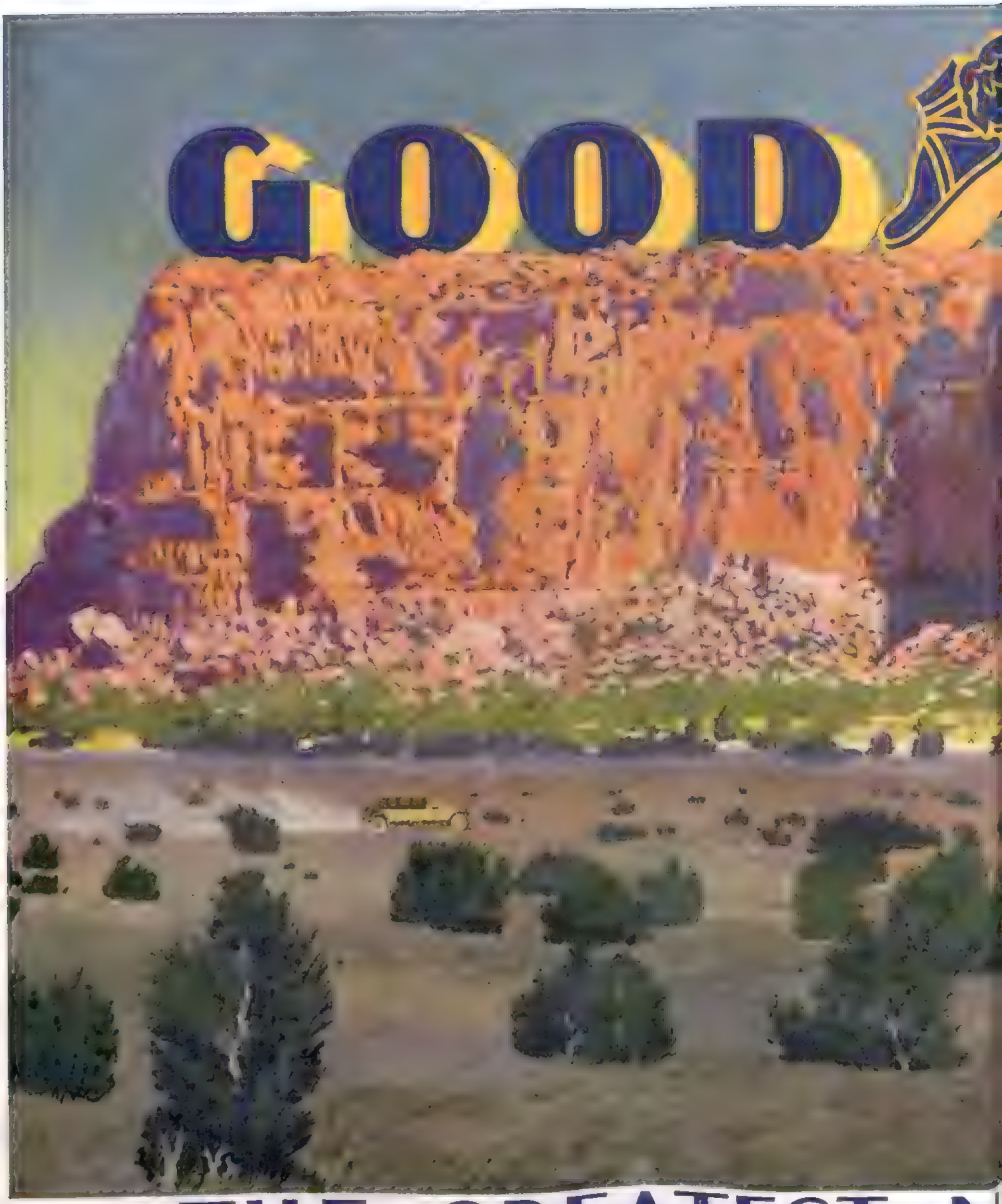

THE GREATEST N

YEAR
Conspicuous and solid as a great rock that rears its bulk from the surrounding desert, are the qualities that lift the new Goodyear Balloon Tire into a place apart. Among these qualities are: *superior traction*, due to the new-type All-Weather Tread; *fewer blowouts*, due to the extra elasticity and durability of SUPERTWIST Cords; *long slow even wear*, due to Goodyear's exclusive new tread compound; *good looks*, which are evident at a glance. Millions of people who have used the new Goodyear Balloon now know how valid and how well deserved is its popular title, "the world's greatest tire."
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AME IN RUBBER

(Continued from Page 99)

to her. "Models that I can just step into if they please me. And I don't want to waste any time, so don't show me anything but your latest importations."

"Any particular color, madam?"

"No."

Maxwell's stock was simply divine. For an hour Helen Pegram forgot everything in a cloudy dream of fabrics and cuts and colors. She had hoped once that, when she had a position working over clothes all day, she wouldn't care about them so much, that she would be like a girl with a job in a candy shop. That hadn't proved to be the case. She could have studied what Maxwell's had to offer for days.

It was only by wrenching hard at her mind that she was able to get close enough to practicality to decide that she must choose something black to wear with the accessories she already owned. She hadn't an evening wrap, though, and she must get one too.

She settled at last on a black velvet, lined with silver lamé and with silver flowers tumbling down the bouffant skirt. A silver cloak had been made for it, with a long pennon of silver material to fling about the throat.

"How much are they?" Helen asked.

"Four hundred and fifty dollars, madam."

Her check from the estate must certainly be as big as that.

"I haven't the money with me," Helen informed the girl. "May I speak to the head of the department?"

"Certainly, madam. I'll bring her."

Now she was in for it. Of course it was just possible that Mrs. Duchard had an account at Maxwell's. No; Miss Burgess had told her that Mrs. Duchard bought exclusively at Benson's, and Miss Burgess was absolutely accurate. It was merely a question of whether Helen could carry off the business of the letters with a high enough hand. The letters! They weren't even opened. That would look odd. Helen pounced on her purse, drew them out and slit the two which looked most important.

What if she had forgotten? She found herself panting with retroactive terror. She was convinced that, unopened, they would have betrayed her. She had not even examined them very closely before.

They were just right. Heavy creamy paper and scrawly aristocratic handwriting. One of them was sealed with silver-blue sealing wax. Maybe it would be a good thing for her to know their contents.

"*Dear Ingrid*," the one whose envelope had been blobbed with sealing wax, began:

> Here's your card for my party, and don't lose it, because absolutely nobody can get in without one.
>
> The party begins at ten, so be on time because the —— There, I almost gave myself away.
>
> So glad you are to be in town for it.
>
> Affectionately,
> MURIEL.

Evidently, Muriel was Mrs. Scott Dangerfield, because the card inclosed was an invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Duchard from Mr. and Mrs. Scott Dangerfield for ten o'clock, Friday, January twentieth. That was today. No use returning that letter tomorrow. Scott Dangerfield—the name made Helen think of Eric Peterson, who had had a Colonel Dangerfield in the war. Oh, why did she have to go and think of Eric?

On the back of the second envelope was written,

> From Quentin Duchard,
> Belvoir-on-Manor
> Baltimore, Maryland.

It would be just a love letter, of course, from the man who had won his sweetheart away from a duke. Helen had been taught that one should not read love letters, but she had also heard that opportunity knocked but once. She drew out the one heavy sheet of paper.

> *Ingrid:* Of course I realize that you are trying to make up your mind about that little poodle of a Cameron before you take definite steps. But do you really think that I will stand for any such performance?
>
> Come back here at once, and come prepared to conduct yourself with some semblance of dignity, or you will learn just exactly what kind of hell I can raise when I try.
>
> Your family are all on my side of this argument; though, knowing it to be congenital, they seem to feel that I shouldn't mind your nasty disposition as much as I do.
>
> I'll give you one more try. When particularly ugly, you have always accused me of being a gentleman. It's a condition from which I am rapidly recovering, as you will find out if you are not here within a week. Q.

Helen didn't believe at first that the hateful words meant what they seemed to mean. She had started to read them over when the door of the cubicle where she sat opened.

Looking up quite unconscious of who it would be, she said "Oh!" in an impromptu tone she would never have been able to act.

"This is the head of the department, madam," the saleswoman who had waited on her said.

"Oh, yes. I wanted to speak to you about this dress. I haven't the shadow of an account here and I don't think I ever have had one. What's more, I haven't any money to speak of with me. I'm going to a party tonight and my trunks haven't arrived. Is there any way you could let me take it with me out of the shop?"

"Have you accounts in other stores, madam?"

"Quantities, but you haven't any time to look them up. My name is Mrs. Quentin Duchard. You'll find me in the Social Register, if that is of interest to you. And I belong to the Colony Club and ——"

She had been sure she could give her voice that imperviously assured tone, but it was amazing how well she remembered Mrs. Fahnstock's words. She remembered them even better than that, but was a little afraid to use some of them.

"I've heard of you, of course, Mrs. Duchard. You were Miss Robertson, weren't you?"

"Yes. Here are some letters addressed to me. I don't believe I have a card. Perhaps these aren't very convincing. I may have picked them up in the street, of course."

"I think I'll take a chance on that," Maxwell's department head laughed. "I can't imagine anyone daring to pass themselves off for you, Mrs. Duchard. What was it you wanted now?"

Helen was provided with a special porter to carry the great box which held the gown and wrap. Because of what he might think, she had to take a taxi, which, in addition to the quarter she paid the porter and the fact that she would have to taxi to her dinner engagement, was appalling.

"The Plenipotentiary," she commanded. But as soon as the taxi had started she tapped on the glass and told the driver to take her instead to the nearest Subway station.

She arrived at Mrs. Gillgallen's, her arms almost pulled out of their sockets by her burden, but ecstatic over the prospect of putting on that dress in her own room with the things that should go with it.

The opened telegram lay on the reformed washstand which did duty as a console in the front hall, beside it a penciled note in Mrs. Gillgallen's wabbly script:

"Mrs. Boyd was in and she says you can get the money any time. She worked for the telephone company once."

Well, tomorrow would do.

Helen carried the box to her room. She wasn't to meet Mr. Montgomery until half-past seven; that would give her plenty of time to dress. Oh, well, maybe she'd better run around and collect that money first. She'd feel more comfortable.

At the branch office indicated, Helen handed the telegram across the counter.

"How much money is there?" she asked.

"Fifty dollars," the man told her brightly.

Ed had never said how much it would be, but she hadn't dreamed it could be as little as that. She accepted the little roll of bills in a daze and started home. She'd never be able to pay that four hundred and fifty dollars in the world. Yes, there was one chance. It was that Mr. Montgomery might propose that night. But even if he proposed, would he immediately present her with five hundred dollars?

Maybe he would give her a ring and she could pawn it and buy an exact reproduction in paste, or maybe she'd better marry him that very evening. The thought affected her peculiarly. To marry Mr. Montgomery, who was almost a stranger and who had those mustaches! There wasn't any use thinking about that now. It was too late.

Back at Mrs. Gillgallen's, fortunately, she had the luxurious process of getting dressed on which to concentrate. With Helen that was so grave a rite that it enabled her to shut her mind to regret for the past and fear for the future. The splendor of the gown, when at last she came to that stage in the proceedings, seemed to extinguish the whole boarding-house room about her, but it didn't extinguish Helen herself. She had the kind of sweet, soft-textured skin for which black velvet must have been invented. And the shower of silver flowers was not brighter than her silver-blond hair.

"I didn't know I was so good-looking," she breathed to her reflection in an awed voice. "And I'm not, really. But I do know how to wear clothes."

She wouldn't need the fifty dollars from Ed that night, of course, but she was afraid of leaving it in her room. She had left some change on the pin tray one day and it was gone when she got back. The trouble was she hadn't any bag which she could carry. Her envelope purse was not bad, but it had not been made for evening wear. There turned out to be a pocket in the silver cloak which would hold and conceal it. Helen's last act before leaving was to tuck the three letters into it. She knew Mrs. Gillgallen read her mail.

In the downstairs hall, as she passed through, she found another letter, and it was addressed to her. It was from Ed Pegram—explaining probably. She thought that perhaps she could read it in the taxicab.

S. Otis Montgomery was waiting a little impatiently in the lobby of the Piazzetta. It was ten minutes late and he had finished reading the society notes in the New York newspaper, which was the one part of the paper which really interested him.

In the pocket of his neat white waistcoat there were two tickets for that overwhelming temple of entertainment, Pondy's Pantheon of the Photoplay.

Mr. Montgomery had passed through a week of financial strain and dinner was going to set him back a good deal, so he had concluded that an evening at Pondy's would have to suffice Miss Pegram. Moreover, with the passage of time he had come to suspect that Miss Pegram was the sort of girl who would not expect much more than an evening at Pondy's. He had seen her six times and in different clothes only twice. That didn't look so plush.

It was, therefore, with mixed emotions that he suddenly recognized the lady whose toilet, as she issued into the lobby, had caused him to drop the newspaper he was still listlessly perusing, as Miss Pegram. Topmost among those emotions, however, was the aesthetic.

"Zowie!" he said, stumbling to his feet. "I didn't even know you. Where did you get that coat?"

"It's new," Helen said. "I hoped you'd like it."

"What have you got on under it?"

"A dress you haven't seen. I guess I'll check the coat."

Mr. Montgomery waited for her reappearance as impatiently as for the second act of an exciting play.

And wasn't it just his luck that he'd picked that night to economize? If he'd had a box at the opera it wouldn't have been any too good.

The dress stunned him beyond the remembrance of his perplexities.

"Oh, momma," he cried, "maybe that isn't class and a half!"

Helen was a little embarrassed by his enthusiasm. "Am I late?" she asked. "I was in such a hurry that I didn't have time to change some things I need into an evening bag. Will you put this in your pocket?"

"Sure," he replied. "And you can be as late as you want with me any day when you produce a result like this. Just feel the quality of that velvet. It makes you wish you were a moth."

It was a little disappointing to Helen that he didn't say anything about her in the dress, but she supposed that wasn't to be expected from a connoisseur like Mr. Montgomery.

"I love materials," she said.

"So do I. And colors. Shall we move in toward some food?"

"Let's. I'm awfully hungry."

"Maybe we'd better order the special dinner. It's apt to be all right here and it comes quicker."

Also, it cost an exact two dollars and a half. If one cut loose with the Piazzetta's dinner card two dollars and a half didn't go very far.

The head waiter gave them a splendid table.

"They're using us for part of the decorations," Mr. Montgomery gloated. "Did you see everybody eye that dress as we strutted across the floor?"

"Did they?"

"Oh, you knew it all right."

He looked at her in a way in which he had never looked at her before. He was going to propose. Helen felt the small beginnings of panic stir deep down within her.

"Do you like the way this neck line is cut," she asked Mr. Montgomery nervously, "or do you like a square neck line better? I think my shoulders are too broad for a square neck line." She didn't even know what he answered. "That's a good-looking dress on that woman over there," she pointed out.

"It's a last year's model."

"Yes, but I always liked it."

What a fool she was being. This wasn't the way to pursue the romance of ambition.

The waiter brought fruit cocktails. Mr. Montgomery was not saying a word.

"I just love fruit," Helen babbled desperately—"cut-up fruit."

"I wish you'd tell me more about yourself," Mr. Montgomery remarked. "You've got me puzzled."

"What do you want to know?" Her lips felt dry.

"Who your pater is, and where you live. And everything."

"I don't want to tell you about myself." That sounded cross. She made herself add: "Yet."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be so interesting."

Anyway, he couldn't kiss her in that dining room.

"For you or for me?" he asked.

Helen wished, since he was going to propose, that he wouldn't be so slow about it. She liked to get things over with.

"For anybody," she said, lips noticeably drier.

"Please," he begged.

She would have to do something to hurry him. She wasn't in any mood for prolonging coquetries.

"I want to know about you first," she informed him.

"What about me?"

"You said you had something to ask me."

If that didn't bring it on, nothing would.

"I haven't any more."

"Haven't you?"

"No need asking you since I've seen that dress."

"What do you mean?"

"I know my alligator pears and my hothouse strawberries. Anything I'd have to say wouldn't interest a girl whose old man gives her clothes like that."

(Continued on Page 107)

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

The Five Senses

A heaping dish of luscious peas—great gobs of melting butter trickling over them—all green and gold. That's *seeing* Hart Brand Peas.

Fragrant aromas—with the fresh whiff of green fields in every swirl of steam—tantalizing, whetting the jaded appetite. That's *smelling* Hart Brand Peas.

A new note in the menu—something *different*—clean, wholesome, fresh—and "yes, please, I'll have some more." That's *tasting* Hart Brand Peas.

Ripe and tender—all freshness—just try one between your fingers when you open the can. That's *feeling* Hart Brand Peas.

And wherever you go—mansion or cottage—hotel or home—they'll tell you of a delicious dish for any meal. That's *hearing* about Hart Brand Peas.

Hart Brand Canned Foods are packed almost instantly after picking. All the freshness and flavor are sealed in. They are cooked in canning under oxygen-free conditions which preserve *every nutrient* in its original form. They are not only delicious—but their health-giving qualities far exceed those of home cooked vegetables. Always look for the Red Heart on every can.

W. R. ROACH & COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Michigan

VEGETABLES HART AND FRUITS
THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

Fruits and Vegetables of the Finest Flavor and Quality

Green String Beans · Peas (11 popular sizes) · Green Lima Beans · Green Lima Bean Succotash · Wax String Beans · Red Kidney Beans · Sweet Corn (5 varieties) · Pork and Beans · Pumpkin · Squash · Spinach · Baby Beets · Strawberries · Apple Sauce · Cherries · Red Raspberries · Black Raspberries · Blackberries · Plums · Peaches · Pears

Firestone

. . . . . are *trained* and

One of the outstanding features of the Firestone economy program for motorists is the service of Firestone Dealers.

This nation-wide dealer organization is composed largely of tire men who have been trained at the Firestone Factories and know that giving motorists complete service is essential to advanced tire merchandising.

They know tire construction, how to care for and repair your tires to secure maximum mileage. They have the most modern service station equipment, enabling them to give you the best, quickest and most economical service. They sell and service the complete line of Firestone-Built Tires, with a clean, fresh stock always on hand.

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

Dealers *equipped* to serve you better

The tremendous buying power of the Firestone organization, and the many savings effected through large volume production, make it possible for Firestone Dealers to offer car owners highest quality at lowest cost.

Firestone materials are purchased at their source of supply. Rubber is obtained direct from the native planter through ten Firestone buying offices in the Far East. Firestone cotton is purchased direct from cotton centers and is especially woven in the new Firestone cord fabric mills—the largest in the world.

There is nothing anywhere to equal the modern efficiency and economy production achieved in the Firestone plants. They are of the most modern type and are equipped with special machinery designed and built by Firestone. This makes possible production of the most uniform quality, resulting in the saving of millions of dollars annually to car owners.

The name Firestone has, for the past 28 years, been closely identified with almost every important step in the advancement of highway transportation. To tire users it stands as a guarantee of a tire scientifically designed for safety, comfort and long, economical mileage.

Firestone Dealers can save you money and serve you better. There is one in your neighborhood. Call on him today.

The Mark of Quality

Thousands of Firestone Dealers have erected or remodeled service stations during the past year, providing convenient, drive-in service to car owners.

FIRESTONE *Gum-Dipped* TIRES

The finest product of the world's greatest tire organization. Holds all records for speed, endurance and mileage.

OLDFIELD

A rugged tire, warranted by Firestone. Scientific tread design; reinforced carcass; specially protected sidewalls.

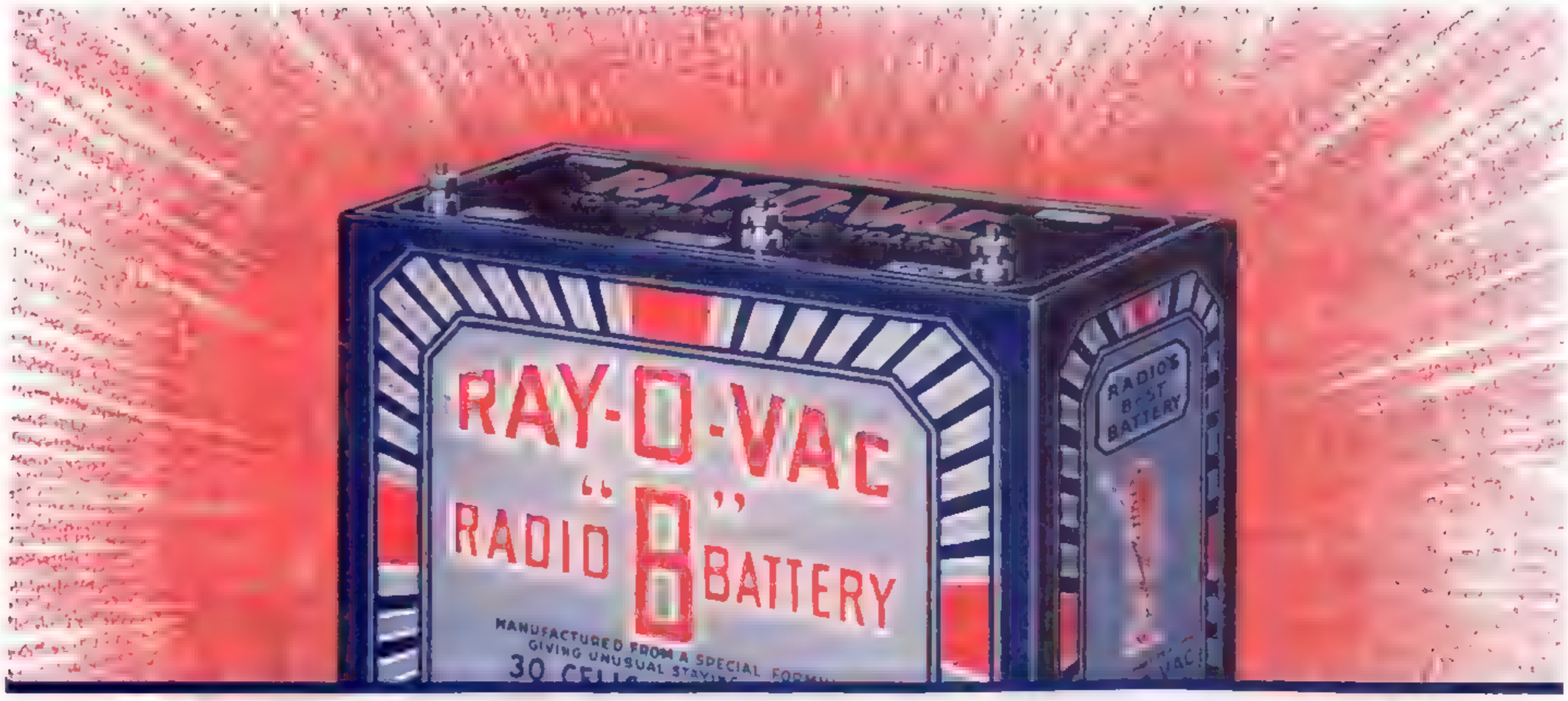
COURIER

Backed by Standard Tire Manufacturers' Warranty; anti-skid tread with protecting ribs to sidewalls; low price.

AIRWAY

For the light car. Safety Tread. The Firestone-Built Tire for motorists seeking a good tire at a very low price.

THEIR OWN RUBBER Harvey S. Firestone



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~~Was $3.75~~ **Now $2.75**

It's foolish, at *any* price, to buy an *unreliable* battery when you can now own a genuine Ray-O-Vac —the world's best "B" battery—for only $2.75!

Master Ray-O-Vac Also Substantially Reduced in Price

For "B" battery service at the *lowest cost per hour of operation*, buy the long-life, heavy-duty Master Ray-O-Vac "B", reduced in price now to $4.00.

FRENCH BATTERY CO., Madison, Wis.

Also makers of Ray-O-Vac "A" and "C" Radio Batteries, Ray-O-Vac Flashlights and Batteries, Ray-O-Vac Telephone Batteries and Ray-O-Vac Ignition Batteries.

Cell-Pocket Construction

Ray-O-Vac "B"—the "B" battery with famous Cell-Pocket construction!

The ordinary "B" battery, as you know, is encased in a solid block of pitch. In manufacture, this pitch is poured at extreme heat, requiring hours to cool.

Heat stimulates chemical action in the battery cells, wastes electrical energy, shortens the battery's useful life.

Recognizing this, Ray-O-Vac developed and patented its exclusive *Cell-Pocket* construction—each cell in a separate insulated pocket.

Ray-O-Vac "B"—built better to begin with—comes to you with its superior electrical energy unimpaired by a hot pitch application!

No wonder Ray-O-Vac is known as the long-life radio "B" battery!

And now, the new lower Ray-O-Vac prices make the best battery power also the *cheapest!*

RADIO IS BETTER WITH BATTERY POWER

(Continued from Page 102)

Evidently Mr. Montgomery wasn't so awfully rich, but he was a good deal richer than anybody else she could hope for.

"Do you think money is so important?" she asked.

"I hoped it was a little with you. That was the only chance I had with my proposition."

As he spoke he seemed to Helen the homeliest man she had ever seen. But this, she remembered, was a case of the romance of ambition. She had to go on with it because there was nothing else to do.

"Money doesn't mean a thing to me," she declared. "To me it would always be just love that counts."

"Will that be enough to get you to make the proposition and get it over with, you old fool?" she thought.

But Mr. Montgomery had taken a morsel of fruit cocktail and, at her words, he had swallowed it, and swallowed it wrong. He began to cough and his eyes fairly stood out of his head.

"Drink some water," Helen implored him. "Shan't I get up and pound you on the back?"

He shook his head that she shouldn't.

"Love?" he said, as soon as he was able to articulate. "You were thinking about love in connection with me?"

"Wasn't that what you were talking about?" She got it out without difficulty.

"No, it wasn't. But golly, if I thought I had a chance—golly!"

She had practically proposed to a man, and to a man she wasn't even in love with, and he was trying to make it all right.

"Oh, don't!" she begged.

"But if I'd had any idea that you felt like that ——"

"I don't," she exploded. "I don't feel one bit that way. Don't say any more about it. If you do I'll leave the table and go home. Promise me you won't and that you won't even think about it again."

"All right."

She was not going to be engaged to Mr. Montgomery. Being freed from that prospect was so nice that Helen couldn't feel as she knew she should about her future, which was shattered.

She couldn't even worry about not possibly being able to pay Maxwell's. Maybe, if she sent the clothes back by messenger as though she had never worn them, it would be all right.

Mr. Montgomery sat, looking bewildered and miserable. And now that she was not going to be engaged to him, Helen realized that she liked him a lot.

"What are we going to do tonight?" she asked, to put him at his ease. "I feel like having a grand time."

Mr. Montgomery had figured out the answer to that earlier in the evening and he pulled himself together and delivered it.

"Say, the darnedest thing has happened," he said. "I thought I'd drag you along to the dance that Mrs. Scott Dangerfield is giving tonight."

"Dangerfield?" Helen repeated, confused for the moment by the two associations the name awoke in her mind. Then, separating them, she said "Oh, yes."

"Well, that was my plan, but as I said, I've done the darnedest fool thing: I've lost the card she sent me. And I notice in the papers that it said—sort of kidding—that Cholly Knickerbocker understood that no excuse would be accepted for not having a card."

"And you were going to take me? That's grand!"

She would have some fun out of the dress, anyway.

"I certainly was, only I don't see how I can now."

"But I've got a card."

"Were you asked?"

Helen evaded direct answer.

"There was some mistake," she stated. "I got the card for Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Duchard. It's in that purse I gave you. But if you were asked anyway ——"

"We'll just use it," he finished her sentence. "That's slick."

"The letter with it," Helen remarked, "said to get there by ten sharp. They've got some kind of a surprise."

"That gives us plenty of time to eat and have coffee in the lounge afterward and listen to the music."

"Yes."

"That's why you're all dressed up, is it? I suppose I might have sported a tail coat, but then it doesn't look too good for a bachelor to be dressed up. So that's the kind of a crowd you travel with, is it?"

"Oh, not very much," Helen said hastily.

"I was reading what Cholly Knickerbocker said about them," Mr. Montgomery remarked. "He called it 'the good solid, 4 per cent set.'"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

so —— I declare, here's little Alice Fortescue, as pretty as ever! . . . Let me present my friend, Mr. Strong. . . . Jim, of course, you remember the death of Mrs. Fortescue's husband last year? One of the most ingenious atrocities of its kind, the papers said."

"Indeed I do! In fact, I considered it quite the crime of the season. There was an exotic touch in the details that piqued the imagination, and I have often speculated as to your motive, Mrs. Fortescue. Would you mind ——"

"Not in the least, if it could be called a motive; myself, I prefer to call it purely a matter of temperament. I was very, very sensitive, even as a child, and if I couldn't have my own way I used to strangle the cat, or tear up my dolls, and then I'd feel better for a while. At the time when I passed Mr. Fortescue on I was bored to tears with ennui, and when he refused to get me the diamond necklace, that odd, nervous feeling came over me, and —— Well, you know what happened. Fortunately my counsel was just splendid about my sensitive nature and the force of my emotional reactions, and now, after a nice little rest in the sanitarium, I feel that life will be easier. Honestly, though, I do feel awfully jumpy tonight, and ——"

"Really? So sorry! Excuse me a moment, while I greet an old friend. . . . Hello, Checkers, out again, I see! Nice going, old chap! That was some conflagration, what? When I heard about the disappearance of the safe and remembered your methods, I knew you must be responsible."

"I say, old man, please don't use that word! Remember mother's testimony that I used to steal matches at the age of four and that the juvenile courts used to be worried sick over my fires? Always had a sort of mania for fires, especially profitable ones. Well, of course they couldn't blame me, especially after investigating my inheritance and finding that dad had acidosis and mother was an albino with fallen arches. But tell me about yourself, Jim: you must be an awfully versatile fellow. Only two years ago you were running down old ladies with your automobile, and now you pop up in a brainy forgery case. Most interesting example of dual consciousness!"

"Well, no; the hit-run thing was just a phase—a sort of psychosis, I might say. Even in my childhood, I liked to run down smaller babies that got in my way, and any psychologist will tell you that it's hard to change a behavior pattern. But I realize now that it was crude stuff, unfit for anybody but an egocentric moron; and after my specialist got the old endocrines toned up I turned to something worth while. Believe me, the pen is mightier than the flivver; and looking back at the time of the trial, I found that I had always had a subconscious determination to fool a bank. Stimulating idea, you know, and of course a law against anything is simply a challenge to personal liberty. In short, when the chance came I was ready. My lawyer was a good guy who knew his alienists, and after proving me mentally irresponsible, they sent me to the Riviera to spend the money and recuperate. . . . Say, isn't that Daisy? I thought she was in for poisoning her twins."

"You didn't know about her pardon? The doctors discovered that red-haired people had always irritated her; she was brought up by a mean aunt with red hair, and it gave her a complex or something. She stood those red-headed babies as long as she could, but there came a day —— She explained it all so sweetly, and public sympathy was with her from the start. A big specialist proved that nobody had any minds or souls or consciences anyhow, so how could poor little Daisy resist her impulses? Legal ethics is making big strides, Jim! And now come over in the corner, and I'll let you in on a scheme that may mean something fat for us both. Of course the first thing for us to do is to fix up a good, foolproof mental alibi."

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Comparative Data on Political Parties

Q.: What is a political party? A.: An altruistic organization dedicated to the upholding of certain principles.

Q.: What principles? A.: The principles upon which it was founded.

Q.: Could they be named conveniently? A.: Not very, but the information probably could be found in a library.

Q.: Have these principles ever been changed? A.: Very slightly.

Q.: How slightly? A.: Only when there has been a change in public opinion.

Q.: Does public opinion change often? A.: Every week or so during the dull season.

Q.: Is it a strain to anticipate, or rather to keep up with, public opinion? A.: At times it amounts to a calamity.

Q.: If a party had definite convictions on the tariff, credit, farm relief, honesty in office and foreign relations, would it modify its views to suit public fancy? A.: The process would be painful, but it would take a chance.

Q.: What would a party give to be able to diagnose public fancy accurately? A.: Its right leg.

Q.: Is not that a high price? A.: Yes, but political parties are accustomed to high prices.

Q.: When a party is successful, what is the result? A.: The country is saved.

Q.: Saved from what? A.: The other party.

—David B. Park.

Spring Parade

MOTHER has a Paris hat—
Fifty dollars cash!
Harry has a silk cravat;
Susan has a sash;
Haughty Hannah, ever vain,
Has her fizzy hair,
Fido has a brand-new chain;
Junior, baby clothes.

Even Bridget, cook and maid,
Has new slippers, too,
Ready for the swell parade
Down Fifth Avenue.
Father, finding all his flock
Hatted, shoed and preened,
Has, at Tony's up the block,
Last year's derby cleaned!

Arthur L. Lippman.

ENAMEL this—? LACQUER that—? Which..?

LUSTROS, durable results from your paint brush depend upon the correct selection of the right finish for the particular surface.

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Sapolin Brushing Lacquer is easy to apply and gives gorgeous color effects. A few light strokes and it forms a hard, smooth, even film, within an hour.

All Sapolin Enamels endure the famous "glass test" for smoothness, covering qualities, ease of application, correct color, and for drying and non-sticking qualities.

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ENAMELS
LACQUERS
STAINS
GILDINGS
POLISHES
WAXES

There was a jolly miller
Lived on the River Dee
He worked and sang from morn till night
He had a hearty appetite
And always kept digestion right—
"Thank Double Mint," said he!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

Keep *your* digestion right with Wrigley's.

Get Wrigley's Double Mint and have a real treat.

It's a new and better Peppermint flavor—the sweet of good taste and good health.

After every meal

1-35

ONE SHIRT AND ONE SOUL

Continued from Page 15

heat hard in her throat and she felt the pulse of it clear into her toes and finger tips. If Reba broke with Chris, then Corbin's hold on her might be irresistible. And Fern, too, had learned something about Corbin lately.

She couldn't speak. The rumble of her father's voice outside the door informed her that they were going to have rain, the way the gulls had been flying high and shrieking, and the cows lying down all day. He saw signs in everything—in smoke, in sunsets, cloud shapes and animal behavior—signs of everything except trouble ahead in the immediate family.

"There's certainly a storm hovering round," he could be heard to mutter halfway up the attic stairs.

Chris Thorstad, on the following night, felt the first big drops of Sam Pennell's storm in his face as he stepped over the stone wall into the Pennell back yard. The barn door was still open and the back of Sam's fish cart—that white-painted box with the scales hanging out at the rear—glimmered from that recess. Sam himself was moving about in the parlor when Chris went into the kitchen.

"Where's everybody?" Chris said to Nettie Pennell. His eye coasted. A pair of Reba's newly chalked shoes—pumps—were drying out over the stove, and Jed's barvel—a yellow oiled fish apron—hung on the sallow wall just under old Bett. A couple of fish knives were stuck in the deal table, and Nettie sat cutting the necks off clams with a pair of iron-colored scissors.

"Sam's writing," Nettie said. "I don't know where the girls are. Upstairs, I guess. Those salesmen are coming up again tonight."

"Brant and Corbin?"

"Yes. I'd rather see an actual dragon stop outside the door," Nettie informed him, "than them in that new car with those great goggle eyes looking into the house, seeking what they can devour. Sam laughs at me, but you know how he is. He'll buy anything when he's in the buying mood. And all this raking in taxes gets him to thinking there's plenty of money in the world."

"Well, isn't there?" Chris grinned.

"I'm glad if you can think so. Sam certainly does. It wasn't a week ago he bought a keg of wine—Madeira, they said it was. It was just grape juice when he got it, but he put it in the sun and let it steal a march on the authorities. He let go the money for it like soap flakes. And now the girls are getting into the habit of having a glass apiece before supper—for conversation's sake, Reba says, because everybody round the table, according to her, is so dumb acting, with their eyes on vacancy like so many horses in a stall. Maybe if she had the care of it all her eyes would be on vacancy part of the time. You know yourself, Chris, Sam's dreadful careless with money. He just stuffs it in his pocket as he collects it, and thinks no more about it than if it was coupons. I found two or three dollar bills in that green jardinière, lying just where the wind had blown them off the desk. He just jams money anywhere, and takes it out before anybody, and never even thinks to pull the curtain down. He was the worst man in the world for them to tack a job like this to."

"I said all I could," Chris said, "when he was getting the ballots printed at the time of the election. I told him his trade would fall off, and it has. Naturally he couldn't undertake to sell people fish with one hand and take tax money away from 'em with the other. There's only so much money in a house at any given time, and if you take it for one thing they won't have it for the other."

"I can't sleep nights," Nettie confessed. "I just lie rigid on the bed, thinking about what happened to Joe Melcher. Joe wasn't a dishonest man—he didn't mean to be. He was like Sam—he was like him, Chris—he had just the same ways of scattering money around and thinking he had it in a vault if he just rolled it up and put an elastic around it. And now these dreadful salesmen ——"

"They going to high-pressure Sam tonight?"

"They can't. He's got one of his splitting headaches. He just can't see, let alone talk business, but they're coming just the same."

Sam, overhearing this, called out from the parlor: "I'll let 'em concentrate on the girls tonight. They're pretty cute beggars. They had Reba out in the back yard yesterday, I took notice, getting her to get in and see how the seats felt, and how much room there was for the legs, over and above what there had been last year. Certainly is an easy-riding car."

"There's plenty of room left for their legs in this world without cramping them up in a car that's worn out before it's paid for," Nettie Pennell said.

A moment later Reba slipped down the back way into the kitchen. She was in a semi-evening dress of frosty green silk with a green shoulder knot cut and crimped out of the same materials, and vermilion earrings. There was a little tear in the skirt—a job for Nettie. Reba, hands on hips, stood with her shoulder turned away from Chris while her mother plied the needle.

The front doorbell rang. Now the sound of the bell reverberating in the hall was always a crisis in the Pennell family. It was like a summons; there was something upsetting about it, even dread, and a contest ensued as to who should go to the door, everybody putting it off on somebody else and rushing away to make himself or herself presentable. Nettie and Reba couldn't go; Fern was upstairs probably in complete dishabille, since invariably she dawdled over dressing; and Sam was stretched out on the disheveled red sofa right beyond the coal hod.

Reba said sharply, "Why doesn't somebody go to the door?"

"I'm a fright," Mrs. Pennell said.

"Father."

"You might just as well talk to a stone wall. You know your father never goes."

"Well, if I ever saw a woodsy crowd!" Reba cried angrily. "Anybody would think it was the sheriff come to dispossess us."

"I don't know but it had better be," Mrs. Pennell said grimly.

It was Chris who went to the door and let Brant and Corbin in. He helped them off with their coats and showed them into the parlor. With his first glance about, and while he was indicating chairs, he saw the usual muss on Sam's desk, and in one of the pigeonholes a fat roll of greenbacks—tax money, no doubt—with a broad red rubber band round it.

The two salesmen sat down. Charlie Brant was a big, fresh-colored, owl-like chap, in a blue suit with a pencil stripe. Corbin was slimmer, darker, tidier, with an easier flow of talk. When the girls came into the room he stood up, and the two other young men, who were not in the habit of paying that deference to their womankind, got up too, but belatedly and abruptly, watching for cues out of the corners of their eyes.

Then they were all seated again, Chris rather out of it in the precarious bamboo chair at one end of the piano. To his surprise, Fern took the lead. She seemed to burn with a bright social zeal, made excuses for her father and got the conversation into a bantering vein. When Corbin playfully offered her a cigarette she accepted it, put her head down charmingly to the match burning in the hollow of his hand. She had to sit on the arm of his chair to do this, and Corbin, impressed, leaned back and looked at her with half-dropped lids. Reba, cold with anger, was thrown in with Brant, who had no conversation; and Fern went on smoking and not moving from the chair arm.

"What's this I hear about your spotting one of the boys in the Gove Street school ten pounds, and knocking him down, when you were teaching there?" Corbin asked.

Fern laughed. "It was awful. I just caught him off his guard—his conduct had just been atrocious, and he finally had stuck his leg out into the aisle so that I could trip over it—and I had him stand up, and he went down like a bottle pin and cut his head against a desk corner."

"Good night!"

Corbin's hand raced up the inside of Fern's arm and closed gently over the warm biceps.

"Would anybody think this slender arm could pack a haymaker?" he murmured.

He was enchanted, and not less at hearing Fern say, close in his ear: "I ought to have been born a man. I always did have a leaning toward man's clothes."

"Oh, come now. Some of the rest of us would have something to say about that."

Brant, paying no attention to a remark of Reba's, suddenly contributed, "Isn't it a crime or a misdemeanor or something for women to wear men's clothes?"

"I wouldn't stop at a little thing like crime," Fern said airily. "Did you see where they had that young woman up in court the other day for being in cahoots with a gang of dips? She brazened it out, and even fought the cop when he was making the arrest. I think myself it would be exciting to get in with a gang of thieves. It would be a change from the everlasting routine at least," she added darkly with a look at Reba.

Reba got up suddenly and sat down at the piano, which had a mandolin attachment and a plaster Cupid with a cracked wing sitting on top and holding a brown tasseled runner in place. She began with a crash of sound, a clash of angels and devils, but it had only the result of drawing her sister's head closer to Corbin's.

Chris saw that the door into the kitchen had come part way open and that Mrs. Pennell was staring in. He got up and went out there.

"Go on back in," Mrs. Pennell whispered.

"Had to come up to breathe," Chris whispered back.

He was in a panic over Fern's behavior, which seemed to indicate a desperateness in her soul for which he was responsible. The spirit of competition was awake in her at last, and in an evil hour for her. If he knew anything at all, he knew that Corbin was as undesirable; but how, the circumstances being what they were, could he effectively convey this? Fern could logically say that it lay in his mouth least of all men to criticize her. He felt like getting up and ramming his head into the kitchen wall.

Reba had ended her music in the middle with a bang, and Fern had instantly turned on the radio and hurried Corbin into a dance step.

"If you're going to dance," Reba could be heard saying acidly, "you had better take the plug out to the table lamp, or you'll trip over the cord."

The cord led away to the baseboard under Sam's soap-order desk of oak with backless pigeonholes. Low down, this desk had, stiffening its legs, a flat weblike crosspiece with several books on it; and Chris, pumping a dipperful of water at the sink in the kitchen, heard the two salesmen scuffling and moving the desk so as to get at the mopboard. Fern had opened a window, but was forced to shut it at once because the rain drove in. Mrs. Pennell, overhearing this mention of rain, sat bolt up.

"Sam," she said, "was there any stove wood in the woodshed when you were out there after supper?" Sam muttered that there was not. "There ought to be a double armful brought in and shoved into the oven then to dry it out enough to go into the fire box in the morning."

"You let me get it," Chris said.

He was into his raincoat and whipping through the door before anybody could gainsay him. When he came back with the wood there was dancing in the parlor.

(Continued on Page 111)

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You've seen Fire carry off other people's property in one flaming, crackling armful.

Did it mean anything to you?

Did you think uneasily "What if that happened to me?" And then console yourself with "Oh, well, why worry—never had a fire yet!"

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(Continued from Page 109)

Mrs. Pennell bent over him as he was putting the wood, a stick at a time, into the oven and whispered: "These young men are altogether too free. I wish they'd go. I can't think what's come over Fern. That Corbin must have turned her head."

"I guess not."

"You guess not. Where are your eyes? She's perfectly disgraceful. If she'd set out to throw herself at his head, she couldn't do different."

"Must be the wind that makes her playful," Chris said, but his show of joviality was not convincing. He shut the oven door hard and, standing up, was relieved to hear Brant and Corbin making their adieus. They had to get the eleven o'clock train out of Hanford, they said. The front door opened and shut, and outside, the Corbin motor shuddered into life.

Chris yawned and said he must be going too.

"I'm going past the town office, Sam," he said, with his hand on the knob of the back door. "If you've got any cash collected that you don't want to have stay in the house overnight, I'll take it with me and shove it in the safe."

"Needn't bother," Sam said.

"Sam," Mrs. Pennell insisted, "you do as Chris says. There's altogether too much money in the house."

She helped her husband up from the couch and thrust him toward the parlor door. The door to the right of that led into the hall—the kitchen was strategic and had six doors—and Fern and Reba came back into the kitchen through the hall door after dispatching their men. A change had come over Reba. She was the perfect economist in expression and didn't work her vivacious looks to the point of tiring the facial muscles for nothing. All the dazzle and ravishment which she had summoned for the parting was out of her eyes; she looked cloudily and darkly at Chris, and flung at him:

"There was no need for you to turn your back on company the way you did."

"Wasn't dressed for it," Chris alleged.

"You simply wanted to make it harder for me," Reba accused him.

One of her admirers from away had said of Reba that when she talked you could almost see the rapier in her hand, and a man never knew when he wasn't going to be pinked, or run through and through. But now the rapier thrust was not in evidence. She half sat on the kitchen table, looking dull and emptied out, and watching the little panes over the sink, where the rain was lashing and streaming and plastering red and yellow leaves there from the maple in the Thorstad yard.

Sam appeared in the parlor door. His voice unusually, ominously calm, he asked, "Did any of you see anything of a roll of bills in the desk, with an elastic round it?"

"It's in one of the pigeonholes, blind eyes!" Reba cried.

She brushed past him, and with a sense of something alarming, fatal even, hanging in the air, Fern and her mother followed on her heels.

Reba, stooping at the desk, cried suddenly "It's gone!" and straightened up; her black hair, hitherto sleek, now flared out at the right side of her head.

"There was five hundred dollars in that roll," Sam said huskily. Mrs. Pennell asked him, in a frightened flutter, to look again and make sure he didn't have it on his person.

"It was in the desk," he said positively. He remembered distinctly taking the roll out of his pocket and slipping it in there, because his right-hand pocket—the tax-collecting pocket—had split out, and he had meant to notify Nettie that she must sew it up after he had gone to bed.

"He's right! It was there!" Reba cried hysterically. "I saw it there myself when they were moving the desk to get at that plug."

Down on her knees, she groped in back of the desk on the floor, which glared up at her with insistent bareness. There wasn't a trace of money there. Reba got up with dust printed on the white palms of her hands, and stood petrified, watching her mother groping in the jardinière.

"They've taken it then," Fern said decisively.

Sam gave out a kind of inarticulate bellow, pushed his wife out of his way and limped back into the kitchen. He got down old Bett from her hooks. He blew down the muzzle, broke the gun at the breech and shoved a yellow cartridge home.

"What are you thinking of?" Nettie Pennell cried, trying to get the gun out of his hands. "It won't get you out of the predicament to go blowing people's heads off"

"Let go! Maybe I can show 'em a thing or two, smart as they are!"

"You hold your horses!" Nettie Pennell cried, in a quaking voice. "How do you know? What proof you got it was them took it?"

"Hasn't been another soul that could. Look out—look out, I tell you!"

But the effort to twist away from Nettie's grip brought a crippling kink into his back—an old affliction. Instantly Sam was as helpless as if struck by a bolt of lightning, and Fern and Chris helped him to the couch.

"Well, now we're dished—now we're done for," Sam muttered, staring up wildly. His wife tried to soothe him by saying that they would all have another look, but everybody knew well enough that the money was gone.

"I been careless," Sam said, "and I don't know now as it will look like only carelessness either. If I could have got out after them ——"

"You lie still," Chris said suddenly. "I guess I can do it for you."

"Can't drive, can you?"

"I'll get somebody that can drive me."

"I'll drive you," Fern said.

"You keep out of it," Chris said abruptly. "It's no job for a girl."

"Where would they be by the time you could get somebody else?" Fern demanded. She wrestled into her father's yellow slicker.

Reba whispered, "I can't believe still that Harry Corbin would do such a thing. He couldn't."

Chris stood hesitating in the middle of the kitchen floor with old Bett in the hollow of his arm. He seemed suddenly mistrustful, daunted by the flaming up of Fern's ardor for the chase. She opened the back door, motioning him to follow.

"I can't keep holding this door open, with the rain lashing in," she reminded him. And then perforce he was outside with her. There they were, as they had been before in happier circumstances, in the dark together, and Fern's hand was suddenly on his wrist to keep him from running into the clothes pole. As it was, the wet clothesline sawed at his neck disagreeably, and Fern's excited laugh followed.

"Heavens!" she cried, brought up short. "I guess if I were being led away to execution, you could still get a laugh out of me! Don't you ever look where you are going?"

"Guess not," Chris said. "You ought to know that."

Fern didn't answer. She found the edge of the barn door and guided Chris' hand to it. He rolled it back, and backed the fish cart out while Fern was warming up the car's engine. He got in beside her. It was a ramshackle machine, an open car, and the little bug light on the dashboard showed the dark barrel of old Bett standing up bizarrely between them. The gun had an ominous bulge or swelling practically at the muzzle, where it had been fired at some time or other when the barrel had been plugged with snow. There was a legend that an ancestor of Sam's had blown off the top of his head with this same gun, pulling the trigger with his big toe, but latter-day Pennells had gone on bagging partridges with it.

They were in the main road now. Through the streaming windshield with a sprawling crack in it, the countryside had an unreal, concocted look. The crooked trees and poles looked crookeder than ever; the rutty road was full of alarming pits and chasms, exaggerated by the flood of horizontal yellow light. Chris touched Fern's arm.

"Doesn't it begin to strike you as a wild-goose chase?" he asked.

"Why?"

"They've got a pretty good start."

"He told me he would stop at Bill Payne's for gas and to put air in a tire with a slow leak."

"Wasn't that to try to show you he wouldn't be in a hurry?" Chris urged. "If he's actually got the money he'll run on a flat tire, won't he?"

"We can tell better at Bill's," Fern said.

"Then again," Chris resumed after a pause, "even assuming we do catch up with them, what'll we do then? Bring them down with this old cannon like a brace of ducks? The way she's belled out here, I might fill the whole country full of lead."

"Just the show of it will probably be enough," Fern told him.

"Suppose it isn't?"

"Maybe," Fern said with a level look, "you'd rather just get out here and leave me to go on alone."

She jammed the brakes on hard enough to all but snap the neck of her passenger off short.

"You know whether I'll get out or not," he said with a flash of anger.

"Then please don't think up bugbears."

She coasted down the hill past Emma Mason's barn, and in the hollow there, under the red sentry of Bill Payne's filling station, was the Corbin car. Chris immediately laid his hands over Fern's on the wet steering wheel, and wrenching the car sharp round a gravelly corner, pointed it into an old wood road that ran at right angles to the highway. Fern was at last thoroughly exasperated. She snatched off the switch to stop the car, and Chris followed that up by snapping off the lights as well.

"What can you be thinking of?" Fern cried in the pitch dark. "Let me out."

He held her arm hard against him.

"Hold your horses," he whispered. "There's something fishy somewhere, Fern. It isn't reasonable to think they would be stopping to have that slow leak pumped up if they had the money on 'em. Now is it? The tire wasn't flat. It was just a little soft. They surely wouldn't stop."

"They have stopped!" Fern cried.

"That's right. They have. Now, say they are thieves—why, Fern, put yourself in their place, saying you had taken that money. You wouldn't be monkeying around a filling station, saying the car would go at all. Now would you?"

"I don't know. You would," Fern replied. "You'd be just that ——"

"All right. But I'm talking about the smart men of your acquaintance," Chris retorted. "Harry Corbin—he wouldn't linger, and you know it—assuming he's the guilty man, and has it on him—the money, see? And doesn't that bring up another angle to it? Say we go over there now; say we walk over and accuse them to their faces; say we undertake to go through them ——"

"Didn't we start out to do just that?" Fern cried tensely.

"Say we did. We've had time to think it over; we've had time to cool, Fern."

"One of us has," Fern said, and there was a little hint of "Not for the first time either," in her voice.

"All right. Put it that way. All the same, even if they are the thieves, and that's likely enough ——"

"Who else could it possibly be?" Fern interjected.

"All right. Still, say they are—say they did take the money in the first place; you wouldn't expect to find it on their persons now, would you? Never. Never in this world. No; if I know Harry Corbin—and I've had opportunities enough to know him—then the minute he got away from the

(Continued on Page 113)

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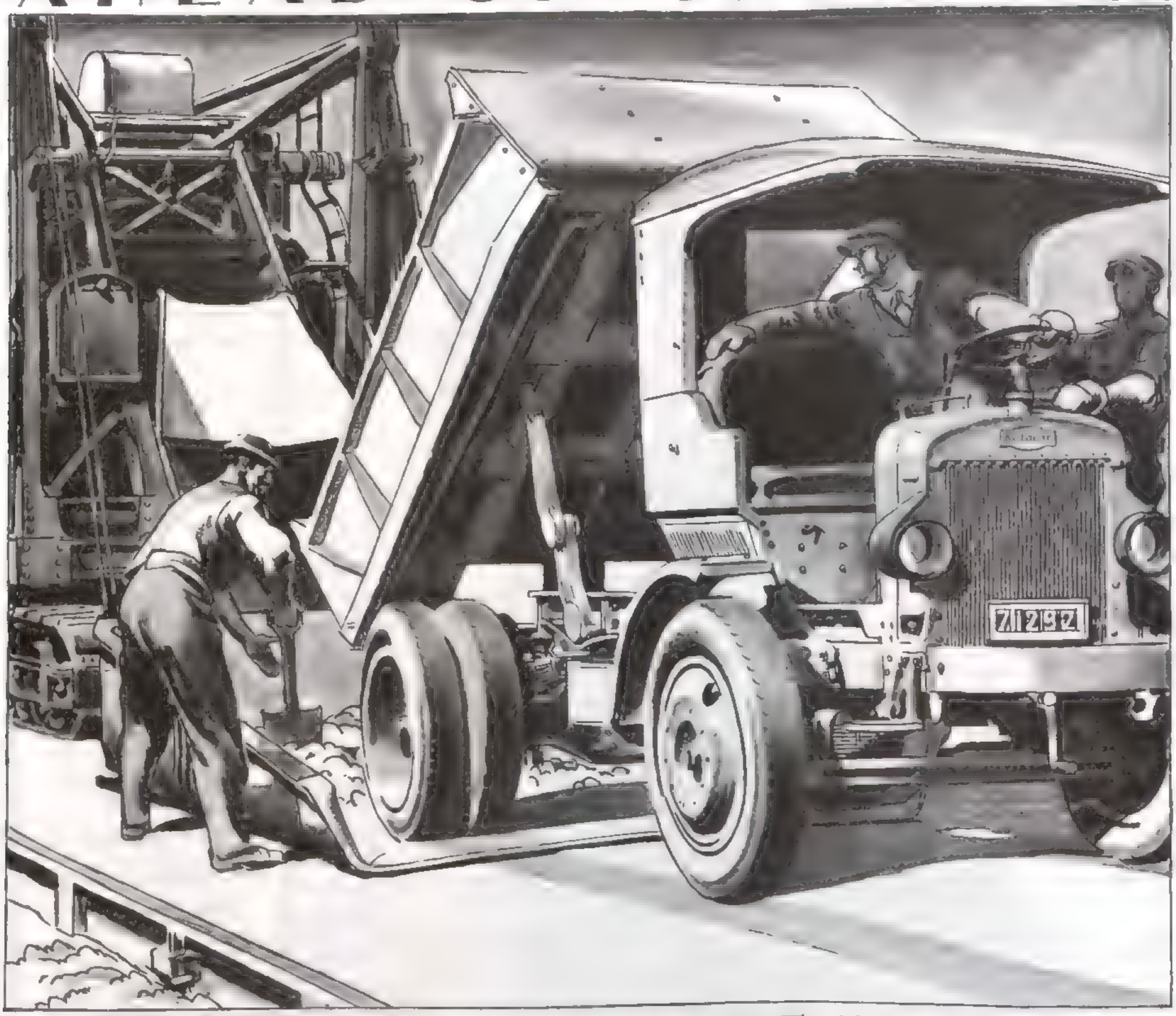

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(Continued from Page 111)

house, the chances are, he handed that money to an accomplice outside, and that accomplice has made off in a totally different direction. Why, for that matter, the way I look at it, Brant and Corbin are waiting for us to come up with them. There'd never be another time as good as this for them to prove their innocence—right after the money is missed, and we search them and don't find it on them. Don't you see, we'd be playing right into their hands?"

"No, I don't."

"You can't see that if you put it up to them the way you want me to—if you just walk up and out with it, flat-footed, tax them with taking it, and they don't have it on them—why, Fern, then if the whole story came out—and it would come out: nobody could possibly hush it up—well, then, wouldn't it look as if your father had staged the whole business?"

"Chris!"

"Steady. We're in up to our necks, but we've still got the use of our reason. It's known, isn't it, that Sam is chronically short of money? On top of that, he's talked about buying a new car and giving notes for it. Well, and now this tax money disappears off the premises, we try to fix the theft on Brant and Corbin, and they don't have the money on their persons. They won't have it, I'm dead certain. And won't they retaliate by saying it's a case of Joe Melcher over again? Didn't Joe argue with the authorities that, how he came to be short in his accounts, the money must have been stolen from the premises? An argument like that, up against a clever lawyer, is just as weak as water, and you bet Brant and Corbin know it."

"You think ——"

"I don't think. I know. They'd go to the mat with him on just that issue."

His eyes were getting used to the dark, and now he could see Fern's head, doubtfully tilted, very close to his.

"If you had taken the money yourself you couldn't have worked out more possibilities," she let fall. "I'll bet they won't have so many arguments as you say. They may not even have this accomplice that you feel so sure of. You seem to forget that the money's gone. If we don't get it back father'll be short in his accounts, and how much better off will he be for our holding back now? Not one whit. And there is the chance—there is."

She snatched her arm away, and Chris heard her opening the car door on her side. He got out on his side, ran around the back of the car and barred her way. She had remembered to pick up old Bett, and now the barrel of the gun, juggled between them, rapped him on the chin.

"Look out; you'll blow the tops of our heads off," he warned her.

"Then let me go."

"I can't make you out, I swear. Women must have some different way of going at things. Here half an hour ago your were hanging round the man's neck. It was just 'You tickle me and I'll kiss you' between you, wasn't it? Wasn't it? And now here you are, half an hour later, ready to track him down with dogs."

Fern gasped as if he had slapped her face.

"You to tell me that! You, of all men, Chris Thorstad! When, if you hadn't bungled your affair with Reba ——"

"My bungling was farther back than Reba," Chris was inspired to say suddenly.

Fern cried out, "Was it? I guess there's no beginning and no end to it, really! You to accuse me of misconducting myself with Corbin, when I was doing it just to open Reba's eyes to the real nature of the man, since you didn't seem inclined to do it."

"Hold on! Hold on a minute!"

"Don't tell me I'm going too fast for you. Oh, Chris, isn't this like you? Just to beat about the bush and flounder and go in circles, and argue yourself out of making any move at all, just on the bare chance —— You're just too reasonable; you can reason yourself out of anything and into something else. If there was so much as the ghost of a reason for holding back; if father didn't stand to lose the money either way ——"

"Well, there's the point. Now we're coming to it, round the back way. What's to prevent my letting your father have the money myself—enough to plug the gap?"

"You?"

"Me."

"There's no telling when he'd get it back to you."

"What's the odds? Wouldn't it be all in the family?"

All in the family. This question so tranced her that he found he could quite easily wheedle old Bett out of her hands. He slid the gun across two of the low branches of the dripping spruce at his back.

Fern half sobbed: "You'd give the shirt off your back if somebody didn't intervene. Why must you be everybody's dog? Chris, you would be doing this for Reba, wouldn't you?"

The too reasonable man said, "Put it that way if you want to."

"But, Chris, she's delegated me to tell you that she's changed her mind about you. She can't bring herself to tell you personally, but she truly does want to consider everything unsaid that's been said. Now, you know. And furthermore, she's lost your diamond; and so, because she hasn't had it to give back, or the price of it, she hasn't had the face to—terminate."

Fern's voice had really got down to next to nothing, but she was just able to gasp out Reba's fear, now of long standing, that Chris would be a misfit psychologically. But where she hadn't had that diamond to turn in ——

"Good Lord," Chris put in, "she's welcome to that!"

"She's lost it," Fern declared again. "You're not listening."

"Why wouldn't I be?" Chris said. He had now got his eyes accustomed to the dark, but still the expression of Fern's face eluded him.

"Then you must see," came her smothered voice, "that the Pennells haven't a scintilla of claim on you."

"Maybe they still have a hold," Chris said more hopefully than before. He would find a way to shut Fern's too plausible mouth yet. "What I mean," he whispered, coming closer, "I'm not fool enough to think that a certain party could ever bring herself to think anything of me again after how I sideslipped, and God knows I did sideslip plenty; but all the same, even saying she couldn't see fit to bring me into the family by another door—saying it wouldn't be all in the family, Fern—saying it wouldn't exactly ——"

"Saying it wouldn't," Fern repeated, more and more tranced. She felt, enormously, the need to help him out, but somehow her faculty for this had rusted.

"All the same," he staggered on, "maybe in the circumstances, it wouldn't look too much like a bid for her favor if I just said I would be doing it for her—that party?"

"Oh, my heavens," Fern cried brokenly, "won't you call her any namable thing but that—that party?"

And then the snore of Corbin's engine, unheard by either of them, destroyed their one alternative.

When Chris Thorstad opened the door of his mother's bedroom it was still a little short of midnight.

"Did you lock the back door?" she asked.

"Locked and bolted it," he said. And added, "I had reason."

Mrs. Thorstad was in bed reading, and her son pulled a low rocker up to the bed.

When he had told his story she said sternly, "I never heard of anything so crazy mad."

"As what?"

"As your solution of it—this loan. Why didn't you go on after them and nab them? Haven't we had personal dealings with this Harry Corbin and don't we know he's crooked?"

"We don't know how crooked."

"Couldn't you have found out?"

"But did I want to? Did I want to find out? Look at it on the facts. The way it

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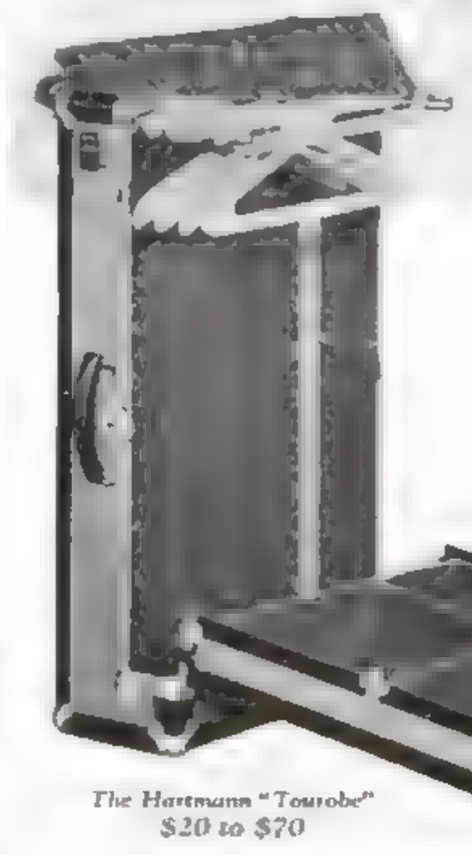

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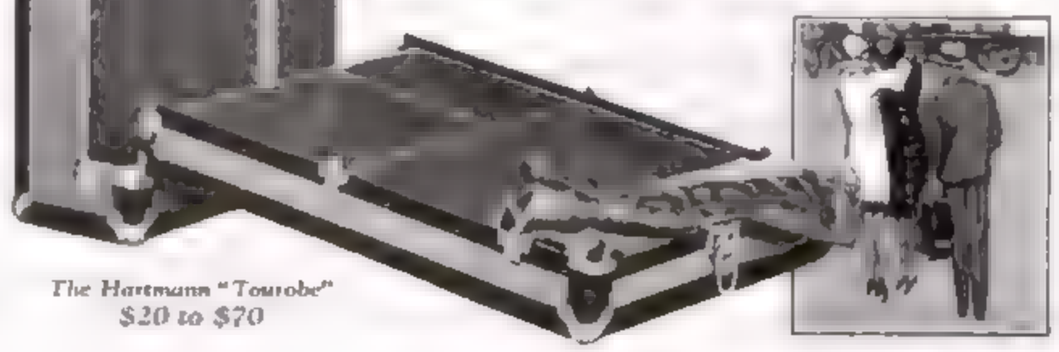

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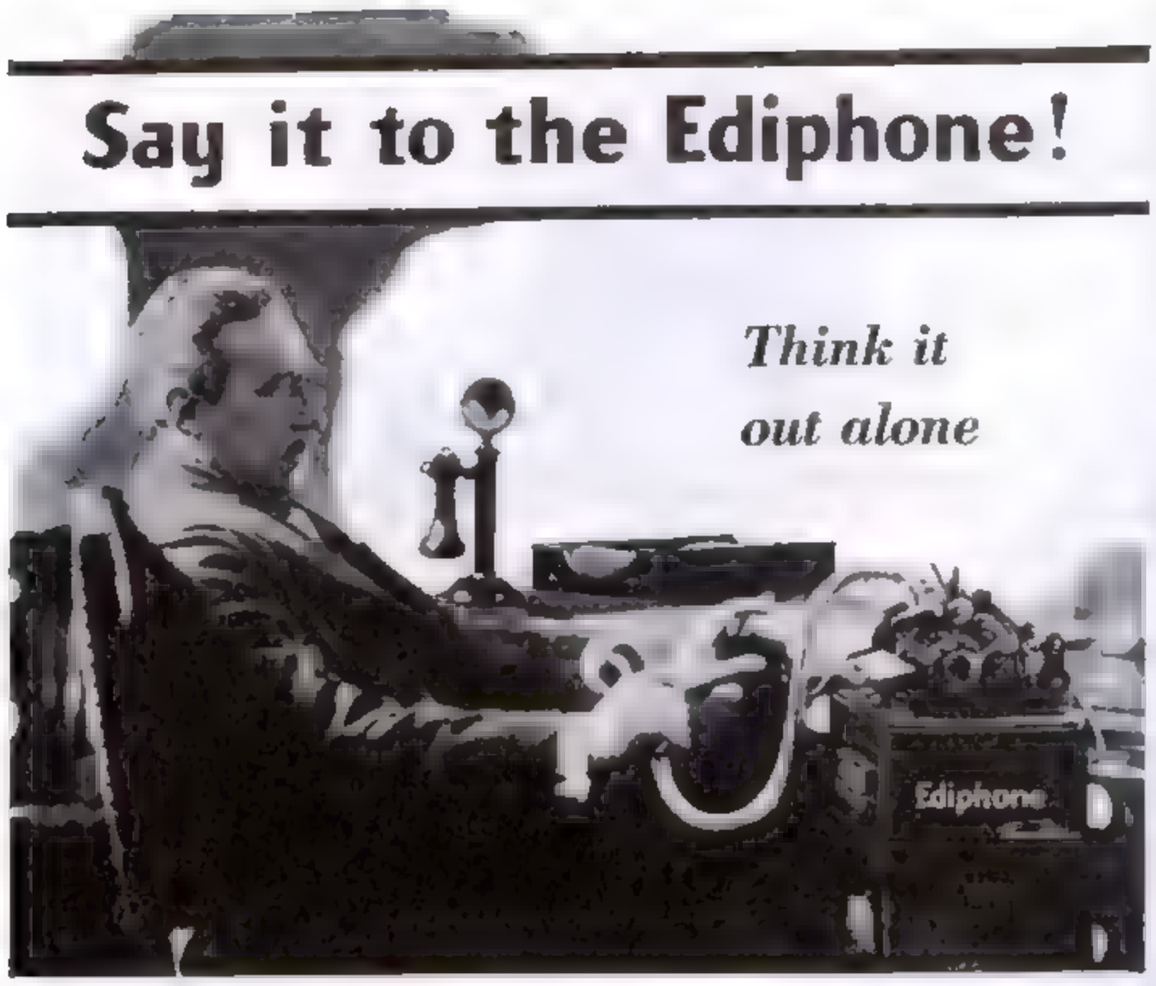

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stands, this'll put the fear of God in Sam, won't it? He'll either collect those taxes or advertise 'em, and he'll watch where he puts the money, won't he? He won't leave it round in pigeonholes again. It will get rid of Corbin too. I mean, even saying he didn't take the money, still the Pennells will think he did, and they won't be able to tell him so. Reba'll be as scared of him as any of them. Of course, if he did take it ——"

"He must have taken it," Mrs. Thorstad said.

"Well, he or an accomplice," her son replied.

"And now what galls me," she cried, "is your tamely digging down and making good, after how you've slaved, and after how that girl ——"

"Wait," Chris checked her. "Here's my theory of the case. You know that desk of Sam's that they got the money out of is open, front and back? Remember? Sure you must. Fern got it for him with soap orders when she was a kid. It had back boards once, but they got warped off and didn't get tacked back. Sam's been going to do it, and didn't, just the way he didn't put a new pane in that parlor window of his. I saw that much tonight when I went out to the woodpile after wood to put in the oven. It just happened that about that time Brant and Corbin were moving the desk slap up against the window to get the lamp cord out of the mopboard. You see how she shapes up? I was the longest time convincing Fern that there was an accomplice outside, but as a matter of fact, it was right then, as I dope it out, that the accomplice reached in through that broken-out pane and right in through the back of the desk, and grabbed the roll. What was to prevent him?"

"The accomplice," Mrs. Thorstad repeated, clinging to her braids.

"The accomplice, yes," Chris whispered. "What could those two birds have done without an accomplice—somebody to help? Nothing—not a thing. Their part was done, as I figure it, when they backed that desk up to the window."

There was the least tilt to his eyebrow.

"Chris," his mother blazed, "you're the accomplice!"

"Don't look so scared. Say I am. The thing was on a shoestring, wasn't it?"

"But suppose Sam had caught you in the act? Suppose he had called for a search of everyone?"

"That wouldn't occur to an accomplice. No, the thing was just as easy as breaking sticks. I meant to take it round in and throw a jolt into Sam, and then produce it. But then it began to look like a good move by a bad checker player—he doesn't see right at first how much it favors him. Don't look so scared, mother. It's all right. And I've got Fern to back me up now. She's going to start in feeding Sam the truth out of a medicine dropper. She's a sweet little accomplice."

"Fern. She hasn't ——"

"Yes she has," her son announced. "And there's one advantage of going in circles, wouldn't you say? It brings a man round in time—with the right breaks, understand—to the point he started from."

HE GOT THE JOB

(Continued from Page 9)

behind the kitchen. Apparently poor little Mike's mistake in volunteering for kitchen police had got him a permanent position in that capacity, and Marshall congratulated himself once more that he himself had escaped any such ignominious job.

After lunch a new idea came into his head. Perhaps it would be better not to work this hiding-out business too far. If he was absent from all fatigue details the top sergeant might begin to notice it. His morning sleep had greatly refreshed him, so in the afternoon he stuck around and groomed industriously, led a couple of horses to water and did other jobs. After supper came the same old orders and the battery prepared to line up in the road.

Marshall rolled up his pack and started for his place at the rear of the battery column. As he passed the picket line he noted that the sergeant in charge of the first section was shouting and yelling even louder than usual.

"Where is Jimmy Kerr?" he yelled. "Where has that big bum gone? Here it's time to go and nobody to drive his horses!"

"He went on sick call," somebody answered, "and the doctor sent him back to the hospital. He has an infected foot or something."

Marshall at once stepped forward. "I'll drive those horses for you," he said.

"Who are you?" said the sergeant.

"I'm a spare driver," said Marshall.

"How long you been in this outfit?"

"Two days. I'm a replacement. I just came."

"Can you handle a team?" asked the sergeant.

"Sure I can," said Marshall. "I was a driver in the old Fifth Field Artillery, but I got sent to the hospital. And when I got well, instead of shipping me back to my old outfit, they sent me here."

He was surprised at the glib way these words ran off his tongue. Necessity is often the mother of very smooth liars.

"All right," said the sergeant, "go ahead and drive 'em. I'll fix it up with Connor when I see him."

Marshall began to feel his heart beat fast with excitement. His chance had come at last, and with good luck he might get by with it. The picket line had already been taken down and the two horses he was to drive were tied by their halter ropes to a wheel of the gun limber. On the pole of the limber were two saddles and an intricate-looking mass of straps.

"Is this the harness for 'em?" asked Marshall in a snappy businesslike voice.

"Yes," said the sergeant, and then he turned to a number of other men who were standing around. "Here," he said, "give this bird a hand with his harness. And snap into it! We gotta be on our way."

Three or four men sprang forward and started to put the harness on the horses. Marshall fluttered about and made a great show of being busy, but he let the other men do all the work.

Carefully he noted everything they did. Next time, he felt, he would be able to do it himself.

While Marshall's pair was being harnessed, the drivers of the three other pairs which made up the gun team had hitched their horses to the limber.

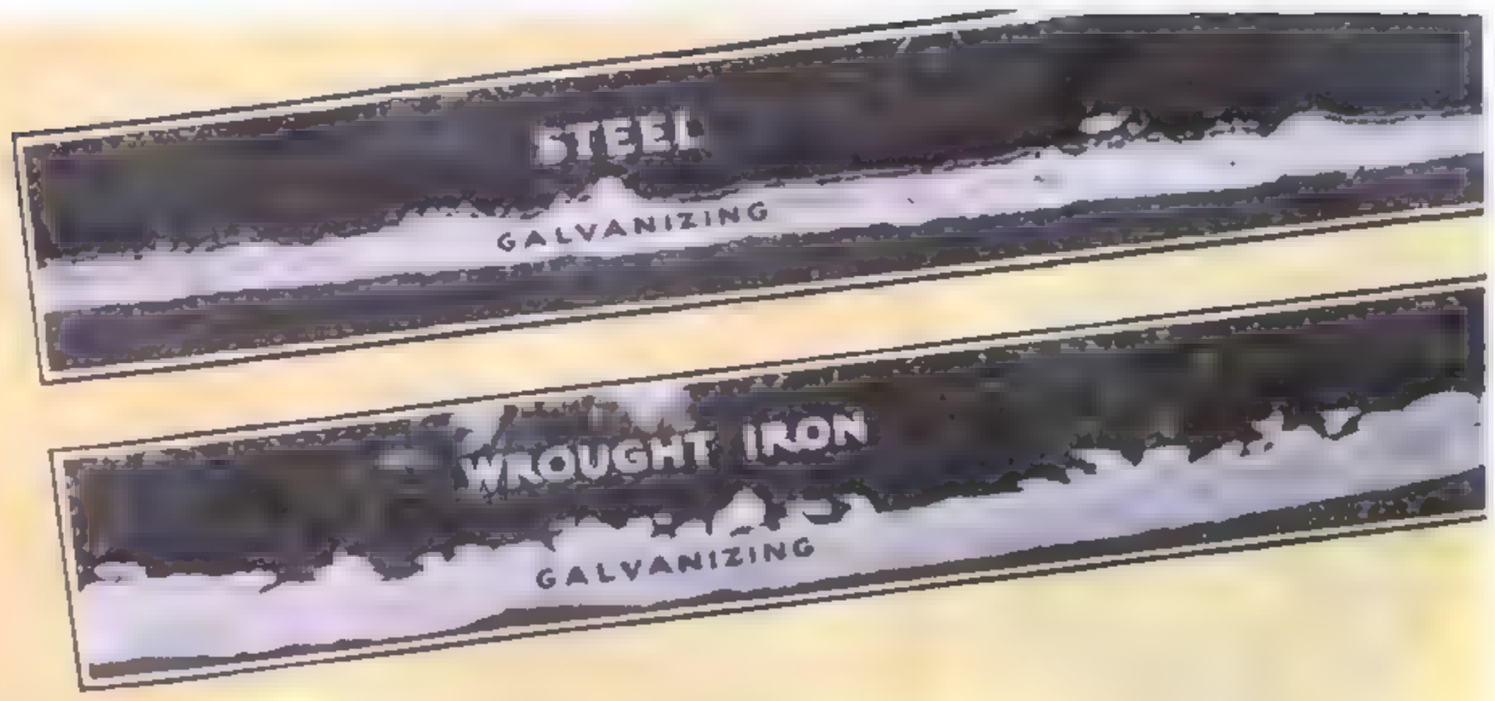
"All right," said the sergeant, as soon as Marshall's team was harnessed, "yours is the lead pair. Take them up there and hitch them on, and don't take all night to it, either."

Marshall grabbed the two horses by the bridles. They were large clumsy animals with long faces and large sorrowful eyes. Fortunately they seemed gentle and willing. By the time he reached the head of the gun team the other drivers had already mounted. Marshall, all eagerness, prepared to do likewise. He stepped to the left-hand side of the nigh, or left-hand, horse, put his left foot in the stirrup and grasped the saddle. He still had his infantry pack on his back. He had noted that the other drivers carried their blankets in a roll swung over the back of their saddles, with their other articles in saddlebags in front. But it was too late for him to change his pack now; and this was unfortunate, because with all that weight on his back it would probably take a very large, healthy spring to get him up on the horse.

He made as big a jump as he could, and put so much energy into it that his right leg swung over the horse's back with as much speed and power as a bat in the hands

(Continued on Page 117)

Photomicrographs of steel pipe and Byers wrought iron pipe, galvanized. Zinc coating on inside of Byers pipe over 40% heavier than on steel pipe. Even more important is the relatively rough surface of Byers pipe, which makes the zinc adhere so firmly to the iron surface that it will not peel or flake off. (On cheaper pipe, galvanizing invariably flakes off at the ends where cut, or where gripped with a wrench, bent, or handled roughly.)



Where Hidden Values Count

Before choosing pipe for plumbing *and* heating systems, *look below the surface for rust protection*

THE LAYMAN may be skeptical when shown two kinds of pipe which are identical in looks, and told that they differ materially in rust resistance. It is so natural to trust the eye! "Seeing is believing."

Yet time and experience have demonstrated important differences which do not immediately appear. One of these kinds of pipe far outlasts the other. Whether the pipe be plain black or galvanized, in either case the character of the stuff in it, down below the surface and all the way through, is what determines its durability.

DIFFERENCES IN PLAIN BLACK PIPE

Wrought Iron—honest, enduring, old-fashioned material that it is—has inherent rust-resisting qualities proved by long use. A new and less tried metal, looking exactly like wrought iron, may seem to promise the same virtues at a lower cost. Metallurgists know, however, that the inner structure of this modern metal is quite different. It lacks the myriads of tiny slag filaments which are characteristic of wrought iron, and by reason of which wrought iron pipe is highly immune to corrosion.

GALVANIZED PIPE OF TWO KINDS

When a galvanizing coat is applied on pipe, as a protection to the body metal of which the pipe walls are composed, again the metallurgist's examination reveals that the silicate fibers of wrought iron afford better anchorage or adhesion for the protective coat. A greater quantity of zinc is taken up, approximately 40% more; and this heavier covering is more securely bonded to the pipe. In short, better, more dependable rust protection is the result. *(See photomicrograph above.)*

Responsible engineers and architects, advised alike by such findings of the laboratory and by the testimony of time and use, employ genuine wrought iron for important projects where durability is required at moderate cost.

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Bulova Observatory: Fifth Avenue, New York
In Canada: Federal Building, Toronto, Ont.

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS · EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 114)

of Babe Ruth. The toe of his heavy hobnailed shoe caught the off horse in the ribs. The surprised animal gave a little snort and a clumsy bound and started trotting heavily but briskly off through the woods. It suddenly flashed through Marshall's mind that these two horses should have been fastened together in some way. At all events he should not have mounted until the traces had been hooked up.

But he had no time to waste on vain regrets. His own horse, seeing its mate clattering off through the woods, immediately started to follow it at a clumsy and ungainly trot. Marshall had not yet had time to settle himself in the saddle. His right foot was not yet in the stirrup and he didn't even have hold of the reins. All he could do was to grab the horse's mane and hang on. He went past a group of men belonging to the next section, and these men at once set up a loud and delighted cheer. There were cries of "Ride him, cowboy!" The effect of this noise was to make the horse go even faster. And with one last tremendous bounce Marshall felt himself leave the saddle. He held onto the horse's mane as long as possible and this let him down a little easier. But even so, he hit the ground with a sickening jolt and rolled over two or three times.

Painfully and dizzily he sat up and realized that the sergeant in charge of the first section was standing over him. The landscape seemed to be gently revolving and at a great distance he saw the two horses trotting heavily on their way.

"A swell driver you are!" said the sergeant. "What's the idea of turning that horse loose and then giving him a kick to start him off? And what's the idea of starting for a ride on the other one and then changing your mind and getting off? Well, this is the last ride you take in my section."

Marshall could think of no answer to make to these remarks, and the sergeant walked on. Several privates—more kindhearted than the majority—picked him up and asked him if he were hurt. Marshall cautiously moved his arms around and wiggled his fingers. They still worked. He took a few steps. Although he was still dizzy and confused, he found he could walk.

"I'm all right," he said; "absolutely all right."

By this time the two horses had been caught. They were led back to the gun team and hitched up. A new driver who had been procured from somewhere took charge of them and the gun was driven out into the road. Marshall walked back to the rear of the column, took his place among the spare cannoneers and was soon hiking along the road as the battery started its third night's march.

Marshall was tired and weary and his fall had made him sore all over. Furthermore, he was a disgusted and discouraged man. He had had a chance to better himself in this battery and had failed. Beside him marched little Private Scully, who seemed to have troubles of his own.

"I'm so tired," said Scully weakly—"I'm so tired that I'm afraid I can't keep up. For three days and two nights I haven't had hardly any rest at all."

"I know how you feel," said Marshall. "I'm in pretty bad shape myself. But it doesn't do any good to talk about it."

The two men walked along in silence for fifty minutes. Then came the blessed ten-minute halt, and they both lay down on the grass beside the road to rest. Marshall noticed that they were at the edge of a dense woods and that the night was already reasonably dark. At once his active mind began to work.

"Scully," he said, "you and I are going to crawl into this woods. Come on!"

"What's the idea?" asked Scully doubtfully.

"Never mind what the idea is," said Marshall; "come along!"

Slowly and noiselessly Marshall crept into the woods, with Scully behind him. As soon as they had gained the protection of the trees, they stood up and walked straight on for a hundred yards into the forest. Then Marshall spread out his blankets on the soft ground and prepared to go to sleep.

"We might as well spend the night here," he said.

"But what will they do," asked Scully, "if they find out what we have done? What will they do if they catch us?"

"We can worry about that in the morning. Tonight we're going to get some sleep. Roll out your blankets and fix yourself for the night."

Hesitatingly, Scully obeyed, and five minutes later the two men were sound asleep. It was nine o'clock in the morning when they awoke, both much refreshed. Scully at once began to worry about the consequences of their going absent without leave, but Marshall laughed at his fears.

"We'll manage somehow," he said.

They washed and shaved at the edge of a little brook which ran through the forest. Then they walked back to the road, which they followed into a small village. They bought bread and cheese and a large bottle of wine; and in the afternoon they had the good luck to find an army truck going in the same direction the battery had taken. As soon as the driver learned that they had a bottle still half full of wine, and that they were inclined to be generous, he became very helpful. "Sure, I know where the Thirteenth Field Artillery is camped," he said. "I haul supplies out of Bar-le-Duc to an engineer outfit down south of here. I'm on the way back from my second trip now. When I was on the way back from my first trip this morning, I picked up four other stragglers from the Thirteenth and hauled them all the way to their outfit."

"You're a good guy to meet," said Marshall. "Here, have another drink."

"Thanks," said the driver. "I told them other guys they ought to buy me a little refreshments, but they was tightwads. So I got even by letting them off right in front of their battery camp, where their top sergeant seen them and give them hell for being A. W. O. L. But I'll drop you bozos on the outskirts so you can sneak in quiet."

About an hour later he stopped the truck at the edge of a woods. "The various batteries are scattered around in here," he said.

Marshall thanked him, gave him the rest of the wine and started into the woods with Scully. They investigated two camps, which turned out to be other batteries than their own. As they were sneaking up to the third camp, they were suddenly startled by a shrill whistle and a loud voice: "Line up, youse guys! Line up!" It was the well-known voice of Sergeant Connor. Dropping their packs at the foot of a tree, they strolled into camp and were soon in the midst of the hurrying groups of men who were turning out at the sergeant's call. They fell into line among the spare cannoneers and came to attention at the command, "Fall in!"

The formation turned out to be the usual afternoon stables. Marshall was assigned to two horses that had served as mounts for a couple of sergeants. He groomed them carefully and efficiently, then led them down to water, and finally fastened on the two nose bags. Immediately after stables came supper. As he sat on the ground beside Scully and ate his steaming mess kit full of slum, Marshall smiled with deep and quiet satisfaction. He had learned that no roll calls had been taken all day, and in the confusion of making camp no one had noticed that he and Scully had been absent.

"I'm beginning to understand this Army," said Marshall. "I'm beginning to formulate a set of general principles for the guidance of privates like ourselves."

"Yeah?" said Scully blankly.

"We can't openly disobey orders," continued Marshall, "but, on the other hand, we can't do everything they tell us. If we did we would kill ourselves with foolish and unnecessary work and we wouldn't be any good to ourselves or to the Army."

"That's right," said Scully.

"As good soldiers," Marshall went on, "we must keep ourselves alive and in good

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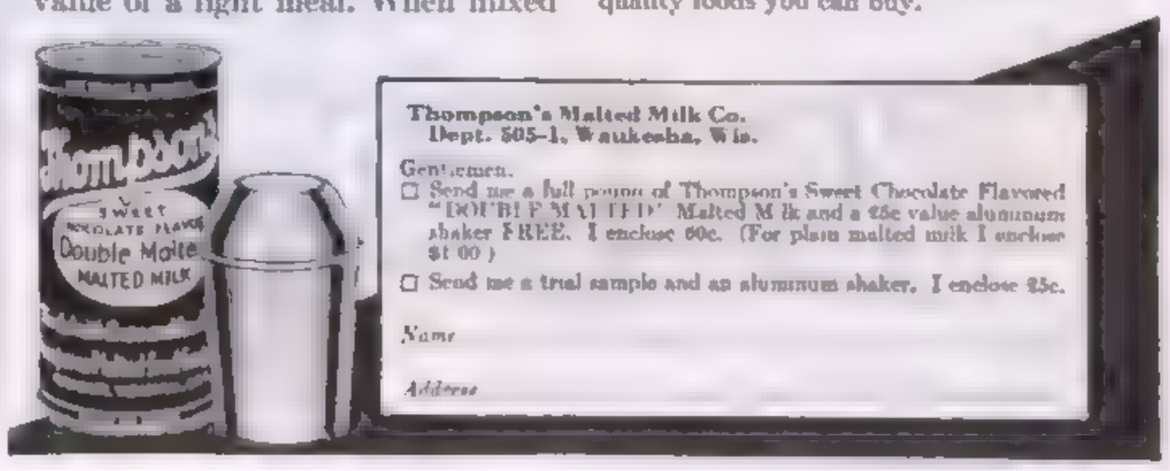
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shape so we can lick the Germans when the time comes. After we have done what we consider our share of the work, it is our duty to dodge as much trouble as we can, and we must be careful not to get caught. In the Army, anything is all right as long as you don't get caught."

"That sounds reasonable," Scully agreed.

"Of course it's reasonable," said Marshall: "and now that I'm learning to handle myself in this Army, I think I'm going to amount to something."

After supper it was announced that there would be no march that night. Marshall and Scully joined forces, put up a pup tent and enjoyed another long sound sleep. All around them, in the woods, the other men of the battery slumbered pleasantly in their first long night's rest since the march had started.

The battery remained in the woods for several days and nights. Then came more hiking, up past Bar-le-Duc to Souilly, and then through a pouring rainstorm over to the north edge of the St.-Mihiel salient. After a couple of days waiting in the rain, the four big 155 howitzers of the battery were put in position, and on the morning of September twelfth they fired a long barrage schedule for the St.-Mihiel attack. It was a very one-sided affair—more like target practice than warfare. The Germans sent over a very few shells, none of which burst near enough the battery to bother anybody. After this offensive the battery withdrew and camped on the side of a little hill near Souilly.

During all this time Marshall and Scully managed to keep out of trouble and also out of excessive work. They sneaked out of a great many fatigue details, but they were always on hand whenever there was a roll call. They were never conspicuously absent.

It pleased Marshall to think that he was getting along so smoothly, when so many other members of the battery were being driven almost crazy by hard work, ceaseless nagging and the unreasonableness of army discipline. But he was not yet satisfied. He was still nothing but a spare cannoneer, and he wanted a real job that amounted to something.

For some time he had been considering the battery commander's detail—a group of a dozen men who took care of the battery telephone lines and the fire-control instruments. This work was so important that they were very seldom put on fatigue details or kitchen police. Furthermore, they rode horses. It looked like a good job.

One afternoon Marshall approached Sergeant Johnson, who was in charge of the detail. He was a severe-looking man, older than most of the men in the battery, and Marshall had heard that he had spent ten years in the old Regular Army before the war.

"Sergeant Johnson," said Marshall, "any time you have a vacancy on the detail I would like to try for it. If you'd only give me a chance I know I'd make good."

"How long have you been in this battery?" asked the sergeant.

"About two weeks."

"Then you're out of luck," said the sergeant. "We don't want no ignorant recruits on the detail."

Marshall went back to his pup tent very much depressed. What was the use of trying to amount to something when nobody would give you a chance?

That night, after supper, little Scully suggested that they go down to a village a mile or so away and have a few drinks.

"You seem somewhat low in your mind," said Scully. "A little booze will do you good."

The idea appealed to Marshall. "All right," he said, "let's go."

The two men walked down the road to the village, where they found an unattractive, dirty little café. The one small room was filled with tables, chairs and American soldiers from various outfits. The air was thick with the smoke of many cigarettes and the smell of wine. They found a table that was still unoccupied and ordered a bottle of cognac, which was very expensive because it was against the law to sell cognac to soldiers.

They both drank; and Marshall, who was unaccustomed to such strong stuff, drank far too much. He began to feel a gentle warmth creeping over him; his troubles began to roll away, and he suddenly developed what is known as a superiority complex. It occurred to him that he was a great, big, strong, red-blooded he man, the equal to anybody else in the whole Army, bar none. This idea filled his whole mind like a great light and he longed to do some splendid deed of valor to show the world how good he really was.

The whole room seemed to be swimming in a beautiful golden haze. Scully, who sat opposite him, seemed very small and far away. Suddenly he heard some other soldiers talking at the next table. There were four of them—or was it six?—and they came from some other outfit. They were discussing the Thirteenth Field Artillery and stating that it was a Regular Army outfit and therefore composed of a bunch of bums and hobos who had joined up before the war started.

"They enlisted to get a square meal," said one of these men, "and then they got caught by the war. They're nothing but a bunch of bums."

Marshall's memory of what happened next was always rather hazy. He found himself on his feet making a speech. He stated that the Thirteenth Field Artillery was the finest outfit in the service. With many threats he demanded an apology. The apology was refused. He remembered standing on one side of a table glaring at a group of soldiers on the other side. He reached over and jabbed one of them in the nose with his fist.

Another one picked up a wine bottle; he saw it swing through the air and he felt it come down on the top of his head. For a moment he seemed to be paralyzed, but his strength came back with a rush. He gave the heavy table a mighty shove. It caught the other men off their balance, their legs got tangled in the chairs behind them and he saw their four faces jerking backward and down through the thick smoke-laden air. From all over the room came shouts and cries.

Then he felt a strong arm around his shoulders and a husky voice near his ear: "You're all right, Jack, but you'd better come with me. Come on—right this way!"

The voice spoke with authority. Reluctantly he let himself be led along; and the next moment he was outside in the darkness and felt the cool, pleasant night air on his hot face.

"A little speed now, Jack," said the husky voice. "We got to get away from here before any M. P.'s arrive, or before they start checking up on the busted crockery."

He remembered walking a long distance through the night. All at once he realized that the man with the husky voice was Sergeant Johnson of the battery commander's detail. Evidently the sergeant had been taking a drink in the café. Marshall began to feel ashamed. It was rotten luck that this sergeant, on whom he had wanted to make a good impression, should have been present to see him make a fool of himself.

At last they got back to the battery, and Scully, who had tagged along, helped tuck him into his blankets in the pup tent.

When he awoke the next morning he found that he had a large, painful bump on the outside of his head and a large, painful headache inside. The bottle of wine had evidently broken on top of his head and covered him with its contents. He smelled like a whole saloon. With a feeling of complete disgust, he washed himself, put on a clean shirt and a spare blouse and went to breakfast. He ate very little.

Afterward, as he was taking his mess kit back to his tent, he was hailed by Sergeant Johnson.

"Hey, there, big boy," said the sergeant, "come over here a minute."

Marshall obeyed with some embarrassment, and the sergeant presented him to half a dozen other members of the detail, who were standing around.

"What's your name?" asked the sergeant.

"Marshall."

"What's your first name?"

"Reginald."

"I want you guys to meet Private Reginald Marshall," announced the sergeant. "Little Reggie, the champion orator and prize fighter of the outfit. Sit down, Reggie. I was just starting to tell the boys all about you." Marshall sat down bashfully and the sergeant continued: "We were all sitting around this estaminet place down the road when four dirty bums from some other outfit started passing remarks about the Thirteenth Field Artillery—said it was a chicken-liver outfit, or something like that. Little Reggie was sitting at the next table and right away he stands up and makes a speech. Tell them what you said, Reggie, it was swell stuff."

"I forget what I said," answered Marshall. "Maybe I was a trifle lit at the time."

"Never have I heard a guy that could sling the language like Reggie," said the sergeant; "he sounded just like Daniel Webster himself. I can't remember all his remarks, but he ended up by saying: 'You are moral perverts and shameless liars. If you do not at once apologize for your dastardly words, I will hurl your miserable carcasses through the door of this edifice onto the manure pile outside.'"

"Did I say that?" asked Marshall.

"You did," said the sergeant, "and it was wonderful." He turned back to the other members of the detail and continued: "None of them four bums apologized, so Reggie made a move like he was going to throw them outside. They was great big ferocious-looking brutes, and one of them took a bottle of red wine and busted it right on top of his head. If it had been you or me or any ordinary guy, he would have been knocked absolutely cold, but Reggie here is not only an orator; he is also a hard egg. He just stood and smiled at them big brutes and quietly picked up a great big heavy table and threw it at them so hard that it knocked the whole four of them clean across the room and landed them in a heap in the corner.

"After that he was starting over just naturally to murder the whole bunch. I don't know whether he was going to break their necks or crack their heads on the stone floor or what, but about that time I stepped up and told him that they had had punishment enough. So he quit like the reasonable guy he is and we all walked out and came back to camp."

"Did they really break a bottle right over his head?" asked one of the detail members, in a somewhat awed voice. "I don't see how they could do that without killing a man."

"Ask Reggie there," said the sergeant. "Did that guy bust a bottle of wine over your head, or did he not?"

"Well," said Marshall, "I guess the bottle broke all right, but very likely he didn't hit me square. Maybe it was a weak bottle and he gave me a sort of glancing blow and the neck broke off in his hand."

With these words, Marshall politely excused himself and went back to his tent. And all the rest of that day, as he moved about his various duties at stables and on other details, he was aware that he was being pointed out as the man with a head that you could break bottles over without any ill effects. At last he had acquired a reputation in the battery. And although it was not exactly the reputation he would have chosen, he was secretly a little pleased.

That evening Sergeant Johnson came over to his tent. "Do you still want a job on the detail?" he asked.

"I sure do," answered Marshall.

"All right," said the sergeant, "it's all fixed up. What I want on my detail is men with brains, and I can tell by looking at you that you have got them. I also want men that ain't soft and sissy. Since I seen you last night, I know you will pass on that point. You start work tomorrow."

"Thank you," said Marshall.

The next morning the sergeant turned him over to one of the regular telephone privates by the name of Penfield Bennett. "This guy," said the sergeant, "will show you all about the telephone work."

Bennett was tall and skinny, with a serious and rather ugly face, but he turned out to be a very decent sort of chap and a good, conscientious teacher. Marshall worked hard and earnestly, and in the course of two days' intensive instruction he made tremendous progress. He learned how to take apart a field telephone and put it together again. He learned the technical terms used in sending firing data over the wires. He learned how to operate a Routon switchboard. And most important of all, he learned how to splice broken telephone wire—how to scrape the insulation off the ends, twist them together and wind them with tape.

On the evening of the second day the battery moved out, and Marshall marched up at the head of the column with the battery commander's detail. He was disappointed to find that he had to walk. So many of the horses had died during the past week or two that the whole detail, with the exception of the noncoms, was on foot.

The first night's march took them to a place called Blercourt. The second night they went up to Esnes, and put the guns in position. And on the third night they fired in the opening barrage of the Argonne offensive. It was a good deal like the affair at St.-Mihiel two weeks before. There was a tremendous torrent of fire from hundreds of American batteries, but very few shells coming back from the Germans. Marshall had worked hard running out wire and connecting the telephones. On the day after the barrage he worked just as hard rolling in the wire and packing it up. Toward the end of the afternoon the guns were limbered up and at dusk the battery moved off toward the German lines. The infantry, it appeared, had made an advance of eight or ten kilometers and it was now necessary for the artillery to follow them up and give them support in their new position.

The battery moved over the top of Hill 304 and descended into the valley beyond. Here it halted for about an hour. Then it moved on a hundred yards or so and halted again. Marshall and Bennett walked forward, curious to see what was holding up the column. It didn't take them long to find out. They were now in what had formerly been No Man's Land, where several years of shelling by the French and Germans had completely destroyed the road, leaving nothing but a mass of overlapping shell holes. In the center of the valley the ground was low and marshy and the shell holes were full of water. On this discouraging ground thousands of men were at work building a new road. In gangs of fifty or a hundred, they worked with pick and shovel, filling the shell holes and making a more or less level subgrade. Other gangs were scouring around on both sides of the road, picking up loose field stones, placing them in gunny sacks and carrying them laboriously over to the road to make a stone surface solid enough to prevent the heavy guns from miring down in the mud.

Even in the darkness it was apparent that the men at work on the road were completely tired out. The men with the shovels worked slowly, and the stone carriers tottered along beneath their loads as if they were feeble old men. There was a continuous torrent of shouts, commands and profanity from the sergeants in a vain attempt to force more and more out of the poor overworked privates.

Marshall and Bennett stumbled over one of these road workers who had apparently collapsed and gone to sleep in the friendly concealment of a shell hole off to the side of the road. *(Continued on Page 122)*

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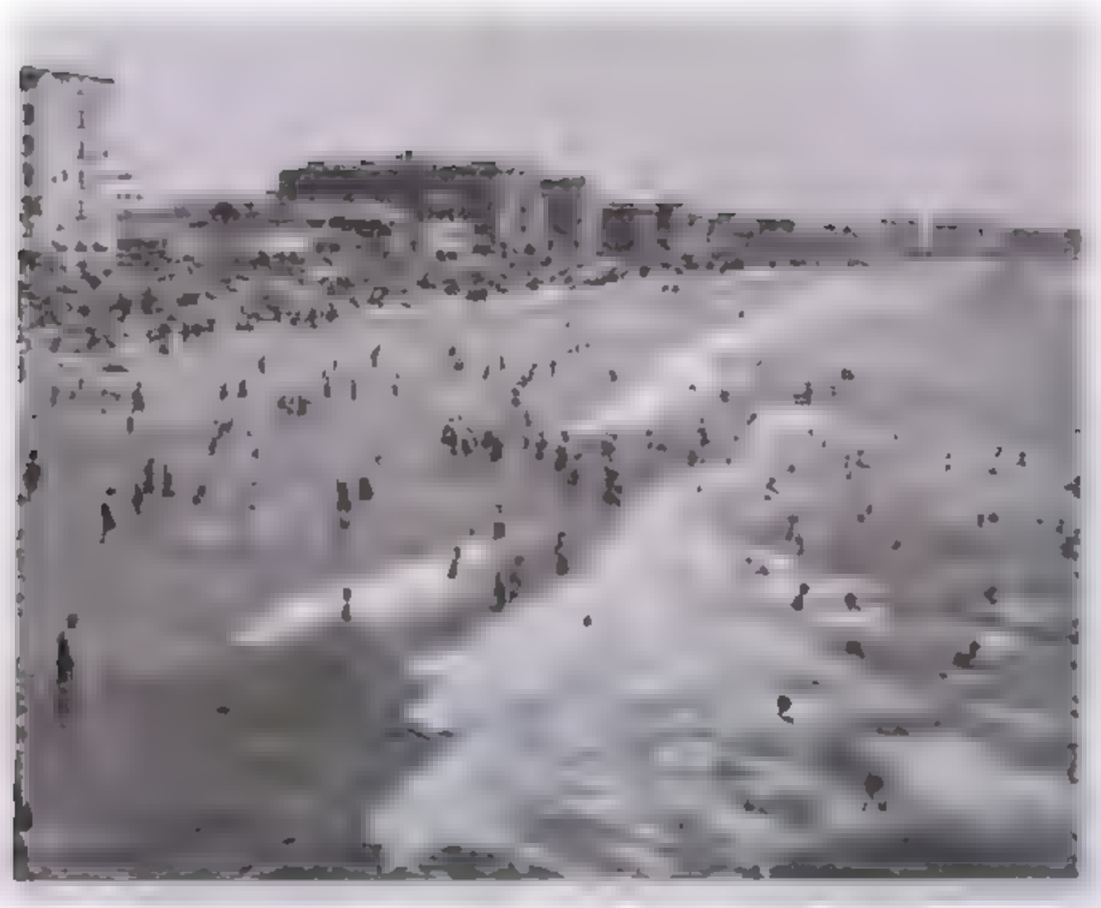

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(Continued from Page 119)

"Hello, there, buddy," said Marshall. "How are you making it?"

"Who are you?" asked the road worker suspiciously.

"We belong to the Thirteenth Field Artillery."

"Lucky boys!" said the road worker. "You can thank the Lord you don't belong to the Fourth Engineers."

"Is that what you belong to?" asked Marshall.

"Yeah."

Marshall's mind traveled back to the day so long ago when he had tried to enlist in the engineers. He had a vague feeling that his friends from Cornell who had been accepted had been assigned to this same regiment—the Fourth Engineers. By this time they had probably worked up to be responsible officers.

"Is there anybody in your outfit by the name of James Hollis?" he asked.

"Yes, there is," said the man. "He's in my company. He's around here somewhere tonight."

"He's not the commander of the company, is he?" asked Marshall.

The man gave a feeble and sarcastic laugh. "Commander!" he cackled. "That's a good one! He's nothing but a buck private like me."

Marshall ran over the names of his other friends. The engineer soldier knew them all. They were all in his company and they were all privates. After giving this information, the soldier started in on a long lament concerning life in the Engineer Corps. It appeared that it was all work and no play—"Pick and shovel, pick and shovel, all day and all night. What they want in this outfit is a strong back and a weak mind."

At this point a harsh voice broke in on the conversation:

"What are you guys doing here? Take your gunny sacks and get out there and gather some stones."

"You're not talking to us," said Marshall evenly; "we belong to the artillery."

"Well, get back to your own outfit then," said the voice, "and don't come mixing in with my men."

The owner of the voice disappeared in the darkness.

"Good Lord," said the engineer soldier, "that was our first sergeant! He didn't recognize me in the dark, and I certainly got to thank you guys for speaking up and throwing him off the scent."

"Always glad to help in any way I can," said Marshall pleasantly. "Good-by, and good luck!"

"There ain't no such thing as good luck in the engineers," was the reply.

Marshall and Bennett walked back to their place in the battery column. On the way they looked around to see if they could find any of Marshall's old Cornell friends. But it was impossible to locate them in the darkness. Soon after, the battery started forward again. With many halts and with much pushing on the wheels, the guns were finally dragged across the swamp into the town of Malancourt. Here they were behind what had formerly been the German lines and the roads were in fairly good shape.

A short distance beyond Malancourt the guns were placed in position. During the day they did a little scattered firing, and as soon as night came on they moved up through Cuisy to the little town of Septsarges.

By this time the Germans had stopped falling back. The enemy batteries, established in prepared positions, began to shell the American lines steadily and methodically. This was Marshall's first experience of real warfare.

At first the bursting German shells scared him more than he had ever been scared before, but after a day or two he was surprised to find that he had got used to them. When he heard one coming he would dive into a shell hole or throw himself flat on the ground. But in between times he hardly thought of them at all.

The food situation was worse than the shelling. All supplies for the American Army now had to come over roads such as the one Marshall had seen the engineers building between Esnes and Malancourt. These roads were very poor, there were not enough of them and they were subject to considerable shell fire. There was a shortage of ammunition for the guns, and a very decided shortage of food and other supplies. The battery began to subsist on half rations, mostly canned salmon and moldy bread.

Marshall was now a very busy man. He repaired telephone wires which had been cut by shell fire; he helped make a little dugout behind the guns to protect the battery telephone station; he carried messages and reports back and forth from regimental headquarters. And all the time he was picking up information as fast as he could. He learned a good deal about how the guns were laid and fired and quite a bit about how the firing data was figured. Sergeant Johnson told him he was coming along fine, and the captain himself commented on the good work he was doing.

After ten days at Septsarges the battery moved over to the town of Nantillois. As soon as they were in their new position the captain decided to establish an observation post on the crest of a hill two miles away. Marshall and several other members of the detail ran out the necessary two miles of telephone line—which used up practically all the wire the battery possessed—and then they worked all night digging a hole on the top of the hill. One of the lieutenants established himself in this hole, from which protected position he could look out over the territory occupied by the Germans. Whenever the battery fired he observed the bursting of the shells and, if they were not falling in the proper place, he telephoned this fact to the battery so that the laying of the guns could be corrected.

The weak point in this arrangement was the long telephone wire which connected the observation post with the battery. For more than half the distance this wire ran along a road which was a favorite target for German shells.

Every little while the wire would be cut by shell fire and some of the telephone men would have to go out and make repairs. Sometimes, when the wire had been merely clipped in two by a shell fragment, it was only necessary to splice it together again. But at other times a shell would burst right on top of the line and destroy so much of it that it would be necessary to splice in a considerable length of new wire. This work was dangerous. It had to be done in places that had been recently shelled, and a place that has been recently shelled is very apt to be shelled again at any moment.

On the first day after the observation post was established the line was broken in three different places. On the second day it was broken in six places. And on the morning of the third day it was so chewed to pieces that it took Sergeant Johnson, Bennett, Marshall and five other members of the detail practically all afternoon to get it working again.

After they had repaired the last break and tested the line by hooking in a spare telephone, they all started back toward the guns. During the time they had been working the German artillery had been very quiet, and as they walked along Marshall reflected that it was almost time for something to happen.

Something did happen. There was a sudden deafening screech overhead, then a crash and the sound of buzzing fragments. Marshall dived into the ditch beside the road and lay flat on his face while three or four more shells came down. At last there was silence, and Marshall got up and looked around. Across the road sat Sergeant Johnson, opening his first-aid packet. Marshall ran over and helped him get out the gauze and tie up his arm, which had been gashed by a jagged fragment. Bennett had a fragment in his leg, but didn't seem to need any immediate assistance, so Marshall went

(Continued on Page 125)

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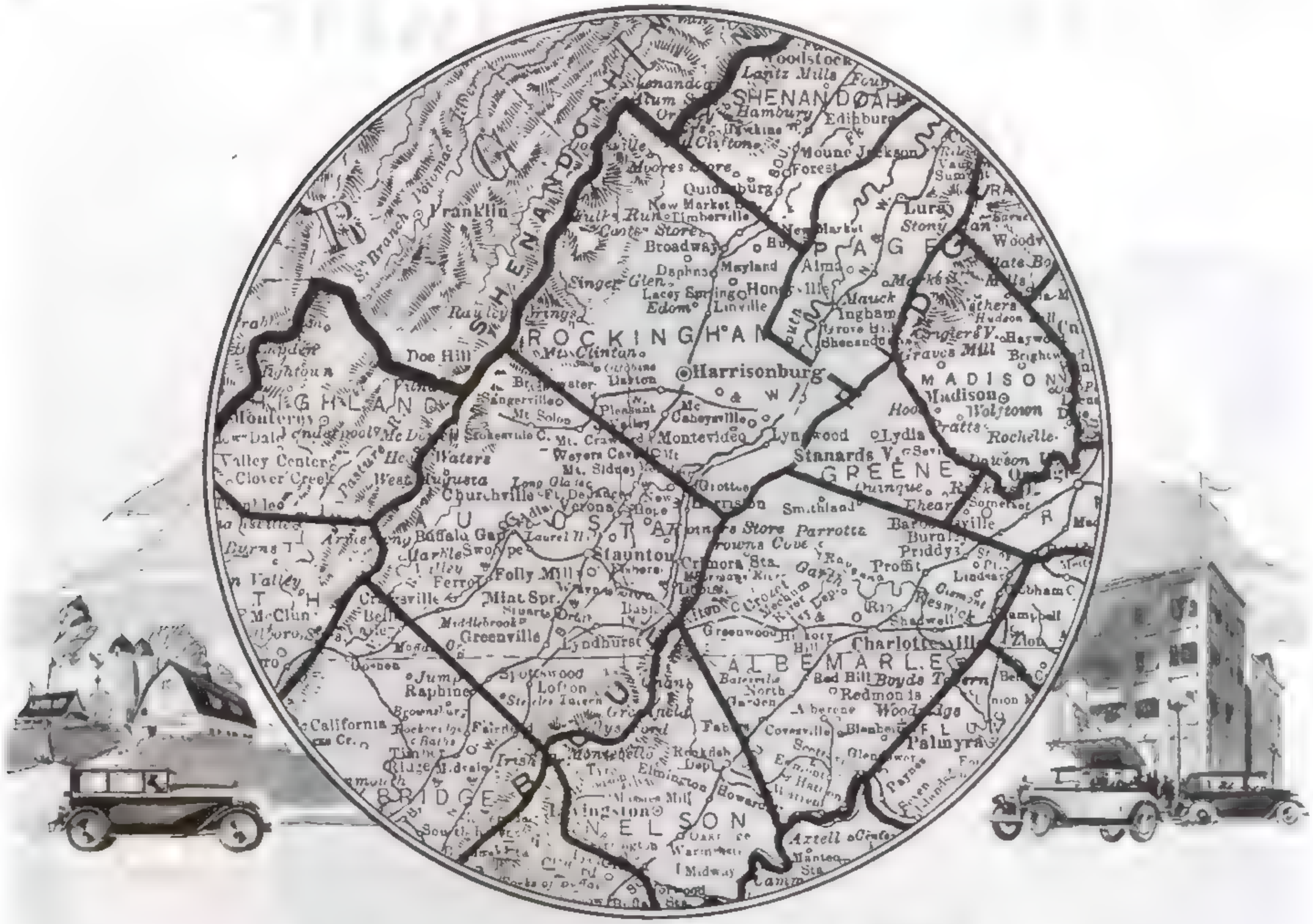
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(Continued from Page 122)

on and bandaged three other members of the detail who had been rather badly hurt. The remaining two men had been instantly killed. There were no ambulances in sight, but soon an empty truck came along bound toward the rear. Marshall signaled for it to stop and he and the driver loaded on the five wounded men. The truck driver seemed to be in a great hurry; he was afraid of more shells.

"I'll drop them off at the first hospital outfit I find," he said.

"Much obliged," said Marshall.

The truck sped on down the road and Marshall walked slowly after. A few minutes later he arrived at the battery—the only one to return of the eight men who had started out to repair the wire. He reported what had happened to the captain, and the captain sent out a detail to bury the two men who had been killed.

Marshall didn't eat any supper that evening, but he managed to get a fairly good night's rest. He was tired, and he needed it.

The next morning the captain sent for him and said: "Marshall, the line to the observation post is out again and I am going to give you the job of seeing that it is kept in repair. We must have communication with that observation post. From now on you will be an acting corporal, and you can pick out two or three men from the extra cannoneers to help you. I can't spare any of the regular telephone men."

"Yes, sir," said Marshall.

He went out and gathered in four likely looking men, telling them they were lucky guys who had been chosen for a real good job on the telephone detail. He instructed them to report to him right after breakfast.

Down at the kitchen, Mike the Greek was as usual dishing out a sickening mess of canned salmon.

"Hello, there, corporal," said Mike, as Marshall held out his mess kit. "I hear they have promoted you. I bear you're getting to be quite a guy in this outfit."

"Oh, I'm nothing but an acting corporal," said Marshall.

However, he could not help feeling a little proud of himself. At last people were beginning to see that he amounted to something. At last he had been assigned to a job that needed a responsible man. It was up to him to keep communication open to that observation post. Now that the responsibility was his, he began to think over the problem very carefully; and for the first time it occurred to him that it might be possible to move the telephone line away from that road which the Germans were always shelling so vigorously.

The shortest route from the battery to the observation post ran right along this road, but there was no real necessity to follow the most direct line. By running the wire out across the fields and through several patches of woods he could avoid the road entirely and then swing back to the observation post in such a way that the wire would pass through territory which the Germans shelled but seldom.

The only trouble with this plan was that it would require more wire—and there was no more wire. He went back to the captain.

"Sir," he said, "I want to re-lay that telephone line through ground not being shelled so severely."

"All right," said the captain, who was a very busy man. "But don't bother me about it."

"Yes, sir," said Marshall; "but I will have to have more wire. If the captain would get me some more wire I could go ahead. Possibly they have some at battalion or regimental headquarters."

"All right," said the captain impatiently, "send a man over and see if he can borrow some, but don't bother me."

"Yes, sir," said Marshall.

He sent one of his new men—a private by the name of McCann—to scare up some new wire; and in the meantime he and the three other men went out and repaired the line. They found three breaks at three widely separated places, and after they had repaired these and tested the line, it was almost noon. They came back to the battery for lunch, where McCann appeared and reported that he could get no wire.

"Battalion headquarters is very low themselves," he said. "At regimental headquarters, which is way back near Septsarges, they have all kinds of wire, but they are awful tight with it. When I asked the sergeant in charge he told me to get out of there, and he wouldn't let me talk to the colonel or any of the other officers. He said that if we wanted any wire we could requisition some ourselves through the supply department."

"A fat chance!" said Marshall bitterly. "I suppose he wants us to send to Paris or somewhere for it."

After luncheon the switchboard operator reported that the line to the observation post was out again, and Acting Corporal Marshall and his gang spent the whole afternoon chasing down and repairing four more breaks. They had several narrow escapes from German shells, and on one occasion a fragment grazed the top of McCann's tin helmet. Marshall's men seemed to be a good bunch. They followed along and carried out his instructions very efficiently. Marshall kidded them and kept them in a good humor by assuring them that everything was going fine. But at the same time he did some very serious thinking. He was responsible for this telephone line, and he was keeping communication open only about half the time. Furthermore, he was responsible for these four men, and it seemed to be only a question of time before one or all of them would be bumped off by one of those German shells. If only he could get more wire!

"McCann," said Marshall, as they ate their ration of goldfish that night, "did you say that they had plenty of wire at regimental headquarters?"

"Absolutely, corporal," said McCann. "I saw it myself. They've got a whole reel cart that must have several miles of wire on it. It's so big they have to pull it with horses. And they've got several dozen of those little reels of duplex wire."

"And they won't give us a bit of it?"

"Not an inch, corporal. I talked to 'em till they threw me out, and they wouldn't give me no satisfaction at all."

"Where do they keep this wire? Is it where we can get at it?"

McCann smiled. "I think it is," he answered. "It is sort of piled up with a lot of other supplies out behind the kitchen."

"All right," said Marshall. "How would you like to take a little trip with me as soon as we have finished eating?"

"Fine!" said McCann.

As soon as they had swallowed the rest of their food they put away their mess kits and started walking down the road to Septsarges. By the time they reached regimental headquarters it was dark. With McCann leading the way, they circled around through the woods and easily found the unguarded pile of supplies. They picked out one reel of duplex wire, which Marshall estimated would be sufficient, and sneaked back through the woods. As soon as they were a safe distance away Marshall cut a stout stick, trimmed it smooth with his pocket knife and thrust it through the center of the reel. With one end of the stick on McCann's shoulder and the other on Marshall's, they carried the heavy wire back to camp.

The next morning the telephone line to the observation post was broken again. This time Marshall ran out the new reel of wire as far as it would go along the new and safer route he had decided on. Then he and his four helpers rolled in the old wire, carried it over and strung it out across the fields and through the woods. By the end of the morning the new line had all been spliced together and communication with the observation post was once more established.

That afternoon Marshall and his four linesmen sat around the battery position and rested themselves. The Germans shelled the road long and furiously, but nothing touched the wire that led to the

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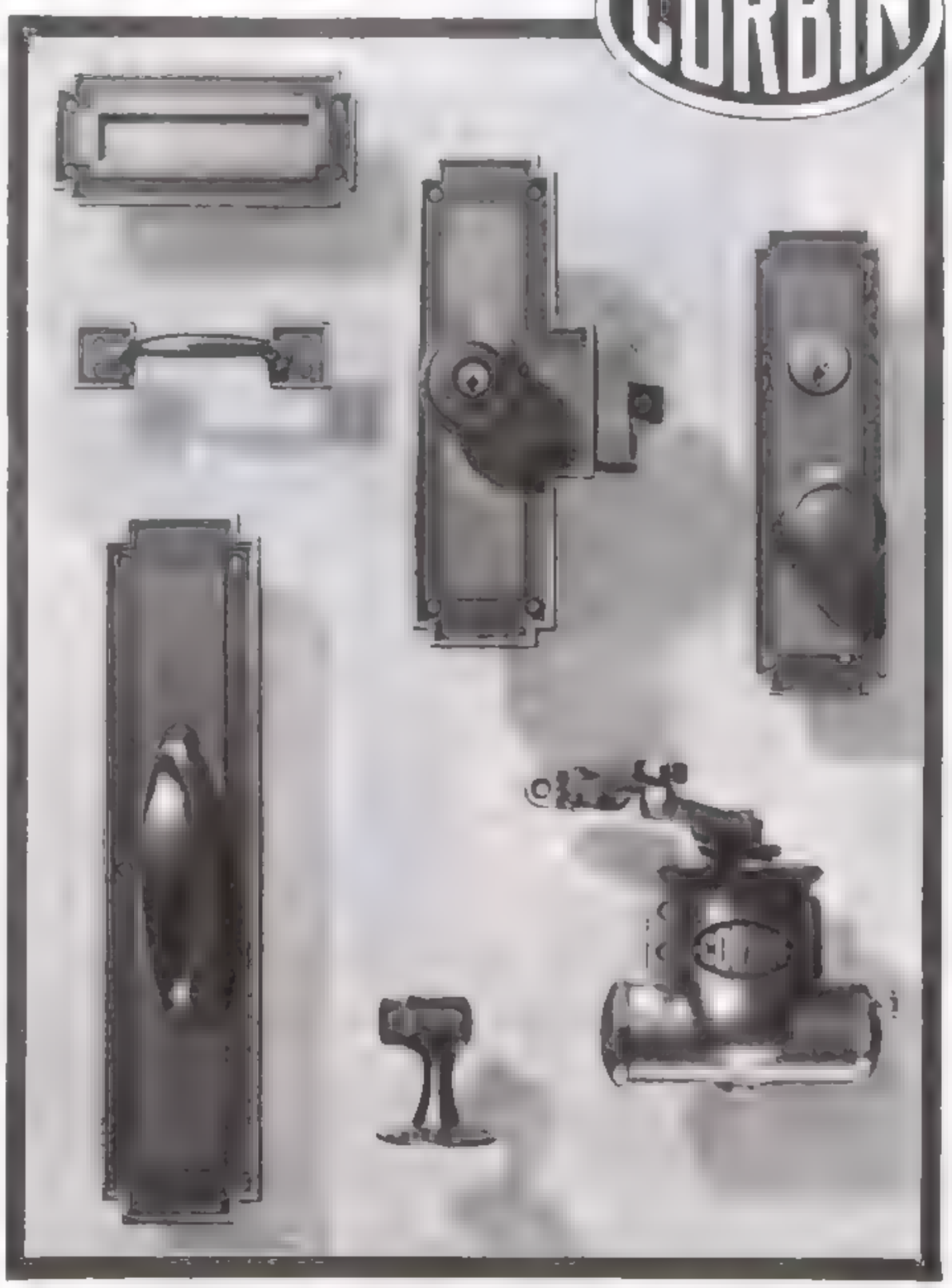

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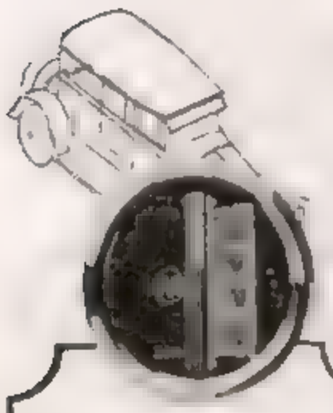

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observation post. The next day there was only one break, which was quickly and easily repaired. And then for three days after that there was no trouble at all.

Marshall spent a good deal of his time teaching his four privates all he knew about telephones. He was taking his work very seriously and he felt he was doing rather well. The captain seemed to take the improved service on the observation-post telephone as a matter of course. He made no comment on the matter at all. But Marshall decided that he must have noticed the difference and that his efficiency would be rewarded with a permanent corporalcy at the very least.

Two or three days went by without any important events, and then one afternoon there came an order to move. The battery, it was rumored, was going back for a long rest at the rear. The observation post was discontinued and Acting Corporal Marshall and his men worked at top speed rolling in the wire. They had just got back to the battery position and finished winding the last length of wire—which happened to be the stuff they had stolen from regimental headquarters—when Marshall saw the captain approaching. With the captain was a sergeant whom Marshall had never seen.

"Holy Moses!" whispered McCann. "That guy is the sergeant I talked to over at regimental headquarters." As the captain stepped up the men came to attention and Acting Corporal Marshall saluted.

"Corporal," said the captain, "did you or any of your men steal some wire from regimental headquarters?"

"No, sir," said Marshall, promptly and decisively.

"Well, sergeant," said the captain, "you see my men don't know anything about your wire."

But the sergeant was unconvinced. "Sir," he said, pointing to McCann, "this man came over and told me he needed some wire for this battery. I couldn't let him have any. That night a roll was stolen, so as soon as I got a chance I came over here, and I found the stolen wire running right out of the battery switchboard. This is it here. I can tell it by that little yellow thread in the insulation. It's an odd lot of wire and there isn't any more like it anywhere in the regiment. And if you don't believe that, look here."

The sergeant took hold of the reel upon which Marshall and his men had just wound the wire. He turned it up on end. Across the upturned face was stenciled, "Hq. Co. 13 F. A." The captain looked inquiringly at Marshall.

"As a matter of fact," said Marshall, "I guess this wire does belong to headquarters company. But we didn't exactly steal it. We absolutely had to have it, and so we borrowed it for a little while, and now that we are through with it the sergeant can take it back."

"Very well, sergeant," said the captain, "take your wire and get out of here."

The sergeant called for a couple of men whom he had brought with him and they lugged the wire out to a cart which was waiting in the road.

The captain regarded Marshall with a cold eye. "There are two things," he said, "that I absolutely will not stand for in this battery. First, I will not stand for any of my men getting caught stealing. Second, I will not stand any lying about it afterward. You are relieved of your duties as acting corporal and you will report to First Sergeant Connor for an assignment wherever he needs you."

"But listen, sir," began Marshall. "We had to have that wire."

"I don't care to discuss the matter."

"Yes, sir," answered Marshall.

The captain walked away, and Marshall's four assistants gathered around sympathetically.

"It's a shame," said McCann. "Can you imagine them dirty bums in that chicken-liver headquarters outfit being so low down and mean as to paint their initials on the end of that reel? It was a dirty trick."

"Oh, well," said Marshall, "such is life in the Army. Apparently you guys are going to stay on the detail, and next time you will know enough to rub out the marks on anything you swipe."

"It's a shame," said McCann again. "But you are the best telephone man in this outfit, so you will probably get your job back again before long."

"It doesn't make any difference to me one way or another," said Marshall. "What do I care?"

By this time the battery was almost ready to move out. As there was no time to report then to First Sergeant Connor, Marshall fell into the column with the detail men and a few minutes later he was marching down the road. The battery went back through Nantillois and continued through Cuisy, Bethincourt and Esnes to a field not far from Montzéville. As he walked along, Marshall's mind was full of bitter thoughts. Why couldn't the captain have shown a little energy and got him some wire in the first place? Why couldn't that lousy sergeant have lent him some when he was asked for it in a decent way? Why didn't the captain have enough sense to see that in stealing that wire he had done the only thing possible under the circumstances?

Well, there was no use in worrying about what he could not help. He had the satisfaction at least of knowing that he had done the right thing. He had maintained communication to the observation post—and that was something. Besides this, he had probably saved the lives of one or all the four men who had been in his charge—and that was very much worth while. He had done the work assigned to him, and he had done it efficiently and intelligently and with energy and initiative. But apparently the Army did not appreciate such qualities. He remembered the old expression: "A private is not supposed to think; he is supposed to do as he is told."

Apparently these words applied to acting corporals as well as privates. All right, after this he would never use brains or initiative in military matters. If the Army was run that way, there was nothing he could do about it. From now on he resolved to cease this senseless struggle to amount to something in the Army. He would take things as they came, play everything safe and worry about nothing.

Having reached this conclusion, he felt much better, and by the end of the night's hike he was in a very cheerful frame of mind. As soon as camp had been made in the field near Montzéville, he hunted up First Sergeant Connor.

"Sergeant," he said, "the battery commander told me to report to you for a new job."

"Well, well, well!" said the sergeant. "So this is the little telephone girl that was fired from her job! So you have been stealing telephone wire from headquarters company? Naughty! Naughty!" Marshall smiled pleasantly, but said nothing. The sergeant continued: "I got a swell new job for you. We need another permanent K. P. and you are the lucky man."

"Much obliged, sergeant," said Marshall. "You don't know how much I appreciate this." And leaving Sergeant Connor with a slightly surprised look on his face, he walked over to the kitchen and reported for work.

He was placed under the orders of little Mike the Greek, who now seemed to be the senior member of the kitchen police. He spent the rest of the morning peeling potatoes. In the old days, when he had been filled with zeal and the ambition to make a name for himself in the Army, this job would have been highly distasteful. Now that he had renounced all idea of military glory, he found that he rather enjoyed it. It was a restful job at which a man could remain comfortably seated, and there was nothing to worry about.

At lunch time Marshall was placed in charge of a large G. I. can of boiled salmon, which he ladled out into the mess kits of the members of the battery as they filed by.

At this job he underwent a good deal of kidding. There were many feeble attempts at humor and references to the Acting Goldfish Corporal. But Marshall didn't mind.

Supplies were still very low and the battery was still being fed largely on meager amounts of salmon, beans, corned beef and bread. Coffee was served without milk or sugar. But there still remained a few supplies which had been carefully saved up from more prosperous days. After the battery had been given its wretched meal, Mike the Greek took Marshall over to the kitchen supply wagon and gave him sugar and condensed milk for his coffee and a spoonful of excellent jam to eat on his bread.

Then the two of them divided a can of preserved peaches. It was the best meal that Marshall had had in weeks.

In the afternoon the battery was very busy cleaning up for an inspection which was expected the next day. Uniforms, harness and other equipment were in very bad shape and required a tremendous amount of work. But the kitchen had been kept up in fairly good condition, so Marshall and Mike had very little work to do in getting ready.

That night Marshall slept more peacefully than for many weeks. The next morning, while the rest of the battery lined up for inspection, he and Mike were left at the kitchen with nothing to do but throw a piece of wood on the fire once every half hour or so. He found that he was getting to like Mike the Greek very much. The man didn't seem to have much in the way of brains or education, but he had a placid, contented disposition that was very soothing.

After lunch Sergeant Johnson and Private Bennett arrived in camp. Their wounds had turned out to be more or less trifling and they had been discharged from the field hospital in short order. Bennett and Marshall staged a very happy reunion, and Sergeant Johnson promised that he would very soon get Marshall back on the telephone detail. Later on, Marshall had a pleasant little visit with George Scully, who was now a regular cannoneer on one of the guns and seemed to be getting along very well.

Toward the end of the afternoon there came an order from the battery to move. Apparently their stay in the so-called rest camp was being cut short and they were to go back again into the lines. In the midst of the work of packing up, a messenger arrived at the kitchen with the information that Private Marshall was ordered to report to the battery commander at once.

"Can you beat that?" said Marshall. "I wonder what the old fool is going to do to me now." But he was not particularly worried. Being a mere kitchen scullion, he already had what was officially considered the lowest job in the battery, so he could not be demoted any further. With this comforting thought, he washed his hands, straightened up his uniform a bit and walked over to the captain's tent. The captain was in conversation with a brigadier general. Marshall noticed the two glittering silver stars, one on each shoulder.

He came to attention and said, "Sir, Private Marshall reports to the battery commander as ordered."

The brigadier general stepped forward and smiled. "Well, Reginald," he said, in a kindly voice, "I am very glad to see you looking so well." He held out his hand and Marshall shook hands with him. It was his uncle, whom he had last heard of as a colonel of engineers at Camp Greene. "I received your letter," his uncle continued, "and as I found myself in the neighborhood of your regiment I came over to see if there is anything I can do for you. Your battery commander says he will not stand in the way of your advancement. So I will arrange to have you transferred into the 342d Engineers, which is commanded by a friend of mine. In this regiment you will have a very good chance to work up to be a corporal or sergeant."

Marshall looked at his uncle for a few seconds and his mind did some very high-speed thinking. Here was what he had prayed and hoped for. But now that it had come, he had his doubts. He could not forget that little glimpse he had had of the engineers working on the road across the old No Man's Land. The talk of his working up to be a corporal or sergeant sounded good, but his experiences as an acting corporal came back to him with great distinctness. And if he transferred to another outfit, he reflected that he would be among total strangers. Here he had many friends—Bennett, Sergeant Johnson, George Scully, McCann, and the rest. Even Mike the Greek was an agreeable soul.

"Thank you very much, uncle," he said. "When I wrote that letter I really wanted to transfer, but since then I have changed my mind. It's very kind of you, but I would rather stay right where I am."

"Very well," said his uncle.

"Your nephew," said the captain, who was evidently impressed by this visit from a brigadier general, "has done some work on the telephone detail. It is probable that I shall use him in that capacity again before long."

"Uncle," said Marshall, "there is one favor you can do for me. You can ask the battery commander not to put me back on the telephone detail. I am no good as a telephone man, and I don't want the job."

The general laughed. "You heard what he said, captain. What do you say?"

"Very well," said the captain, "I will agree not to force him onto the telephone detail."

"Thank you," said Marshall.

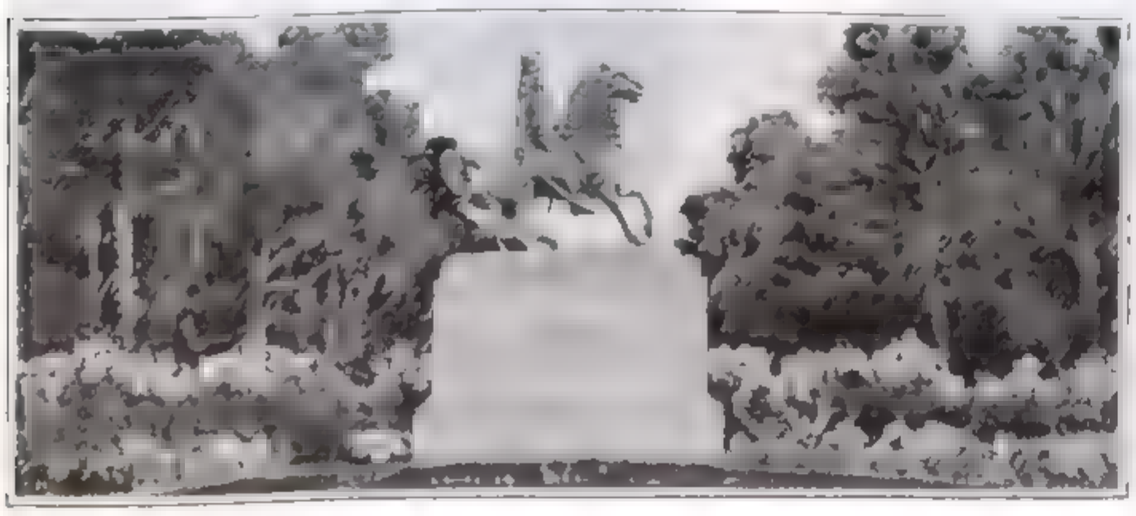
As he went back to the kitchen he passed Sergeant Johnson. "I want you to do me a favor," he said. "Promise me that you won't try to get me back on the detail."

"All right," said the sergeant, somewhat puzzled, "just as you say."

When Marshall reached the kitchen he slapped Mike the Greek on the shoulder with great cordiality.

"Mike," he said, "I have just made a great discovery. It has just come over me that a K. P. has easier work and less worry than almost anybody else around the place. And what's more, he gets first chance at all the best food—which is going to be specially important now that we are going back to the front. In other words, permanent kitchen police is the best job in the whole Army."

"That ain't no great discovery," said Mike. "I found that out the first day I hit this outfit."



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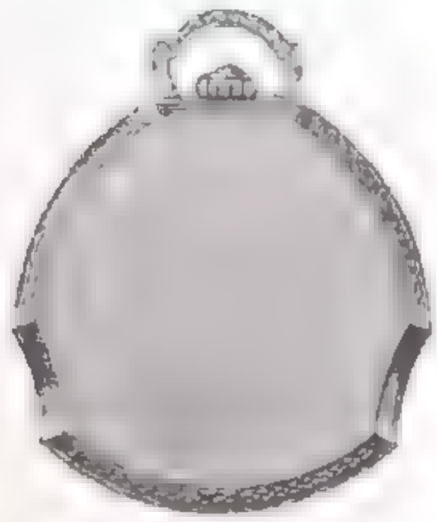

Man's Pocket Watch
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Woman's Wrist Watch
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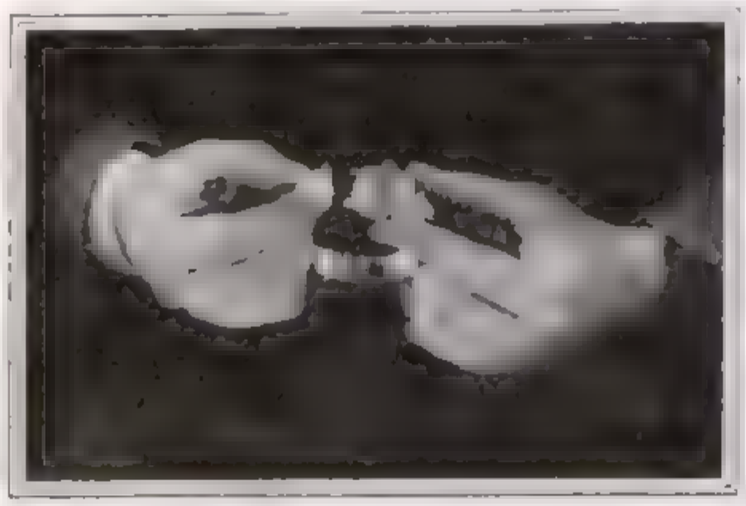

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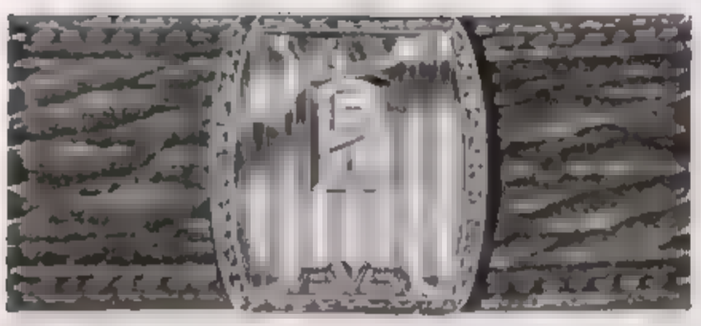
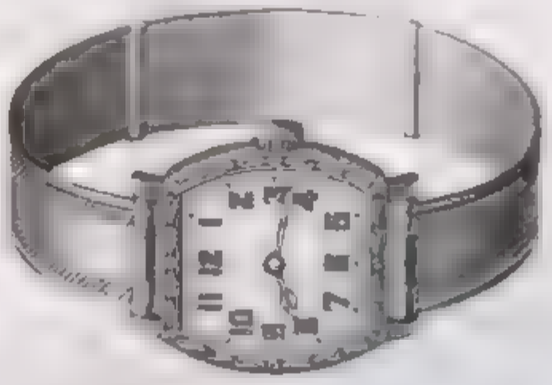
Woman's Wrist Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH



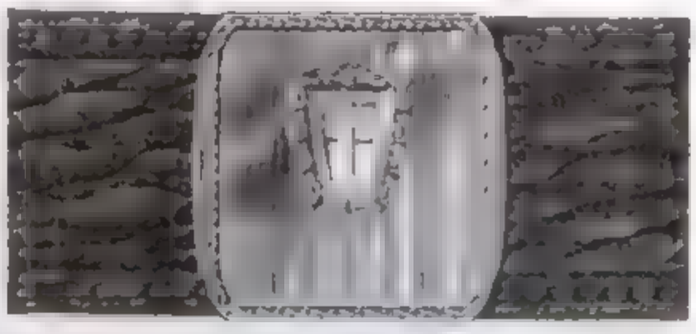
The Wadsworth Belt Buckle will not slip. A patented grip locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather. This belt buckle meets watch case standards in workmanship as well as in material



WADSWORTH WATCH BAND

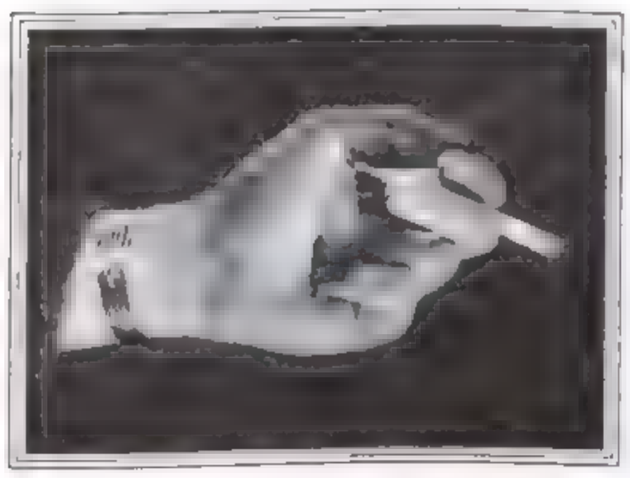
Olympian Model

Designed for men. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold, plain, $28, decorated, $30. 14 kt. Gold Filled, plain, $7.50, decorated, $8.50. Can be fitted to any modern strap watch

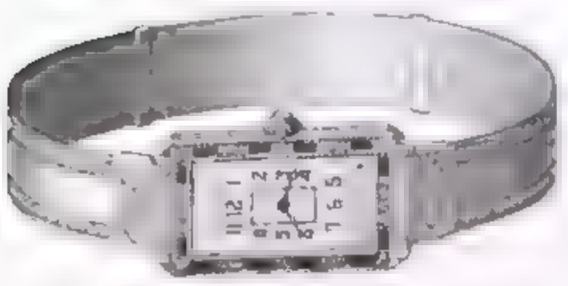


Wadsworth Belt Buckles are obtainable in a pleasing variety of designs, in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chain. Buckles alone: Sterling Silver, $5 to $7.50; 14 kt. Gold Filled, $9 to $12. Sets: Sterling Silver, $10 to $15, 14 kt. Gold Filled, $15 to $20

countless gifts for the coming *graduation, wedding and anniversary season*



The Improved Ben Hur and Amazon models of the Wadsworth Watch Band open in the center, fasten quickly around the wrist, and are held securely by a special safety lock



WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Athena Model
Designed for women. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: plain, $20; decorated, $25. 14 kt. Gold Filled: plain, $7.50; decorated, $8.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch

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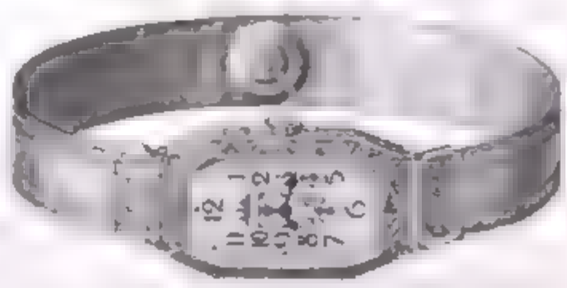

WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Amazon Model
Designed for women. It opens in the center, is easily adjusted to fit the wrist, and is fastened by a special safety lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold plain, $18; decorated, $23. 14 kt. Gold Filled plain, $6.50; decorated, $7.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch

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FUR BRIGADE

(Continued from Page 29)

Holding their fire until close upon their foes, as instructed by Hunter and Little Bull, the Pawnees shot down a score of the huddled Rees, then fell upon the survivors with lance and battle-ax. The flight became a rout and the Pawnees chased the terror-stricken fugitives into their own village, stampeded their relatively few horses and were gone, skimming across the prairie.

The little bands of malcontent Sioux that had consorted with the Rees in their summer depredations against travelers on the Missouri had now returned to their respective tribes for the winter, and the Pawnees had only the Rees with whom to contend. The Rees naturally supposed that the raiding party would rest upon its laurels and return to its distant village. It was not to be. Three days after the first strike these hard-riding wolves flashed into the opposite edge of the Ree country and effected a bloody surprise upon a village.

For three weeks these dauntless warriors swooped from unexpected quarters like circling hawks, inflicted great damage and departed into the unknown. A sufficient number of muskets had been captured, so that almost every Pawnee in the band now carried one on each side of his pony. This surplus of weapons gave them a distinct advantage. Also, under the leadership of the four mountain men, they pressed home every charge. This violation of ancient custom was taken as evidence of unexampled ferocity. At every point where they struck in Ree country and fled, they rode into the wind and fired the prairie behind them. This forced the buffalo herds and the prong-horns to migrate, and the Rees faced a winter famine. The whole Ree nation was roused against this little band of invaders and planned a concerted campaign against them.

"It is enough!" Hunter proclaimed to his followers. "Our fame as mighty warriors will be written in the rocks of time when the tracks of the last Rees in the sand have been blown out by scornful winds. Our children's children shall sing of us in the villages that when we strike it is with the speed of the darting hawk but with the might of the grizzly. When we flee our trail is as the trail of the trout in the waters, invisible to the eyes of the Rees. Yet we follow their trails as readily as we read the tracks of a bull elk in the snow. When we charge we never turn back till our axes have tasted enemy blood. All these things they will sing about us for so long as the sun shines by day and the stars by night. For so long, and no longer, shall we be known by our deeds. It is so written by Manitou. Never again will the Rees laugh at tales of Pawnee valor."

Worn fine and hard as tempered steel, the terrible little band rode into the Pawnee village in a driving blizzard. They were laden with scalps and plunder.

It was an exploit that fired the savage mind. The tale spread swiftly from tribe to tribe and was related round the fires. Mountain men in distant Indian villages heard these tales with satisfaction. Hunter's strategy had been of the best. In case of a war with the Spaniards on the south, it was certain that the Comanches would take the war trail against Americans. In case of an uprising and a war with the British on the north, the Rees would war against all travelers on the Missouri, endeavoring to close it. The Pawnees, regardless of whether they espoused the cause of the Americans, would be committed as enemies of Comanches on the south and Rees on the north, and the Pawnees could muster more than twenty thousand warriors. Hunter's strategy impressed the mountain men as a stroke of sheer genius.

With the first warm days of spring there was a grand conclave of the Pawnee nation on the Republican for the purpose of settling the question of permitting Big Mandan to erect a trading post and open trade negotiations between the Pawnees and the whites. This gathering was held at the village of Thunder Voice, of the Republican Pawnees. Raven Bird trekked to the council with a great retinue of braves, as did the chiefs of all the allied Pawnee tribes. Well over eight thousand warriors gathered there. The headmen of the nation held nightly councils that lasted well toward dawn. Eventually the last detail had been settled. Three huge fires were kindled in a triangle some fifty yards apart. On the line running from one fire to another, defining the three-cornered open space between, the chiefs and subchiefs of the allied Pawnee tribes sat cross-legged on the ground. Behind them, standing in ranks fifty deep and packed to the point of suffocation, the assembled warriors awaited the edict.

Raven Bird had been selected as the spokesman. He strode to the center of the lighted area and began:

"Warriors, it has been decided by your chiefs in council that Big Mandan shall open a trading post in the land of the Pawnees. Big Mandan and his friends speak straight words. They fight with the Pawnees against their enemies. We have seen it. Also, it has been decided that no other white men shall open trade lodges in our country or trap beaver in our streams. The tribes on the Missouri allowed the white men to trap. As the leaves drop from the trees in autumn and blow into piles, so the beavers disappeared from the streams and their pelts were piled in the lodges of the white men. It shall not happen here. Big Mandan and his friends may trap and also they may trade with the Pawnees. They are to start at once to build a log trade lodge on the Republican. It is settled."

As he turned to stride from the triangular open space lighted by the blazing fires there was a sudden commotion, and a towering savage thrust himself through the ranks of the onlookers and moved to the spot just quitted by Raven Bird.

"I am late," the newcomer stated. "I rode hard to be in time for the councils. But it is not too late for Kicking Horse to lift his voice in the Pawnee nation. Hear me, warriors!"

He launched at once into a fiery tirade against all white men and voiced many objections against permitting them to trade in Pawnee country. His barbaric eloquence gripped the assembled multitude. Hunter, well aware of the instability of the savage temperament and the ease with which audiences are swept by emotion, could foresee the possibility that this one bitter harangue might undo all the work he had so carefully put in. But in dealing with savages one must expect such reverses. Kicking Horse was chief of a small offshoot band of Pawnees. Some years before, engaging in a violent quarrel with the head chief of his own village, he had left in a rage, followed by his relatives and a few retainers, some thirty lodges in all. In a few more years he would doubtless affiliate with some enemy tribe. Such spats were of common occurrence, often the chief contributing factors in the disintegration of once powerful Indian nations. However, while no longer cooperating with the Pawnees, Kicking Horse still pretended allegiance to that tribe.

"All white men should be killed!" he thundered. "They kill Pawnees at every opportunity. All white men are bad at heart. They slip into Pawnee country in the guise of friendship and kill our braves from behind. Did you know, warriors, that within the past moon a white man came to our country and killed three Pawnees that had not harmed him?"

His big voice boomed this query. This was a serious charge. Any oratory concerning warfare or bloodshed inflamed the savage mind and caused primitive mentalities to foam. If Kicking Horse could convince the assembled warriors that his words were straight, they might instantly declare war to the knife against all whites. Suddenly the big savage, with a dramatic gesture, produced two fresh scalps and tossed them to the ground before him.

"There is the evidence!" he shouted. A murmur of anger rippled through the audience. "This man killed three Pawnees and his squaw loaded his guns as he fired them. He thought none would know—that his deed would remain undetected. But Kicking Horse discovered the crime. He followed the white man and his murdering squaw and took their scalps."

His voice rose and his face was convulsed with repressed fury. His well-simulated rage played upon the inflammable natures of the savages as a wind lashes to frenzy the surface of the sea.

Hunter's eyes were riveted on the two scalps. In one, the raven black hair was marked by an inch-wide strip of pure white—the result, probably, of a wound. There could be no mistaking it. It was the scalp of Dubois, the genial Frenchman. The other scalp, then, would be that of the young Iowa woman whom Dubois had purchased on the Missouri. Rage mounted in Hunter's heart, and sorrow for the loss of his friend. Many a mountain man was treated to similar experiences while sojourning in Indian villages.

Kicking Horse, his voice quivering with rage that inoculated his hearers with a similar virus, continued his savage harangue. The thing was dangerous. It meant not merely the loss of opportunity to trade with the Pawnees. It might mean a Pawnee declaration of war against all whites. An ominous muttering rose above the throng. The blazing fires cast their flickering light on ten thousand faces that were set in scowling masks.

"Kill all whites is the message that Kicking Horse brings to the Pawnees!" the big savage concluded.

The muttering rose to sustained volume as he made this dramatic close. Then suddenly Kicking Horse was not alone in the big firelit triangular opening. Big Mandan had leaped from his place among the sitting chiefs and advanced into the open. He held up his hand for silence, but the savage undertone increased in volume—wordless, as if merely the growling of some many-lunged monster.

Hunter began to speak. Instead of lifting his voice in an effort to make himself heard above the murmur, he lowered his tones. His expression and gestures, however, were as dramatic as had been those of Kicking Horse. His eyes had narrowed to mere slits, his whole face expressive of restrained ferocity, while his words were accompanied by a savage sweep of his arm. Instantly the murmur subsided as the assembled multitude strained to hear his words.

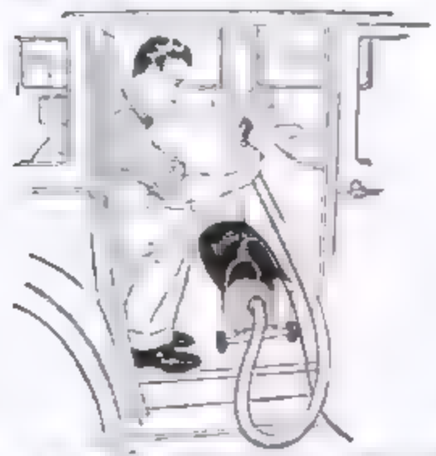
He lowered his voice still further until a vast hush gripped his audience:

"Our two great chiefs, Raven Bird and Thunder Voice, are as brothers. They have led the Pawnees into battle and fought side by side. If one should go to the big villages of the whites and be well received, the other would rejoice. He would wish to go and join his brother chief. If Thunder Voice was among the white men and Raven Bird set forth to join him, would Raven Bird be such a fool as to kill three white men in their own country when he believed them waiting to welcome him as the brother of Thunder Voice? No! Only a fool would do that. Are we children to believe such folly?"

The throng understood his crude logic, but the passions unleashed by the incendiary eloquence of Kicking Horse were not to be soothed by pacific argument. The impatience was manifested by a low muttering, as if the vast organism that constitutes a savage village were some mammoth beast that purred ominously before leaping upon its prey. Hunter pointed to the scalp

(Continued on Page 132)

ANNOUNCING



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VACUUM CLEANER

(456)

(Continued from Page 130)

that was marked by the white lock framed by the surrounding crow-black hair:

"It is the scalp of one who to me was a brother. His heart was good. He fought the Brûlés at the side of your chief, Little Bull, and welcomed him among the white men. He heard that the three of us were here and his heart was glad as he journeyed to the land of the Pawnees to join his brothers. He was a mighty warrior and his arm was strong. Does a great warrior slip upon his friends, whom he is hastening to join, and slay them from behind? Would even a fool take Pawnee scalps and carry them to the Pawnee villages for all to see?"

His voice rose suddenly as he half turned and pointed an accusing finger at Kicking Horse:

"How does Kicking Horse know that the squaw loaded her husband's guns as he fired upon the Pawnees if there were none to see? Is Kicking Horse favored of Manitou, that it is given to his eyes to behold what no eyes have seen? Or does he lie with a black heart to explain why he took the life of my brother and his squaw? Kicking Horse lies! His tongue is forked and his words are crooked. The man whose scalp he took was coming with joy in his heart to join his brothers among the Pawnees. Kicking Horse and some of his rogues attacked him, and like the brave warrior he was, he defended himself and killed three of his foes before Kicking Horse took his life when his guns were empty. Big Mandan tells you this!"

Kicking Horse stood with folded arms, scornful arrogance stamped on his face, confident of his ability to fan this multitude to flame when it came his turn to speak. Hunter knew it. He knew, too, the unalterable rule. When an outsider, welcomed into the lodges of the Pawnees, took the life of a member of that tribe, even in fair combat, the penalty was death. But the situation could be no worse. Desperate situations require desperate remedies. If Kicking Horse should speak again, his flaming denunciation would be as a torch applied to powder. Doubtless some British strategist had given him many presents to incite a Pawnee declaration of war against the Americans.

He turned upon the big savage and threw aside his buffalo robe, standing stripped to his waist as he slowly drew his long knife from his girdle with his right hand, as with his left he pointed accusingly at the scalp which he had just claimed as that of his brother.

"Kicking Horse comes before the Pawnees with lies on his tongue and the blood of their friends on his hands. I, Big Mandan, throw the words in the teeth of this lying dog! I will cut his heart from his body and the tongue from his mouth and hold them up so that all may see that while his voice is big and his carcass vast, his heart is small and his tongue is split!"

Again that vast organism that was a savage village rumbled with an undertone of sound as if some many-lunged monster breathed with difficulty. Kicking Horse drew his knife and lunged furiously at his antagonist. He stood six feet six and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, a Herculean figure as the firelight threw into relief the mighty muscles that rippled beneath his bronzed hide. Hunter avoided his rush. It would be fatal for him to come to grips where the towering savage could use his bone-crushing strength. Three times the savage rushed and Hunter eluded his desperate lunges.

As he side-stepped and feinted, Hunter taunted his powerful foe: "Kicking Horse rushes like the clumsy buffalo bull that charges with lowered head and closed eyes." Once his voice rose in the high-pitched Missouri yell, the war cry of the *voyageurs*, dripping with savage triumph. The next instant he laughed in the face of his foe as he nimbly avoided a charge. All this was calculated to enrage Kicking Horse into deserting his cunning, throwing caution to the winds and fighting in a blind unguarded frenzy. The ruse succeeded. The small brain of the mighty savage was inflamed to the point of insanity and he charged with the viciousness of a maddened rhinoceros.

Thrice, eluding a sweeping blow, Hunter struck as his adversary's arm passed center. Three times he drew blood but failed to disable the muscles of that huge knife arm. Suddenly, as if his right arm had grown weary, the Kentuckian changed his knife to his left hand. The savage lunged and Hunter parried, their blades flashing in the firelight. Kicking Horse rushed and aimed a vicious overhand lunge in a downward sweep. Hunter stepped back so that the blade missed his chest by six inches. As the Indian's arm passed center, Hunter's free right hand pounced like the head of a striking snake and his grip fastened on his enemy's right wrist. With a lightning wrench, he twisted the hand outward with the palm turned up, whirled on one heel and drew the inverted arm across his shoulder, at the same instant throwing every ounce of his strength into exerting a terrific downward pressure. So swiftly had this move been executed that to those who looked on it appeared that the white man had slipped and turned his back while Kicking Horse, in his eagerness, had overshot the mark with his knife. What they did not know was that Hunter, by means of a grip unknown to them, had exerted sufficient leverage to snap his adversary's arm at the elbow. As he wheeled again to face his foe, still retaining his grip upon the latter's wrist, it seemed to the onlookers that the white man was so strong that he slowly bent back the mighty arm of Kicking Horse without apparent effort. Hunter's left hand had been brought across his breast toward the right, the point of his knife turned outward. As he pressed aside his antagonist's arm, the knife was thrust from him in a swift backhand stroke that buried it to the hilt in the massive chest of Kicking Horse. Hunter struck again, then released his grip on his foeman's wrist and turned from him carelessly. The big savage swayed upon his feet for a single second, seemed to stoop forward, then pitched upon his face.

Even as the savage fell, Hunter's voice addressed the throng. The real battle had not yet been won. Ten thousand savage hearts had been fired to a dangerous pitch by fervid oratory and the sight of combat. It needed but the voice of a leader to crystallize that distilled venom and direct it where he would. If Hunter was to direct it, then it was imperative that he should constitute himself that leader on the instant.

"It is written," he said. His tones were cool and casual. The pressing necessity was to calm, not to excite, the assembled savages. "The Great Spirit has punished Kicking Horse for coming to us with lies on his tongue and the blood of our brothers on his hands. Manitou made his great arm weak, so that even when I turned my back he had no strength to drive his knife beneath my skin. Big Mandan was given strength to bend the great arm of Kicking Horse as if it had been a willow twig. You saw it. Thus does Manitou frown upon those who lie to the Pawnees and try to set their feet upon false trails."

He paused and looked about him

"Kicking Horse was no Pawnee. He deserted our tribe, leaving his own clan because he quarreled with a wise chief. A nation is not great unless it is led by great chiefs. None can say that the Pawnee nation is not great. When we no longer wish to be a mighty people, then it will be time to disobey the chiefs that have made us great and to call upon some brainless one like Kicking Horse to lead us. Our mighty chiefs in council, after much deliberation, decided upon certain things. Who is Kicking Horse, to set his cunning above the combined wisdom of all the chiefs of the Pawnee nation and tell us that we shall not do those things? Before us all, he insulted them. I could see it in your eyes, warriors, that every brave among you longed to leap at his throat. But the Great Spirit had led the black-hearted one to slay my brother, thus appointing Big Mandan as the instrument to avenge this insult to our chiefs. Manitou made the mighty arm of Kicking Horse as weak as a blade of grass and gave Big Mandan strength to bend it. You saw it, warriors"

"I remember! It is as he says! I myself saw the great arm bend as a willow twig bends!" a warrior who had followed Hunter into battle against the Rees shouted suddenly. "Manitou took the strength from his arm and made it soft as that of a babe. I saw it!"

The crisis had passed with that natural return to the Indian custom of corroboration. The vast organism that was a savage village breathed more naturally. With consummate adroitness Hunter had identified himself as a Pawnee, Kicking Horse as an outsider. Therefore the unalterable rule had not been violated. He stood as one who had fought to uphold the wisdom of the assembled chiefs of the nation against one who would have flouted it. No man save one of iron composure, coupled with the most intimate knowledge of savage nature, could have accomplished the feat. His calm assumption that he was speaking only what every brave among them knew seemed to make him the mouthpiece of each warrior's own desire. He accorded his fallen adversary a scornful glance.

"Our great chiefs have ordered that we begin upon the construction of a trade lodge at once. We Pawnees are not like the deceitful Kicking Horse, to defy the word of our headmen. Therefore we begin tomorrow upon the work that they have ordered. It is written."

XII

THROUGHOUT the fall, winter and spring Tod and Brady had trapped persistently except during the time they had spent with the expedition against the Rees. Beaver were unbelievably numerous and the score of their catch mounted steadily. Otters followed the streams in great numbers and they shot scores of those animals. Wolves, too, they shot in considerable numbers. The final tally showed more than four hundred skins of beaver, more than a hundred each of otter and wolf, along with a fair assortment of mink, skunks and other small furs that had been taken in at odd times.

"There's a hundred thousand beaver in the streams of the Pawnee country," Brady declared. "Two men with plenty of traps could take a thousand pelts from October to April without half trying."

Hunter nodded assent. His thoughts, of late, had been somewhat occupied with figures. Brady and Tod were working for the Rocky Mountain Company for the annual sum of three hundred dollars each. So far as they were concerned, the arrangement was eminently satisfactory. Farm hands in the settled districts drudged sixteen hours a day for a third that sum. Thousands of youths were apprenticed to craftsmen to learn various trades, working for four years for their board and keep, forever under the orders of crabbed and particular employers. The *voyageur* was somewhat of a free agent, trapping when and where he wished, and his annual stipend was most munificent when compared to that received in most other lines of physical endeavor. The *voyageur* was contented with his lot, deeming himself the most fortunate of mortals.

Hunter had been calculating the distance that he could travel and the length of time he might expect to subsist in the crowded Eastern districts on given sums of money. He was totally unfamiliar with the East, but had heard that there was great wealth there, that living was very costly. These mental efforts resulted from his determination to start during the coming summer on his contemplated journey in search of Ann McKenzie. It was now two years since he had entered the employ of the Rocky Mountain Company. After the rendezvous it was his intention to descend to St. Louis with the contingent that transported the season's catch, draw his pay and proceed upon his way.

He had estimated that he would require not less than two thousand dollars to travel for a year or more in the East while he searched from place to place for Nepanamo. Now that sum was due him and he had no thought of working further for the Rocky Mountain Company or any other before accomplishing the purpose he had determined upon two years before.

Wrestling with such unfamiliar calculations, coupled with recurring periods of impatience at the necessary delay in carrying out his purpose, had turned his mind to fresh channels, opening up new avenues of thought. He now thought in terms of money instead of thinking exclusively in terms of necessities and trade. Once his mind had started wrestling with such financial themes, the trend of his thoughts had been transformed into speculations as to the possibilities for personal gain. His own salary of a thousand dollars a year might be considered princely, as salaries were then; but he could trap sufficient beaver skins in a year on the creeks to bring thrice that sum in St. Louis. And if he should engage in trade as well, there was no limit to the amount of wealth he might accumulate. Gradually the picture of acquiring a fortune for himself in the Indian trade had crystallized into a definite purpose. Once he had accomplished his present aim of finding Ann McKenzie, he would open a trading post in some region and start out for himself.

The Rocky Mountain men were to rendezvous that year on Wind River, a tributary of the Yellowstone. There was small use to transport to that point such fur as Hunter's men had caught. When the supplies were sent up for the new post in the Pawnee country they would be transported by way of the Kansas River and the Republican, and the furs could descend by the same route. Hunter set forth with Tod, leaving Brady and Little Bull to complete the building of the post. Traveling in his usual swift but cautious fashion, Hunter reached the site of the rendezvous late in the spring.

A score or more trappers had forgathered there. A hundred friendly Crows joined the encampment the day of Hunter's arrival. The trappers brought reports that the Blackfeet, if possible, were worse even than in previous years. These miscreants had taken to scouring the beaver streams systematically, hunting the white trappers and taking their scalps as the white man would hunt the beaver and take its pelt. The Blackfeet seemed to be procuring many muskets from some source. Trappers blamed this upon the British. It was stated that a few Iroquois had been sent among the Blackfeet as emissaries. If any people on earth could teach the Blackfeet new tricks of savagery, it would be the Iroquois, who once had been the most ferocious people that encumbered the face of the earth, and unquestionably the greatest warriors of any tribe in America. It was doubtful that their native ferocity had been subjugated by a few generations of contact with the whites.

A subchief of the Crows accosted Hunter. "Hair-that-shines waits for Big Mandan in her father's lodge. It may be that she is in danger from the Blackfeet," he said. "They are very bad these days, the Blackfeet."

"And where is this post?" Hunter inquired, startled from his usual calm.

"It is west of the Great Divide, then north," the Crow informed, "on a branch of the Columbia."

He procured a stick and traced in the dirt a crude map of the stream lines west of the Rockies and north of Snake River.

"From here to here," he said, indicating the route, "it is two sleeps. Follow this stream, whose name is unknown to me, down its course to a big falls. That is another sleep. Then cross north to the next stream. It runs toward the setting sun. Swim it and travel north. You will find creeks running north. Follow one to a river, also unknown to me by name, and hold down its course for three sleeps."

(Continued on Page 137)

What you want most in Tires

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The *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline vaporizes perfectly—forms a *dry gas*, a smooth-burning, even-

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textured mixture of gasoline vapor and air. This is why Texaco never falters, why it responds so surely and eagerly to every demand of the accelerator.

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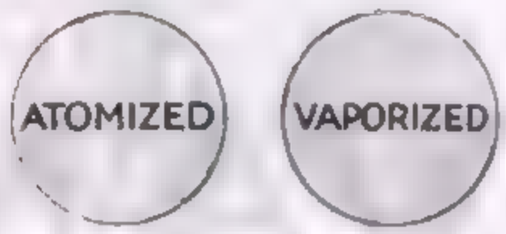


WET

A wet gas is an atomized mixture of gasoline vapor with liquid drops of raw gasoline. These drops, resisting the action of the spark, make starting difficult and cause an uneven and sluggish power-flow.

DRY

The new and *better* Texaco Gasoline vaporizes completely. It forms a *dry* gas—a perfect mixture of gasoline vapor and air which responds immediately to the spark, providing an even flow of power from all cylinders.

You buy the LIQUID but you use the VAPOR

Gasoline

Men of moment

Van Heusen's Exclusive Points of Superiority

Woven on a curve, Van Heusen conforms naturally to the shape of the neck.

Just one piece of fabric, Van Heusen needs no band to make it fit and therefore can have no uncomfortable seam at the fold.

Made of a single thickness of multiply fabric, Van Heusen has no interlining. It cannot pucker, blister or wrinkle.

The fold is woven in, so Van Heusen automatically folds on the proper neck line.

No bands or seams, Van Heusen fits snugly and comfortably around the neck.

Ironed flat, without starch, Van Heusen wears longer, especially at the fold, which in ordinary collars gives way first.

Van Heusen's smartness is so outstanding that it can never be mistaken for any other collar.

That is the reason for its overwhelming popularity with men of moment. They like the trim, clean-fitting line around the neck, that is so distinctly Van Heusen. They appreciate the smooth, easy comfort that needs no starch to maintain its dignified smartness.

Van Heusen style is permanent. It is as marked at the end of the day as it was before breakfast. And it holds its smartness to the end of its long life, *because the style is woven in.*

Van Heusen is patented and its style, comfort and economy have never been successfully duplicated. Men of moment have come to know that it is supreme in the world of collar style.

The collar shown in the sketch above is VAN FISK, *the newest Van Heusen.*

35¢ each
3 for $1.

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED

The World's Smartest COLLAR

Twelve Smart Styles

Phillips-Jones U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 132)

Step by step, he traced the route to Big Mack's trading post, estimating each lap of the journey in sleeps.

"How know you this?" Hunter demanded.

"The country itself is unknown to me," said the Crow, "but the word comes straight. A Flathead chief told his Shoshone squaw that he thought Hair-that-shines hungered for the sight of Big Mandan. The Shoshone woman told relatives among the Snake tribes. In that way it came to the ears of the Crows. The map was drawn for me as I draw it for you. It is so."

Knowing well the almost word-for-word accuracy with which news traveled from one tribe to another, passing through a half dozen translations en route and emerging a thousand miles away in its original form, as against the swift distortion of rumors within a single village of whites, Hunter had not the least doubt of the accuracy of the Crow's statement. For an instant he knew blind rage because the factor of the Northwest Company's post in the Saskatchewan prairies had lied to him two years before. Had that worthy been on the scene, he would have died without knowing what variety of whirlwind had gathered him to the home of his fathers.

That phase was transformed swiftly into one of unalloyed delight at having thus unexpectedly discovered the girl's whereabouts and at the knowledge that she was within reach of him. The journey through hostile country to this unknown tributary of the Columbia held no terrors for him, whereas he had viewed with considerable trepidation the prospect of a lengthy search through the crowded and unfamiliar East.

Hastily he gathered a handful of dried grass, a few dead twigs, sprinkled a touch of powder at the upwind edge of the tiny heap and ignited it by the simple expedient of focusing his magnifying glass upon the powder. Such fire-making apparatus was commonly carried by the *voyageurs* in addition to the usual flint and steel. He stripped off his buckskin shirt and upon its unmarked back he burned the outline of the map with the heated point of his knife.

Formerly somewhat annoyed at the persistence with which the savages kept trace of his affairs and commented openly upon his presumed interest in Hair-that-shines, he now rejoiced that it was so, since it had brought him news of her.

As the encampment swelled daily and he waited for Ashley to arrive, Hunter was seized with alternate spells of pure joy at the prospect of seeing the girl again and spells of black impatience at the necessity for delaying his start for Big Mack's post. The days dragged interminably. Then a messenger arrived, worn and weary from a long and arduous journey accomplished at top speed. He carried the tidings that Ashley had been held up by the Rees and forced to drop back down the Missouri; that his arrival would be delayed indefinitely, but that he would press on through the hostile country as soon as possible.

General Ashley, then lieutenant governor of Missouri, proceeding up the river with a hundred men, had been fired upon treacherously and without warning by a large party of Rees that had approached under pretense of friendliness. The first withering fire at close range had killed twelve men and wounded eleven others, some of them mortally. Other Rees had then pressed a desperate attack, running off the horses of the party. As the men took to the boats and fell back down the Missouri, fighting their way, Ashley called for a volunteer to carry news of the disaster and the delay to his partner, Major Henry, at the distant site of the rendezvous, also for a volunteer to descend the river and carry the tidings of this big outbreak to Colonel Leavenworth, some seven hundred miles down the Missouri.

History records the fact that the volunteer who carried the message to the rendezvous was an eighteen-year-old *voyageur* named Jebediah Smith. He not only delivered the message to the mountain men at the rendezvous but started at once on the return trip to apprise Ashley of the fact that it had been delivered. In sixty-six days he completed the round trip of more than four thousand miles, sometimes traveling by Indian canoe, sometimes by means of borrowed or stolen Indian ponies and at others by running steadily, after the fashion of Indian message bearers. Military records not only substantiate this remarkable feat but include the fact that Smith returned in time to join the battle as the combined forces of Ashley's brigade and those of Colonel Leavenworth, who had pressed up the Missouri with all possible dispatch, went into action against the Rees. Smith was given command of a small company of men and led them in the campaign that resulted in the permanent subjugation of the Rees.

A party of Yankton Sioux and a few Teton Sioux had offered their services to the whites and joined the campaign. Though their services, as it turned out, were negligible, their participation had the effect of keeping all tribes of the Sioux nation from espousing the enemy cause. The efforts to turn that powerful people against Americans, for which purpose the Rees had been incited to declare war, had failed and the danger of a general uprising led by the Sioux was temporarily allayed. The small force under General Ashley and Colonel Leavenworth soundly thrashed the Rees, and that people deserted their permanent and well-built towns and fled northward. Ashley then proceeded on up the Missouri toward the rendezvous.

Hunter, meanwhile, after the arrival of Jebediah Smith with the news of Ashley's delay, had been consumed with impatience. Leaving Tod to represent him, he struck out alone for the distant fort on the unnamed branch of the Columbia. He crossed the Rockies by his former route through the low pass between the heads of the Sweetwater and Green rivers.

On the latter stream he came upon the scene of a great battle. Hundreds of dead Indians were scattered round. At first glance he believed this carnage to have resulted from a clash between two great warlike tribes. A group of friendly Snakes informed him that it was the work of white men and that the slain braves were Punnaks. Allying themselves with the Blackfeet, the Punnaks had been engaged in slaying white trappers on the beaver streams. Over on Snake River, Sublette, the big free trader, had been gathering his men in rendezvous. The big war party of Punnaks had camped near, promising to keep the peace. Instead, they had slain two trappers and fled. Sublette's men followed the trail on forced march in two contingents, one under James Beckwourth, the other captained by Jim Bridger. They had surprised the Punnaks on Green River and inflicted terrible punishment, taking four hundred and eighty-eight scalps. The same brigade had not fared so well in a subsequent battle. Twenty-five hundred Blackfoot warriors had attacked the camp and twenty-eight *voyageurs* had been slain before the Indians were driven off. Many trappers believed that renegades had directed the Blackfoot attack on Sublette's brigade.

Hunter traveled northwest with the little party of Snakes. Up among the Flatheads and Nez Percés, they told him, were a number of trading posts of men who represented the King-across-the-eastern-sea. The Snakes wished to know if that region actually belonged to that monarch or to the Great White Father in Washington, as they had heretofore believed. Hunter informed them most emphatically that the country was owned and ruled by the latter potentate and that they must consider as enemies all those who informed them to the opposite effect. This, the Snakes said, was exactly as they had been told by the great white chiefs—Beckwourth, Bridger and Sublette—but another brigade, among which were a number of the Iroquois Indians, who dwelt more than a hundred sleeps to the north and east, had told the Snakes most positively that all land west of the Great Divide belonged to the King-across-the-eastern-sea. This the Snakes refused to believe.

The home of the Blackfeet was in the heart of the great ranges and the buffalo country east of them, but they penetrated to the west to war upon the Snakes and Flatheads. At this time of year Blackfoot raiding parties were so numerous as to make it almost as dangerous as the Blackfoot country itself. Hunter avoided all Indian roads and well-beaten trails, holding instead to trackless country. He had brought two traps with him to enable him to procure meat without doing any shooting while traversing hostile country. In common with most *voyageurs*, his favorite dish was baked beaver tails or roasted saddle of beaver. During the day he held well back from the courses of beaver streams wherever the nature of the country rendered such travel possible.

One morning he looked down from an eminence and saw in the bottoms below him a great war party breaking camp. There were more than a thousand braves in the band, he estimated; no doubt a Blackfoot expedition against some tribe of Snakes. He cached his horse in a depression and concealed himself in the brush for two hours. The mountain men of that day were thoroughly versed in Indian tactics. Hunter knew that the war party would have scouts and lookouts located on various commanding points for miles around and he was not anxious to expose himself to the keen eyes of one of those concealed observers.

It was such intimate knowledge that rendered the early trappers, in spite of their inferior weapons, such formidable Indian fighters. Even a half century later, when the Indian tribes of the West could muster less than a fifth of the number of warriors they boasted in the day of the *voyageurs*, the soldiers, even when equipped with modern repeating rifles and revolvers, operated against the wily savages with much less effectiveness. The soldiers traveled slowly, encumbered with commissary wagons and much baggage and equipment. The Indians traveled light and subsisted on the buffalo or upon extra horses, while their scouts, signaling with buffalo robes, looking-glasses or smoke columns by day and by means of signal fires at night, kept them apprised of the location and activities of the soldiers. Operating under such a system, the mountain men of the fur brigades would never have survived for a single season.

Hunter watched a Blackfoot scout rise to his feet on a hilltop a mile away, procure his pony from its place of concealment in the brush and lope on after the war party. From another eminence a second scout similarly made his departure. Then Hunter resumed his way.

Four days thereafter he cautiously approached an open flat a mile in extent. Peering from the shelter of the timber, he observed several upright figures at the far end of the open space. These bore the resemblance of human beings, but they did not move. Keeping well within the shelter of the timber and skirting the open park, Hunter held on his way. A band of elk grazed into the open near the upright figures—evidence that they were not members of an Indian camp in the edge of the timber from which the elk had just emerged. Something about the figures led Hunter to investigate.

His heart turned sick at the awful spectacle. Before him were the half-consumed remains of Snake women and children, still bound to the stakes where their prolonged agony had been effected. At that moment there rose in Hunter's breast the terrible hatred for the Blackfeet that was felt by all the early mountain men. On that spot he swore an oath, as hundreds of fearless trappers had sworn before him, that he would never overlook an opportunity to take a Blackfoot warrior's scalp.

The Western Indians, he knew, were not much addicted to the torturing of captives,

Veteran Pipe Smoker Riled by Rivals' Long-Time Claims

Says he, too, has smoked one brand of pipe-tobacco for twenty-one years

Here's another challenger for the title of champion long-time member of the Edgeworth Club. He presents a few philosophical thoughts on the tobacco that keeps its friends for over twenty years.

Mr. Wittridge, however, has smoked at least one pipeful of every other brand he has ever heard of just to make sure he has been right in sticking to Edgeworth. Read the letter:

Rutherford, N. J.,
March 9, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

When I am peacefully smoking my pipe and idly turning over the pages of my magazine, I sure get some riled when [illegible] crow me over the fact that being 11 [illegible] has put [illegible] challenges the world as the champion long-time member of the Edgeworth Club.

He doesn't deserve any medals. He got his reward in the enjoyment of his smoking for the added number of years. He was just lucky in starting sooner, that's all.

However, if you care to delve into ancient history, look up when they first started to pull down the old Grand Central Station in New York*, then add at least six months to that, and you will arrive at the approximate time when I first joined the club.

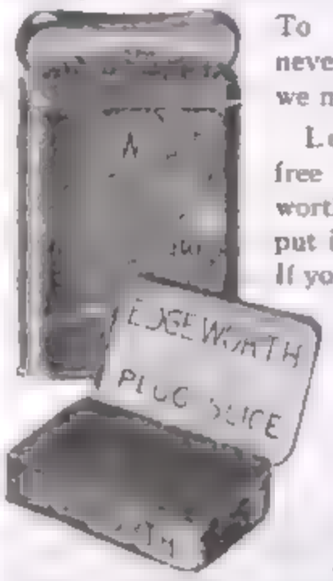
In addition I might say that I have [illegible] pipeful of every other tobacco I have seen advertised, sometimes through necessity, but most of the time to prove to myself that I have been right in sticking to the old blue tin.

Yours truly,
H. M. Wittridge

*April, 1907

There have been many claimants for the long-time Edgeworth-smoking record. Naturally it riles the older members of the Edgeworth Club to hear some other fellow crowing over the fact that he has smoked this tobacco longer than they have.

Yet this rivalry is friendly, and Mr. Wittridge gets down to the root of it when he says that the claimant for the old-timer's championship is merely lucky in having learned of Edgeworth sooner.



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Edgeworth is sold everywhere in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

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particularly of women and children. Almost invariably such captured noncombatants were adopted into the tribes of the victors and accorded good treatment. The Indians east of the Mississippi were the real monsters at such fiendish practices. Moreover, there was indisputable evidence of a ghoulish feast.

Western Indians, he also knew, were not addicted to cannibalism. The Eastern tribes, however, had been the most pronounced cannibals on the face of the earth. The Iroquois had hunted human prey as the Western Indians hunted the buffalo. Hundreds of captives had been held at all times in the Iroquois towns and tortured daily, those who succumbed to the punishment being promptly devoured. Though the Iroquois professed to have left off their evil ways, doubtless they reverted to ancient custom when opportunity afforded. Hunter was convinced that the reports that a few Iroquois, deserting from the Canadian fur brigades, had joined the Blackfeet were true. No doubt a few of them had induced some of the more ferocious among the Blackfeet to engage with them in this fiendish orgy.

Feeling sick and weak, Hunter was turning to leave when his eye caught the white gleam of fresh knife work against the silvery green of an aspen trunk at the timber's edge. The initials W. S. had been carved upon the trunk within the past few days. A white man, some lone trapper probably, had discovered the spot before him, he decided. Not until he had ridden for some miles did another possible significance of the initials occur to him. Had the white man who had carved those initials been present at the terrible affair? Would even the fiendish Wolf-strike, who was given to such horrible business, leave evidence of his infamy by carving those initials at the scene of his crime? Why not? He was outlawed in any event and would be shot on sight by any mountain man. Perhaps this was mere boastfulness, to leave his tracks as evidence to those who sought his life that he still lived in safety among their implacable foes. There had been no word of Leroux since that night on the Black Fork of the Green when the dying McAndrews had denounced him. Leroux had handled many an Iroquois with the fur brigades. He would know the worst among them. Why was it not a logical conclusion that he led the few Iroquois that were presumed to have joined the Blackfeet?

Three days later, with this horror still fresh in mind, Hunter looked down from a ridge that flanked a Blackfoot highway along a creek. His glance focused upon a bell-shaped object from which rose a thin film of steam, and at once he recognized it—a Blackfoot warrior who had dropped behind some traveling party to take a steam bath.

All Indians were addicted to sweat baths, and, with minor variations, they were conducted in much the same manner. Willows were thrust into the ground and bent over, secured at the top save for a small orifice. Heated stones were placed in the bottom, a hide spread over the framework, and the Indian, squatting therein with his head protruding, sometimes with even his head withdrawn into the inclosure, sprinkled water from some container upon the hot stones. Occasionally wet grass was piled upon the stones to produce the steam.

Deliberately disregarding the fact that a shot would reveal his presence in the country and might rouse the Blackfeet to a search for him, Hunter descended to the creek bottom and stalked the bather. As he pressed the trigger that sent a ball through the Blackfoot's protruding head, he thought of the pitiful figures at the timber's edge a few days before. Thus did Hunt Breckenridge dedicate himself to his vendetta against the Blackfeet, as so many mountain men had dedicated themselves before him.

In the bark of a lone cottonwood near the sweat wikiup he carved an X and above it a series of notches to represent the number of Blackfeet scalps he had taken. Each great warrior had some heraldic device upon his shield and equipment. The squaws of the Loup Pawnees had devised for Hunter an uplifted arm, the hand gripping a knife. This emblem he scorched on the back of the slain warrior's buckskin jacket and beneath it he printed in English the words "Big Mandan." The X and the notches above it would apprise the Blackfeet of the fact that some white man had adopted that way of signing himself in a vendetta against their tribe. If there should be renegades among them the savages would take the shirt to them for interpretation and would then know the identity of the man who henceforth would leave his mark and his notches as evidence of his work. Doubtless it was from this or some kindred custom that the bad man of a later period adopted his habit of notching his gun for each victim.

Some ten days thereafter Hunter reached the stockade that surrounded Big Mack's post. A few brush lodges had been erected some distance away by a group of Flatheads that had been there to trade. Two French Canadians opened the gates of the stockade and Hunter rode in.

No sooner had the gates clanged shut behind him than a tall young woman left the door of the log living quarters and crossed swiftly to meet him. There had been little of either physical or verbal demonstrativeness in their love making. From the outset they had seemed to belong and had accepted it without spoken bond. Hunter had told her that if she was anywhere in the Northwest he would find her. To her that had seemed a declaration as definite as if accompanied by fervid protestations of undying love, and he knew she had understood it as such. The pioneer men and women of his day were so occupied with strenuous affairs that they had but small time or inclination to decorate their deep affection with fine phrases. Their love might be deep but largely inarticulate.

"Did you think I was never coming, Nepanamo?" he asked, dropping from his horse.

"No; I knew you'd come," she said. Then she committed herself to the first words that smacked of tenderness that had ever passed between them: "In a way, Hunter, you've been a-making love to me at long range. Every so often some Indian appears and assures me that Hair-that-shines lives in the heart of Big Mandan and that he looks with favor upon no other woman. That helped to pass the time while I was waiting for you. Poor Hunter! After building up a reputation as a woman hater for yourself, instead of living round with squaws in every village like the other mountain men, it would have struck the savages as a startling departure from custom any time you'd changed your ways, and the news would have spread like a prairie fire before the wind. You couldn't do it now without my knowing. Some Indian would come here and say, 'Hair-that-shines no longer lives in the heart of Big Mandan. He has taken the daughter of Thunder Voice,' or some other revealing formula."

Hunter nodded. "Would you have turned me out if I had?" he asked.

Slowly she shook her head.

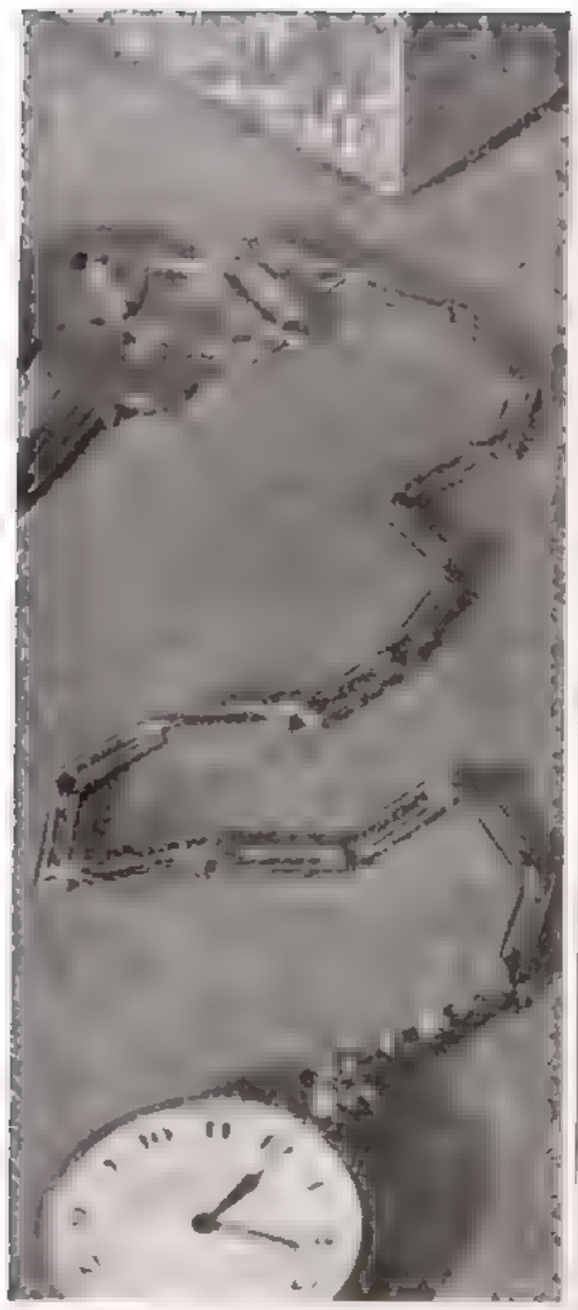
"No; I'd still want you. Every mountain man does that. There's the belief that Indian women don't count. The trappers would actually be surprised that their own women back home could be jealous of their attentions to Indian squaws. No, Hunter, I'd have had you anyway. But I'm glad it's like it is."

He frowned suddenly as he spoke again: "I'd have come before if I'd known where to look for you. That dog of a factor in the Saskatchewan prairies lied to me—swore you and Big Mack had gone east to somewheres near Montreal."

"But surely you could have found out by asking the Indians," she said, surprised. "The news travels so rapidly. Almost any Pawnee, I imagine, far away as they are, could have told you where Big Mack had his post."

"That's what makes me boil when I think about it," he confessed. "It never come to me to doubt that lying hound in Saskatchewan. All this time the Injuns could have told me, but they thought I knew; and it never occurred to me to ask, because I thought you were two-three thousand miles northeast, beyond the ken of Injuns in the West. I wouldn't have knowed now, honey, except that an old Crow chief took it on himself to tell me that you was in danger from the Blackfeet. You're on the edge of their range here. Do those red wolves ever come here to trade?"

(Continued on Page 142)



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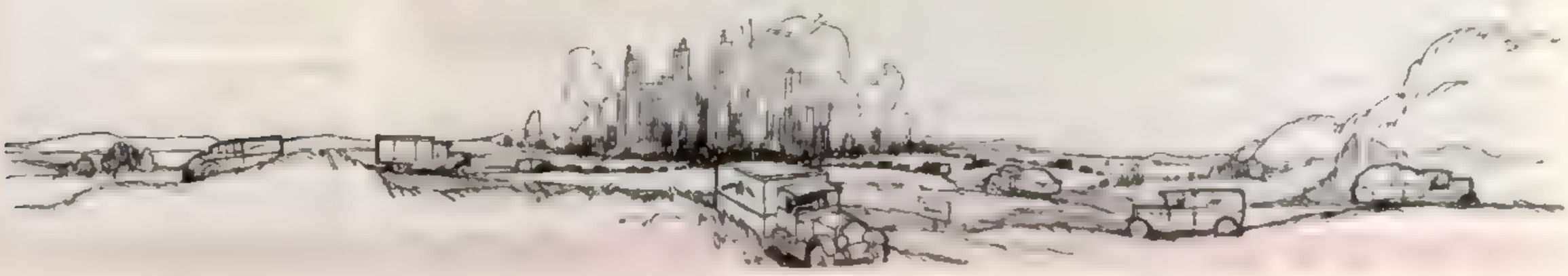

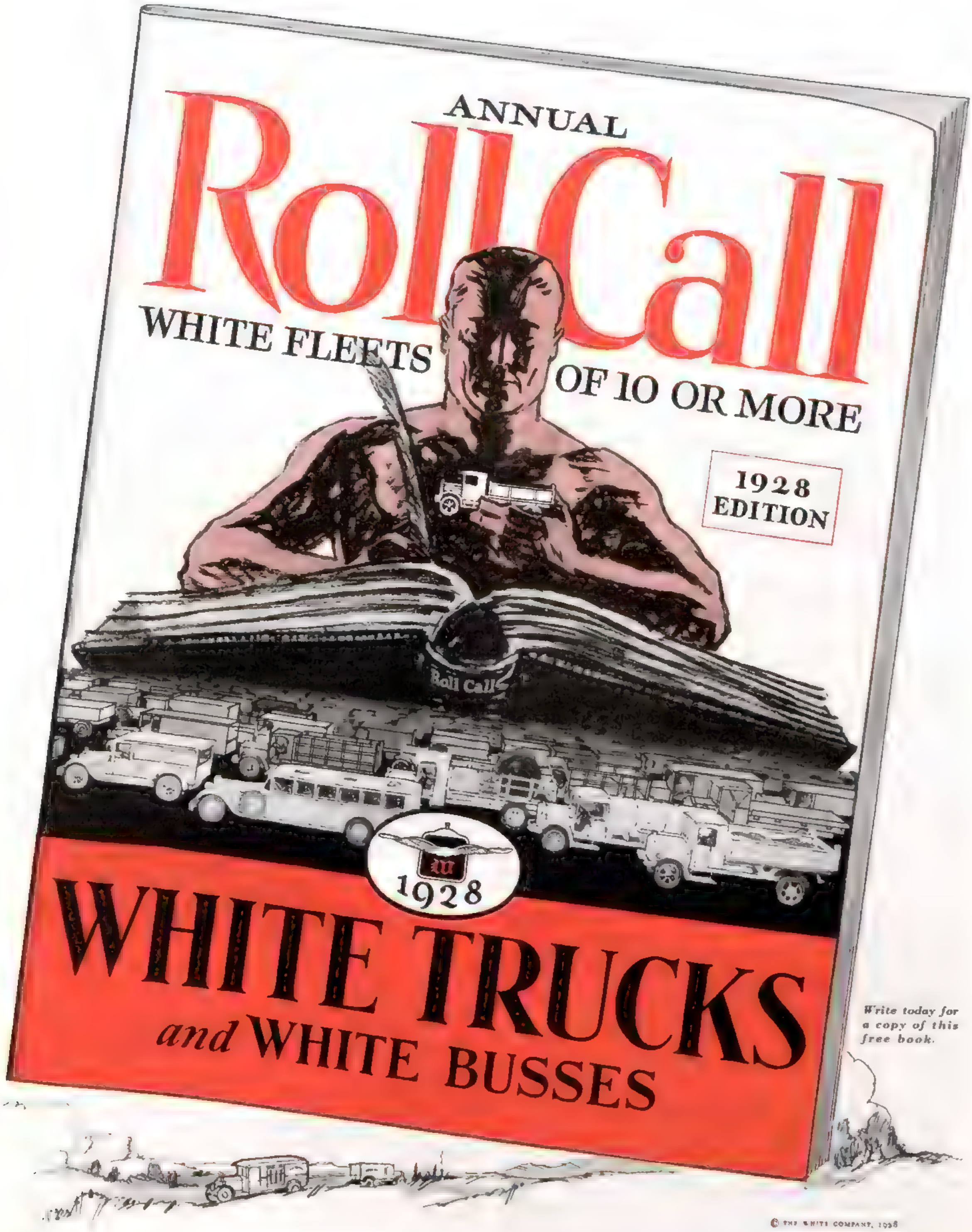
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(Continued from Page 138)

"Yes, a few," she said. "We never let more than ten inside the stockade at one time and they leave their bows and muskets outside. Even that worried me some—a little. Our guards grow careless. Men do after long immunity. The Blackfeet themselves are bad enough, but Leroux is with them and that makes it worse, because he hates us."

"Does he now? Since when?" Hunter asked. His mind reverted swiftly to that ghastly sight he had chanced across some time past. "The bloody wretch!"

"Father would not let him come here after we knew that he was Wolf-strike," she explained. "But he does come—or did until three months ago. The few Blackfeet that come here are the same ones that belong to the band he traveled with. I know the faces of most of them. Twice I've seen him among those who waited outside. He's shaved his skull except for a scalp lock and he paints his face in various ways. But that twisted arm with the hand facing the wrong way betrays his identity. The last time I saw him outside with the Blackfeet was three months ago."

"Big Mack is blind to trust the Blackfeet," Hunter said. "They are bad medicine."

"He does not trust them overmuch," she replied. "But all the same, he is blind—or almost. His eyes are failing and he can scarcely see. Big Mack grows old, my dear. He is over eighty. He was an elderly man when he married my mother. Now he grows crabbed and choleric like a child when his will is crossed. He will not listen to the counsel of others as his own powers fail."

"Then you must both come with me to where I will start a post of my own," Hunter asserted. "I will pick my place, open up in the Indian trade and come for you."

"He would not listen for a second to such a plan," said McKenzie's daughter.

"It is a good plan," Hunter urged. "He must be made to see it. We will go to him at once."

He turned toward the log trade house, but the woman caught his arm and detained him.

"It would be useless. Besides, I prefer that he should not know of your presence."

"What?" Hunter demanded. "Am I to come a thousand miles to see you and have him deny me admittance?"

The girl laughed softly and twined her arm through his.

"Yes," she said, "just that. Don't let that fierce Kentucky pride of yours get roused. Big Mack goes into great rages and they are harmful to him. He childishly insists that you have bandied my name about the Indian villages. No one could convince him to the contrary. The knowledge that you are here would cause him to fume helplessly and he would order you off."

"I would not go," Hunter declared.

"Then I would send you," she said. "Such rages shake him and are bad for his health. Hunter dear, it has been so long since I've set eyes on you that I can't give you up again right away. He must not know who you are."

"But what is the end—if you cannot come with me and I cannot stay with you?" he demanded. "That gets us nowhere."

"It will," she predicted. "It won't be long now that we'll have to wait." She hesitated, as if loath to proceed. "I've sent word that he's growing too old and feeble to run this fort, and asked to have him relieved."

She observed him narrowly, as if to determine how much he had read into her words. He betrayed no surprise, however, but merely nodded.

"That's much the best," he said.

The girl breathed a sigh of relief. This lover of hers was such a fiercely loyal American. It was through that patriotism that he had first taken exception to the words of Leroux that night on the Missouri.

"Nice Hunter," she crooned, patting his arm. "Then you're not going to be mad at us?"

"I would," he said, "except that there will never be enough British posts in this country to make hoisting that flag in it possible. The mountain men wouldn't have it so. I've known from first glance that it was the post of some big English company. It's garrisoned by French Canucks. Your trade goods must be brought down from Canada by Canadian brigades."

"Of course," she confessed. "The few mountain men who stray here know that at once. I feared you might be furious."

Slowly he shook his head. "It's too futile to be cause for fury," he said. "Big Mack's loyalty has been imposed upon by those who would gain the trade of these parts for as long as they can hold it. It's not fury, but fear, that I feel for you."

"Fear?" she queried.

"Blackfeet," he made answer. "The mountain men know that the posts up this way are British and they like it not. They suspect that the factors are inciting the Blackfeet to hostilities against American brigades. True or not, I know that Big Mack would have no hand in such murdering business. No man could tell me different. But if the Blackfeet should rise against these British posts, and the rumors of it should reach the mountain men, they would not gather and march to your assistance. In the first place, believing as they do that the British are allied with the Blackfeet, they would not credit the rumors that those red wolves had risen against the posts. You see? You could rely for help only on such Canadian brigades as were operating hereabouts."

"Yes, I've known that. But it will not be long now. The company, while it pays poorly, does give honor to its old employes. Big Mack, except for a few years, has been in company employ for going on sixty years. They will no doubt retire him on a slight pension and send him east. If they confer on him an honorary company title he will be content."

Two members of the little garrison lounged in the shade. The others were nowhere in sight. Their squaws and children moved in and out of the cabins that had been erected for quartering the garrison and its families. A party of fifty or more Blackfeet emerged from the timber some distance away and headed toward the stockade. Their numbers were equally divided between bucks and squaws. The two guards sauntered toward the gate. Another man appeared in the door of his cabin, stretched and yawned as he regarded the approaching savages with casual appraisal. Hunter's brow contracted with a slight frown as he surveyed the scene. The Blackfeet party halted some fifty yards from the fort and the greater number made themselves comfortable on the ground while a dozen or so advanced to the stockade.

Hunter strolled toward the gate. The savages had deposited their bows and muskets with the main party. The guards opened the gates.

"Are you letting them in wearing buffalo robes, and without looking underneath?" Hunter demanded sharply.

The guards looked up in surprise at this abrupt query, one of them in sullen anger, the other with an amiable flash of teeth as he laughed.

"But surely," he said. "Why not? These fellows have traded here often. They're friendly and harmless."

"I have my doubts about any Blackfoot being either," Hunter declared flatly.

"What affair is it of yours?" the sullen man demanded.

"He is my friend and a very wise trader who knows Indians, East and West," Ann McKenzie said. "He inquires by my orders. Answer him."

"Well, but certainly they enter with robes on," the man stated surlily. "Is it not enough to insist that they leave their weapons behind? Should we make them disrobe to trade? One cannot treat friendly Indians as enemies and hold their trade."

Hunter nodded. The Blackfeet began to file through the gate. Hunter suddenly caught the robe of the foremost savage and pulled it off as if to examine its workmanship. A strip of buckskin round the Indian's waist secured a war hatchet and a scalping knife. The butt of a pistol protruded from his right legging. The savage whirled upon him with a grunt of anger, his hand falling to the tomahawk, which he extracted from its resting place and brandished threateningly. Hunter's rifle, resting easily in the crook of one arm, was trained upon his middle.

"Ask him," instructed Hunter, who knew little of the Blackfoot language, "just why he enters the stockade armed when told to leave his arms outside."

The amiable one of the guards, fearing trouble, closed the gate behind the Indians. Three men appeared in the doors of their cabins, having been roused by the sudden commotion at the gate. The savages glanced about them, their glances lowering and ugly at first, then assuming blank stares as if they could not comprehend the situation.

"Says he forgot to leave them with his musket," the guard interpreted, after questioning the Indian whose robe Hunter had removed.

"Have the others throw back their robes," Hunter ordered. Several of the savages objected and made as if to leave. "Off with your robes!" Hunter said sharply. They did not understand his words, but the order had been conveyed to them and his meaning was clear. Hunter fixed one savage with his eyes and the Indian did not like the look in them as the white man jerked an imperative thumb. Slowly, as if against his will, the Indian drew back his buffalo robe. A similar set of weapons was revealed. One after another the savages threw back their robes. All were armed in some fashion. Hunter pointed to the gate.

"Out you go!" he said. "Off with you! None of you come here again until the Short Blue Moon. Next time one of you comes inside with so much as a knife he will be shot. Leave your robes with your muskets hereafter before coming to the gate."

The girl interpreted his remarks and the savages protested that they came to trade.

"You come to palaver," Hunter said. "Where are your furs?"

They intended to bring the furs after seeing the trade goods, they asserted.

"Go!" Hunter ordered, and they left.

"Not one Indian in a hundred carries a pistol," Hunter said to the guards. "How do you account for the fact that out of the ten who entered, five had pistols beneath their robes and every varmint of them had war hatchets and knives?"

"We let in only ten at a time," one man answered in extenuation.

"Ten's enough—if they catch you off guard," Hunter said. "I like not the look of the thing. I'd keep a sharp eye on those beggars."

"We'll make them leave their robes behind fast enough after this," the amiable guard promised. "Maybe we have grown a bit careless. Nepanamo, she thinks so."

"That is why she asked me to see what the miscreants carried beneath their robes," Hunter said. "She doesn't trust them as far as you do. It seems that she was right. Hereafter you'd best do as she suggests in that particular matter."

His words made it appear that he had acted at her instigation, not merely through some high-handed impulse of his own. Coming from her, it would not make them resentful and would, temporarily at least, cause them to exercise a measure of precaution. They could not but recognize the sinister possibilities of that array of weapons concealed beneath the robes of the late visitors. Even the surly guard elected to take Hunter's act as an order from the well-beloved mistress of the post and not as a piece of unwarranted interference.

A squaw reported the details of the occurrence to McKenzie. Presently Hunter and the girl heard his wrathful voice berating the members of the garrison.

"And a good thing some man with brains in his head saw it and warned ye!" he declared testily. "Let no more Blackfoot devils enter the stockade with robes on! Do ye hear? It is orders!"

His voice rose querulously, commanding his daughter to bring the stranger to him. The man's once mighty frame was gaunt and he shambled a bit as he walked.

"Who is he?" he inquired of Nepanamo. "Chauvenant said you proclaimed him an old friend of ours."

"One of the men of the brigade on the Missouri, father," the girl answered. "His name is Hunter."

"Hunter, is it? I don't seem to recall him." The old man laid his great hands on Hunter's shoulders and drew him nearer as the fading eyes scanned the newcomer's face. Then suddenly he straightened. "Nepanamo, ye tell an untruth to your father! His name is not Hunter—it is Breckenridge!"

"Yes, dad. Hunter Breckenridge," the girl agreed.

"He's the one who made your name a byword in every Indian camp for two thousand miles, boasting of his conquest over ye!" the old man snapped. "How is it ye have not had him thrown out?"

"Because you've always been mistaken in what you think of him," the girl answered gently; "and I wish him to stay."

"Is it fitting that a chit of a girl should question her parent's judgment?" he demanded fiercely. "I'll not have him here!" Even in his anger, the voice had a querulous, shaken note.

"Very well, father. I shall send him away," the girl said. "Wait for me at the wikiups outside the stockade," she whispered to Hunter. Then she stepped over and slipped her arm round the old man's waist. "He is going now, dad. He only stopped over to renew old acquaintance." After a space she said, "He is riding out of the gate now."

The old man was mollified at thus having enforced his will when he had expected opposition.

"You're a dutiful girl, Nepanamo," he praised fondly as she led him back inside. "Big Mack knows what's best."

"Yes, of course," she assented. She patted his shoulder affectionately as he settled down in a great easy-chair of elk skin.

Hunter waited among the brush wikiups that had been erected by Snake Indians who had camped outside the stockade. A squaw brought food to him at sundown. An hour after nightfall Nepanamo came to him. He clasped her to him with fierce tenderness and she repaid him in kind, as if she thirsted for him. It was near dawn when they parted.

For three days he camped in the best of the wikiups. One or another of the men of the garrison came for extended chats on occasion. They were a friendly lot, on the whole. Despite the differing policies of their governments, there was little of individual enmity between the American and Canadian *voyageurs*. Should their respective nations go to war, they would be aligned against each other. Meanwhile, wherever rival fur brigades met on the streams, the men fraternized, respecting one another as individuals, each recognizing the good qualities of the other. After all, in the main, they were one breed.

The girl came to him at night and he held her in his arms as they made tentative plans for their future.

"We'll not leave my finding you to chance another time, Nepanamo," he said in parting. "One lesson of that sort is enough. When you are settled with Big Mack in the East, send word where you are. You will find someone who is going to St. Louis. The town grows and many are coming there from the East. Instruct your messenger to give the tidings of your whereabouts to both the Rocky Mountain Company and the Great American in St. Louis. The first brigade to start upriver will leave the word at the posts on the Missouri and with the mountain men at the rendezvous. It will reach me. Then I will come for you."

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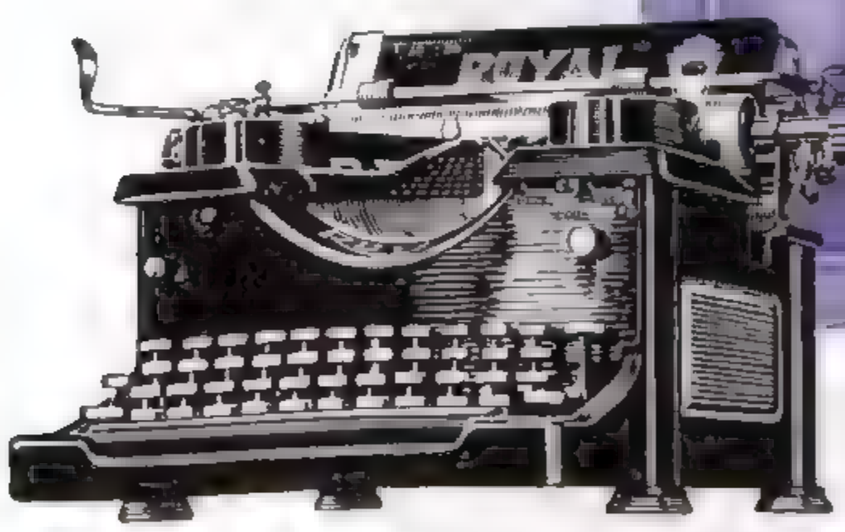

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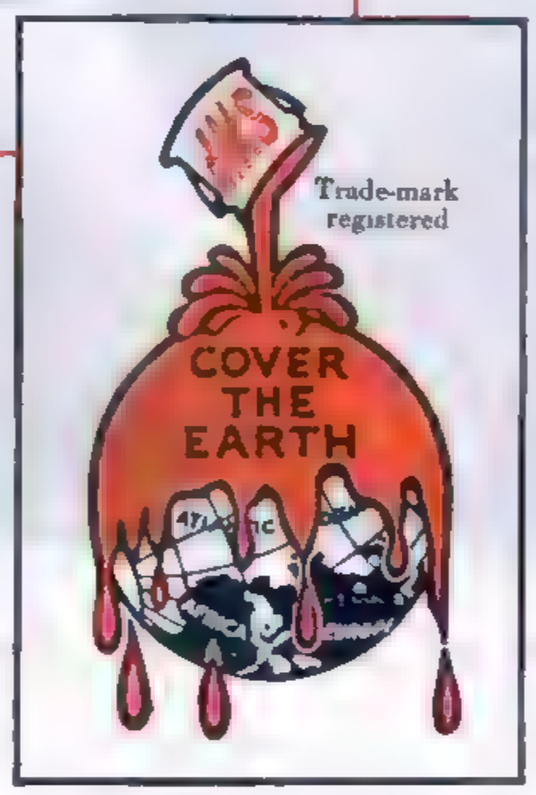

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TED'S LEAVE

Continued from Page 11

Where had Ted picked her up? Oh, anywhere, I supposed—in any old night club, any such market as he had rushed up from the boat to attend, on that "imperative business" of his. One thing I was sure of, I can't tell you why—that the two had not known each other a week.

The little local train was shambling on out of the station by now, slightly wagging its tail in its old homely way, as if it had brought us no curse and woven no web across Helen's sun. And already my theory of the case was taking shape. In some orgy after his landing Ted must have butted into a woman bitten with a desire to get out of hell and the chambers of death and the rest of it—to be like other women, have a private husband of her own and go quite straight. And she must have laid hold of Ted and got him to marry her.

I had bowed, on Ted's introduction, and Billie had held out a hand and given me a hot grip that felt at first like an entreaty. Then it slacked off suddenly as if she feared she might have done the wrong thing. I diagnosed a fierce hunger to do the right thing—the thing a nice woman would do in like case—and also spasms of mistrust. She was like a stray cat which has been starved and chivied so long that it has lost faith in the plan of coming up to you simply with a loud purr and a cordial wave of the tail. No doubt such a cat will still crave to be stroked as other cats are, but so many people have held out a hand and then only hurt it, that it has grown wary.

There was no time to think though. Helen's fall had to be broken, so far as might be. While we were loading the car I tried to think how. She was not on the phone, but a neighbor was, and had pressed Helen to use it at need. And here was need verily. So, when I had the two safe in the car, I doubled back into the station on some lying excuse and saw my friend the station master in the booking office.

He was a brick; he will assuredly be rewarded in heaven. He went right out of his own citadel, leaving all his tickets and the whole till at my mercy, while I rang up that neighbor and begged her to get hold of Helen. She told me to hang on while she tried, so I stood with the thing at my ear and looked into a little coal yard and over a hedge white with dust to the brown goodness of fields full of ripening corn, and I can tell you it all seemed to be aching with pain. But I didn't have long to look. Helen must have come running in her elation; I heard her fluttering breath as she said she was there.

"Helen," I said, just bungling along, "it's all right. He's here. And what do you think? The rogue has got married—just done it offhand. Don't they say it's what all these young people do now? The bride's here, too, of course. Small, very quiet, rather pale. Now, there's a speaking portrait for you. Helen! Helen, are you all right? . . . Sure? Good-by, Helen! Must go to them now."

She had scarcely made a sound while I spoke. These women have all the endurance. Ours is nothing. I suppose they're all one, in a way, and the millions of millions of childbirths have drilled them in fortitude, while we have only had little pin pricks like battles to stand. I went out into that aching beauty of summer and the English evening, the cottage roses and the sunny corn; all a lovely misery now, like a butterfly's wings when a boy has impaled it alive on a pin.

IV

HELEN'S garden was five feet above the road level; a few wooden steps led up to a white wooden gate. The moment the car stopped, I said to Ted, "Jump out. She's at the door," and he had the wit to be quick; so Helen met him before we others were out of the car or could see.

Billie didn't like that. I could feel she didn't. I think she took fright when cut off from Ted for so much as a minute. Ted was the life belt; Ted had to be clung to; no wave must wash them apart. Yet, I felt, too, that she was burning to play her part—to bring off the great moment and not fetch out a false note.

It was so pitiful that I couldn't help whispering to her, "She's kind. Don't be afraid. She'll be good to you."

Billie peered at me cautiously; it was as if she were wondering where the trick was in my words. But she did what she had to—she got out and went up the steps.

Then I heard her say, "How do you do, Mrs. Aimes?" with a rather dreadfully guarded politeness.

"Won't you let me kiss you?" Helen said. She had come down to the gate open armed, with the tender brown of her eyes heavenly soft and no grain of reserve in her eagerness to give love and see worthiness.

The little white creature seemed at first to be uncontrollably moved. She returned Helen's embrace with a sudden vehemence that was almost convulsive. Then, just as suddenly, she went chill, as though she had just got the tip from some devil that these kisses, like others she knew of, were only made to bait traps with.

Helen's face showed no mark of a blow. "And now you'll let me show you your wee room," she said, and Billie was led away, giving Ted an agonized glance, as if she had only to lose sight of him and she would be driven straight to the slaughter. And yet she went; she did not actually shy. Helen's touch seemed to be working upon her, heaven knows how. She reconnoitered Helen with quick curious glances; she seemed to be bewildered and shaken by what she was seeing; as if she had not known there were Helens and couldn't help doubting it still.

Ted gave no visible heed to his partner's alarm. In fact, he gave help to none of us in the acting of this pretty scene that he had composed for us all. As mariners say, he stood off and rode easy and left the two women to meet as they might and to make what they could of each other. But when the door closed behind them he gave me a look of much knowingness.

"Women are so beastly complicated, aren't they?" he said.

"Your mother isn't," said I—pretty curtly, I fancy.

He gave me a pitying stare. "Gad," he said, "if you only knew women!"

It was distinctly implied that in this event there would be immeasurable additions to my present equipment. Like many other poor piggies, he seemed to imagine that his particular wallowings in the sty had been a tremendous experience and had given him a singular knowledge of all the ways and reactions of some freakish monster whom he called "women."

I went out for the luggage. As I came in with the last bit of it, Helen the servantless was hastening down to the kitchen to see the festal supper through the last chapter of its long preparatory history. To give her a free hand for this climax I loafed in the garden, near the door, ready to keep the young people in play while Helen dished up.

The couple came downstairs together, Billie at Ted's heels. This seemed to be their fixed marching formation. When they were at the halt she kept her eyes fastened on his. If they ever left him they soon quivered nervously back, as if fatal slips might occur at any moment when she was out of touch with the higher command.

I showed off the glories of the garden—chiefly London pride, moon daisies and nasturtiums. You can grow these without a large fortune. Ted touched on this point.

"I see," he observed, "we're not trying to knock out Kew Gardens."

I think Billie inferred, from the caustic smile which accompanied this, that it must be wit, for she broke into a high hysterical titter. Then she saw, perhaps, that I was not holding my sides, for the loyal titter expired on her lips like a thing blasted by some sudden angel of death, and she went back to saying "How prettee!" at every flower that I showed her, till Helen came out, flushed with her toils at the fire and bright-eyed with the excitement of bringing Ted in to consume her passionately practiced handiwork.

"Will all you good people come into the kitchen?" she said. "We have supper there."

Ted crowed facetiously: "Ho-ho, the kitchen! Hey for the kitchen! Lead the way, mother."

At that moment I could have kicked the great Ted. It wasn't the words; it was the tone, which seemed to imply that to eat in the kitchen was a low act and had to be passed off jocosely as an old woman's quaint hobby. Still I did nothing overt, and Billie took her cue from Ted in a flash and set up again her little high-pitched titter.

Not many of us, I fancy, really live for great ends or high abstract ideals. We live for a few intensely imagined moments of future joy. And here, as I believe, was the moment that Helen had dreamed of and planned for six years; her wish was given her and she stood at the foot of the rainbow that she had pursued, with that vacant squeal in her ears.

Ted kept it up well, in the jocular vein. I guessed that in Lagos he must have become the crowned wit of some little set of dull men, the sort of Agreeable Rattle to whom his world looks to keep the ball rolling in some second-rate bar. One of his first strokes of vivacity at the meal was to put on the look of a searcher for some missing thing—to peer round the table and into his teacup and say, "Oh, I forgot! It's American soil. The stuff's prohibited."

Billie squealed admiringly. "Ow, Mrs. Aimes, isn't he dreadful?"

I could see nothing awry in Helen's smile at this burst of humor. The masks women wear beat belief. I suppose she was wailing inwardly, "Oh, why didn't I think? Of course he isn't a boy any longer, to like our old high-tea meal as he did. And I might have just managed a little quite cheap wine or beer." But her smile was all right.

Three-quarter way through the meal she offered him some of the cake that was to be light. "I do hope," she said, "you won't find it too ——"

"Half a mo," Ted interrupted. He may have thought we had come to that point in a meal when the best people can't wait for a smoke till it ends. "Cig, Billie?" he said, and threw her a flash cigarette case.

Billie lit up, with an air of relief from the worst of the strain. Ted held out the case to his mother rather mockingly, as who should say, "Of course, you won't know what the right people do now." Then he took a few puffs at his ease before asking her, "What was that you were saying?"

"Do you remember," she said, "the old cake—Barn brack, we called it—that we used to have? This is a sort of a try at it. Will you have some?"

Ted screwed his eyelids together and tightened his lips like a comedian acting the battered dyspeptic who eyes with disrelish and fear the frosted horrors of a wedding cake.

"I think not, on the whole," he pronounced with waggish solemnity. "Not with a smoke anyhow."

Billie tittered once more. Helen didn't wince. No doubt, she feared that a wince from her might hurt him—might make him think that he had wounded her; so fanciful are the fond fears of mothers.

V

WHILE the others sat out in the garden after the meal, I posted myself at an open window to work a gramophone that had been given to Helen last year. Till then she had scarcely noticed that there were such things. She had not had time. So it

(Continued on Page 149)

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(Continued from Page 147)

had come to her as a miracle, almost; while she had not been looking, means had been found to raise from the dead some of the things that Jack and she had heard together in transports of heaven-unveiling delight. She would be able now to give Ted his rights, or a shadow at least of the joy of hearing Bach and Beethoven, Schubert and Mozart, Debussy and Brahms, worthily played. Since the gramophone came she had been shearing and shearing again those short-fleeced sheep, her own personal expenses, in order to amass a small pile of records, each of them acquired in a fever of selective anxiety, with her fingers feeling the coins through the skin of her little bag purse.

Ted raised his jocular crow at sight of the thing: "Ho-ho! A good old tootler! Now we shan't be long." He rose, did a few dance steps not known to me, leered at Billie and said to Helen, "Well, you're going it, old thing."

I put on a bit of the Kreutzer Sonata and Ted was quite good for a time, but it was clear he had not much use for the stuff. Presently he began to tide over the boredom of listening by winking at Billie as boys do when they try to get some other boy into trouble in class. She was helpless at once. She tittered, or made a great show of choking a titter.

She said with a giggle, "Ow, Ted, you are funny!" She turned to Helen and said again, "Isn't he dreadful?"—meaning, "What wit! What high spirits!"

On Helen's face was no signal of any mishap to her hopes. When Ted asked if she hadn't got anything "just a little bit more up to date," something "with a bit of life in it," she said, with an equable smile, "I'm afraid they are all rather old things."

"Well, sure," said Ted, "they have some pretty long white whiskers."

He said it, not sourly, but forbearingly, as if nothing better than this poor entertainment could have been expected there by any man of the world. He wasn't subtle, poor Ted. You could see each feeling of his, each new stir in his little soul, as you see every move of a fish in a glass tank, every wave of its tail or flick of a fin. You saw him itch, almost to the scratching point, with that old malady of spiritless youth, a shamed sense of the homeliness of its home. With Billie there he couldn't forgo all these winks and waggeries. She was the world, I suppose, and they were his way of washing his hands, in the world's sight, of any complicity in this stuffy old life of the cottage, its humdrum music and nursery meals and obsolete flowers—nothing up to date, nothing up to the mark.

But could the world be failing him? Even while he was laboring most to clear himself, I fancied that Billie's attention was falling away from his face. And then I was sure. More and more it was fixing itself upon Helen. And no wonder, thought I. For since they had sat there, the music on which so many of her memories clustered had had time to work upon Helen. Perhaps the very stress of her effort to master and conceal her pain had fired her like the strain that is said to make an opaque metal luminous. For her beauty was undergoing the greatest of transfigurations, the one that comes when a fine spirit glows out through its physical envelope, disengages itself from the flesh and shines about the face in the way that suggested to art the first aureole. The white wreck watched her absorbedly.

I stuck to my job, and the Humoresque of Dvořák trailed out its wistful streak of melody like a crooked smile playing over an old, wizened face.

"It's sadlike, that bit," Billie said when it stopped. Her eyes were still fastened on Helen. She spoke as if she had to say something or other—anything—just to make some sort of push to get nearer to that kind warmth which glowed out of Helen.

Ted hooted. Perhaps he was piqued to find Billie's eyes straying—she ought to keep better to heel. "Sad!" he jeered. "Sob stuff? That! Get away! He's out for the laugh every time."

The pallid woman only looked at Helen. Helen had nodded to her and smiled. Helen always had the gift of making you feel that nothing you said seemed dull or foolish to her.

Ted drew away from them—rather disgusted, I think. He came over to me and opened out, without help from me, on his favorite theme—his tremendous career and his knack of coming out on top in every conflict with man, beast or circumstance. He said much about bachelor life, as lived by him and some equatorial friends—"real he men," he called them. They seemed to be more mannish than manly. Ted winked and leered a good deal in recording their feats.

"What else is a fellow to do?" he said once. "We're sacked if we marry."

I stared pretty hard, I suppose. "Isn't that," I said, "rather a snag for you now?"

He grinned. "You mean, about Billie? Oh, that's right as rain."

Right? How? I wondered. Still, I left it at that. At last the flow of complacent autobiography slackened and stopped. He went to break in on what looked like a beginning of real talk between the two women.

"Well," I heard him say loudly, "whisky-and-soda time, eh?"

Helen had nothing to offer. She owned it compunctiously.

"Oh, it's all right," he said. "Partner and self will take a wee turn down the road." He turned to me. "How far," he inquired "to this burg of yours? Five-furlong work?"

Less, I assured him. Eight hundred yards to the first house of the village, the ancient Cherry Tree Inn.

He cheered up at that. "Ho-ho," he said, "the Cherry Tree; the merry, merry Cherry Tree!" He gave a lurch of his head toward the village and said to me, "Coming along?"

No, I had to stay and do one or two things. Well, he said, they'd be home with the milk, if not sooner; we mustn't stay up.

"You'll take care she doesn't catch cold with this dew," Helen said. She had brought out a white Shetland shawl, a cobwebby wisp of light warmth, and was laying it carefully round Billie's shoulders. Billie was watching her face all the time.

Ted was impatient till they had started.

VI

HELEN and I sat in the garden silently, hearing the sound of the couple's feet diminishing along the road, till it was gone. And then we sat silent still. I wondered was Helen defying me, in her heart, to say the least word against Ted. At last I said something quite idle and casual.

She didn't answer it, but it seemed to set free in her some impeded impulse to speak.

"Oh, the poor thing!" she said. "The poor thing!"

"Poor?" I said vaguely. Was it of Ted that she spoke?

She went on: "So battered and frightened and worn, so horribly hurt, for whole years and years! Like the poor pitiful horses that people call vicious because they've been beaten and kicked so long that they don't expect anything else and they put back their ears in their terror if you come near them."

She paused a little—to go on, I suppose, with her own thoughts. And I with mine; mine were about the unaccountable ripening of the hearts of such creatures as Helen, the selfish and querulous girls that grow into women who, from the infinite stores of their charity, have something to give to the very serpent that tries to crawl into their Eden and destroy it.

Presently she spoke again, with a grave simplicity like a wise child's: "You know, Jack and I used to be mighty playgoers till Ted was born. One play that we saw was about a French woman who tried to escape from the streets. A man was going to marry her, and she was thinking that she could live bearably now. But then all the nice women

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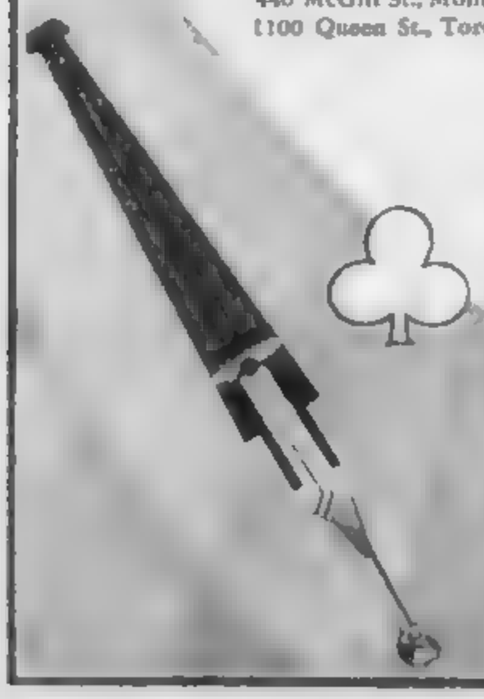

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and men in the play set upon her and bullied and baited and jeered at her, like a poor animal tied up to be tortured. They drove her right out, in the end, back to the streets and despair and disease and some early horrible death. We were expected to think it good fun. Jack and I looked at each other after it ended. He whispered, 'You wouldn't do that?' and I said, 'Would you?' and he said, 'Good Lord, no!' And now it has all come home to us."

I didn't ask what she was going to do. I knew. Helen was not like the people who make out that life sets us tough moral puzzles to solve. She knew it was not piercing wits that we want, to live well, but plain courage.

"What a dew!" she said suddenly. "Will you help me to bring in the chairs?" There are women who, in her place, would have said even that in the tragical key. But not Helen. Helen could rake out the ashes of every hope that she had ever lit and not give one whimper or sigh of self-pity.

She showed me the place in the parlor where each chair should go. The last to come in was to stand under a full bookshelf, a rude piece of amateur work, that hung from a nail in the wall.

"Those were Ted's books," she said. "When he was nearly sixteen he took a great liking to some of the poets—the modern ones—Yeats, Masefield, Brooke, and the like. He saved up to buy them and made that shelf for them. Then it all ended somehow. He seemed to cease caring about them. They were left here when he went."

I think I cared more about Ted at that moment than at any other before it or after. These handfuls of beautiful things collected almost secretly by boys who have since failed or died seem to take you, too late and most movingly, into the confidence of minds that may have been left too much to themselves when their chance and their danger came. "Woe unto him that is alone when he falleth," and these may have felt lonely, trying to grope their own way into the dim, magnificent forests of letters and art.

You can almost see them there, caught in the luster and mists of their youth and drawn this way and that by the fortuitous pull of some impulse not of their own making or choosing. Could not you have helped them more, if you had only known, or had tried harder? But now it's all over; the children are dead or lost sight of; the castles that they couldn't finish are mere sand again, like other sand.

I got Helen to play a new kind of patience. We played the light out of the sky and then, at a game's end, we let the cards lie where they were and sat near the wide-open window, listening silently to the low breathing of the sylvan night, the multifarious murmur that is composed, I suppose, of countless light brushings of air past motionless leaves and the massed sum of all the infinitesimal rustlings of innumerable tiny creatures that are busy prosecuting their momentous plans.

Ten o'clock brought a break in this audible stillness—the first deep stroke of the hour from the church clock and, close upon that, the bang of a distant door, very peremptory and loud. I knew that expulsory slam of the Cherry Tree door; loud enough to assure the one village policeman, abed in his house up the street, that obedience to licensing laws is still the British publican's delight.

When the other nine strokes had boomed from the church the silence seemed only the deeper for a while, till a rasping new sound scratched, as it were, the glossy surface of the night's silvery peace. It was a man's voice, I thought, but pitched rather high, as a man's sometimes is when he argues in the "Don't you see, you silly idiot?" vein. No other voice could be heard taking turns with this shrill disputant's, but there was a short break between each time he piped up and the next, as if somebody not heard by us were taking a terser part in a dialogue.

The voice was approaching. Articulate words might soon reach us. Already an alcoholic quality in the blustering snarl was as perceptible as a stink. In a minute or two I saw that Helen was holding her breath to hear better. Then she let her breath go, and it made a slight moan. Even I could tell in a few minutes more that the shrill scolder was Ted. By this time a word here and there was distinct. After another few minutes a second voice came within hearing—a sort of stage whisper, low, but clear and penetrating.

The thing that I first heard it say was: "Well, I'm chucking it, and so that's that."

It was Billie's voice, and if Ted's had changed, hers had changed too, but quite differently. I suppose they had had a few drinks, and Ted was the worse for liquor and she the better. That which had made him drunk had made her bold; all the slavish terror, all the mincing copy-cat business were done with; she spoke like a woman who sets her own values on things and knows what she wants and will make for it straight across country with any amount of determination to spare.

Some bullying answer of Ted's could not be quite heard.

Then she spoke again:

"Married! What's the good o' getting married, just to 'ide it? We'd be no better than what we are now."

If the night had been quiet before, it seemed now to stand on tiptoe, with a hand to its ear.

"Who wanted," Ted jeered, "to get married? D'you think it was I?"

The woman's voice was not ruffled. "I know as it was I," she said. "But look 'ere, Ted, I 'adn't seen your ma when I got on to you to marry me."

"Lives a bit too plainly, eh?" Ted sneered. "Not quite the pickings for Billie?"

The taunt drew no burst of rage from her, only a touch of good-humored contempt, as if he amused her. "Well, you are a bloody little rat, you are." And then Billie set to and reasoned with him, in frank cockney English, as you might try to reason the childish meanness out of some boy that you don't want to give up as hopeless. "See 'ere. I've changed me mind. Your ma has gev me a square deal and all. Proper kind she was, way she kissed me. Mind, I don't make no mistake. We ain't put it over on her. She knows the lot I am knew it at sight—'ates the thought o' me. But she's played the game an' she's kind and I ain't givin' worse than I get. I'm lettin' 'er off."

Ted almost shrieked, "And what about me?"

She laughed, without any bitterness that I could hear. "You? Oh, you'll be all right."

VII

THEY were nearing the gate and said nothing more. I kept on looking away from Helen, and I was glad it was dark. It should always be dark when a mother is hearing a harlot try to put some decency into her son. I looked out of the window and straight down the little ash path to the gate till I saw the straight little figure of Billie, a black silhouette framed between the white posts. It was only then that I knew Helen had slipped quietly out of the room and the house, for I saw her walking down the little ash path in the dark to meet Ted's paramour.

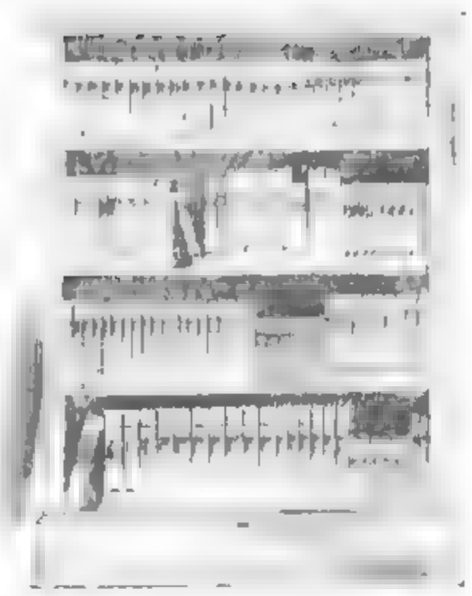
That light o' love did a good piece of acting. "I'm quite awf'ly sorry, Mrs. Aimes"—she had put on the sort of society twang you hear on the stage, in place of her London street brogue—"but I'm obliged to break off this delightful visit. I've just heard—in the oddest way—that my aged mother is ill."

I could see the two women's dark shapes approach each other and then become one, so I knew that Helen had for the second time taken the strange woman into her arms.

Helen said, clear to hear: "Won't you stay? I heard what you said on the road I couldn't help it. I think you're the noblest woman I know. Won't you stay and let us try to help each other to get back a little of all that we've lost?"

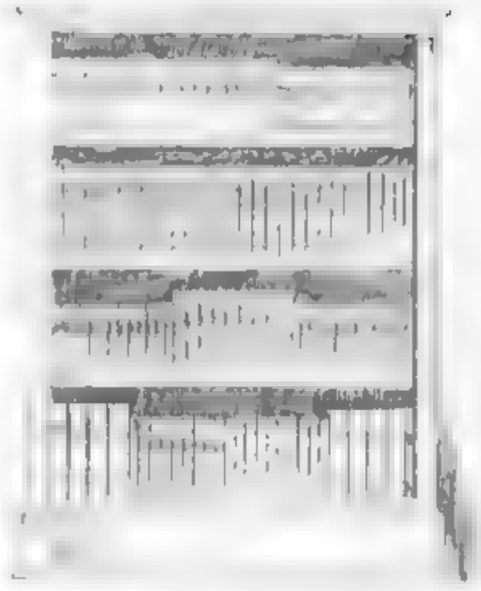
(Continued on Page 153)

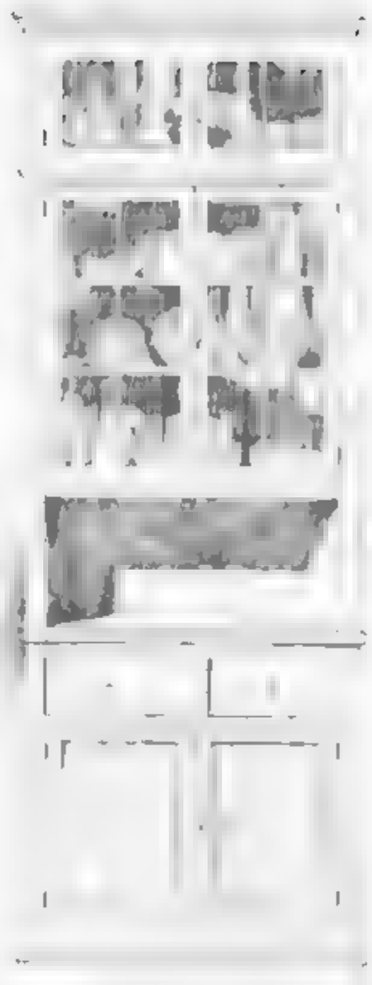
Corner Cupboard C-6511
Made in white pine, this beautiful design can be painted or stained to match furniture in any period. It requires only 26 ¼ inches along each wall, and is 84 ½ inches high. Price, $50.30 to $56.59.



Bookcase Material C-6000

Open bookshelves are not only useful, but are also highly decorative. Now, any house or apartment with any space to spare, from a niche to a whole wall, can have bookshelves of architectural quality. You buy the ends, tops, vertical divisions (10 inches deep), backs, and adjustable shelves (8 inches deep) with beautifully molded front edges, to fit. Sketch and measure the space you wish filled and the Curtis dealer will tell you how little it costs.





Kitchen Cupboard C-6712
This cabinet is 100 ¾ inches high, 35 ½ inches wide and 21 ¾ inches deep, and can be bought in unpainted southern pine, for only $59.46 to $66.89. Other sizes to fit your kitchen also available, with broom closet to match

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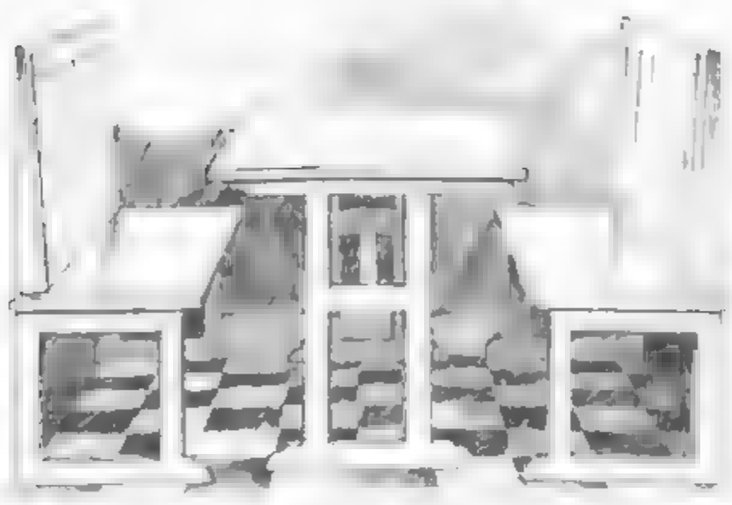
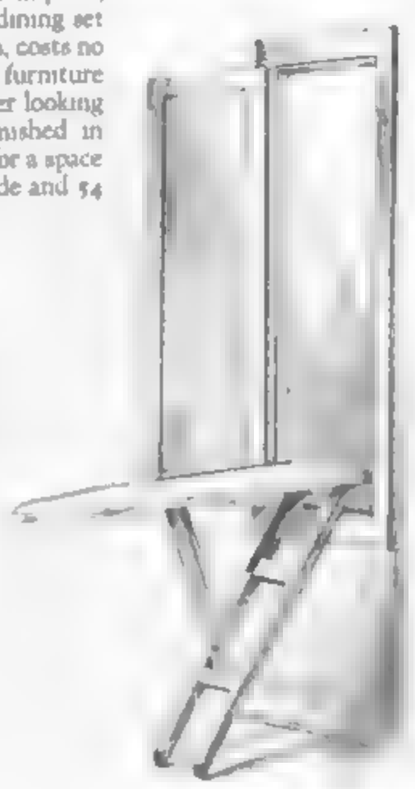


Dining Alcove C-6602
At from $26.29 to $29.58 in price, this correctly designed dining set for informal family meals, costs no more than home-made furniture and is far stronger, better looking and better made. Furnished in white or southern pine for a space from 64 to 72 inches wide and 54 inches deep.



Ironing Board C-6770
Here is an ironing board that is sturdy as you have never realized an ironing board could be. The board is adjustable in height. The cabinet is built in and is 23 ¾ inches wide, 67 inches high and 4 ¾ inches deep over all, including trim. Price $10.15 to $11.42.

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(Continued from Page 150)

Billie didn't act any more. She said quite simply, "I could fair kneel to you. But it don't work. I've found out today. There ain't no going back—not in this cruel world. I must just go and get on with it." As she choked the last flutter out of her newly fledged hope her voice had, to my ear, beauty and dignity.

Ted had lagged in the road, but he came stumbling up the steps to the gate as I came out of the house, for I felt that the last word had been said and the world might as well break in now on the poignant communion between those two generous and unhappy women.

Ted kept up the funny-man business as well as he could. He had worked himself up—I suppose, while loitering in the road to some muddled purpose or attitude.

"Say, you," he babbled to me, "Uncle B-B-Bradshaw, when'sh 'ere comfor'able midnight train suit newly married couple off f'r a honeymoon in Lunnatown?"

"You'll just go to bed," Billie said, "where you are and be good."

An up-train does stop at Hallmore Junction, some eight miles away, at 11:20 at night. It was 10:30 now. My car could do it inside twenty minutes. I told Billie all this in reply to whispered questions from her.

Ted was bleating away about man leaving father and mother and cleaving unto his wife, but Billie led him away to their room while I went back to the parlor. From there I could hear the bleat going on still, overhead. He must have been a good deal in her way while she repacked in her box the things she had bought for her new birth into the world of all rightness. At last the bleating ceased, and I could hear only her steps. Probably he was asleep.

Helen joined me in the parlor, with all her calm gone. She was restless with misery, like a brave person who has to look on at a wreck or a murder he cannot prevent. I was sure it was all she could do to keep from running upstairs to entreat Billie once more to stay, wife or not—to let herself be delivered, on any terms, from the foul abattoir that she was going back to. On the offchance of its helping to deaden present torment, I set the music going again. Any music not sad would have seemed horrible then; some slight tranquilization of sadness was all that could be hoped for Helen. So I picked out a bit of the Unfinished Symphony of Beethoven—the bit that, as long as it lasts, seems to me to rekindle most surely the heart-rending sunshine of days that are long dead, their tenderness and grace and bloom. I knew she had heard it with Jack the last night before he went back to France to be killed.

When the thing was half through she sat down like one dreadfully tired. Then she leaned forward, elbows on knees and her head in her hands, till that movement ended. I asked, should I put on the next one?

She didn't answer that, but she said in a level voice:

"I was thinking of old times and all the music there used to be then, and of all people who have died."

Was Ted among them, I wondered—the Ted of her hopes and desires and endurances? But I thought that now I could safely leave her and go out to get the car ready.

In ten minutes more I was driving Billie along a shining white road over a swell of chalk down, to her fate. The moon was rising, and she called it "very prettee." None of us ever saw her again.

VIII

WORK took me abroad for a year after that incident, and summer was all aglow again when I returned. Among the letters awaiting me was one bearing the postmark of Lagos, but not addressed in Ted's hand. That looked bad.

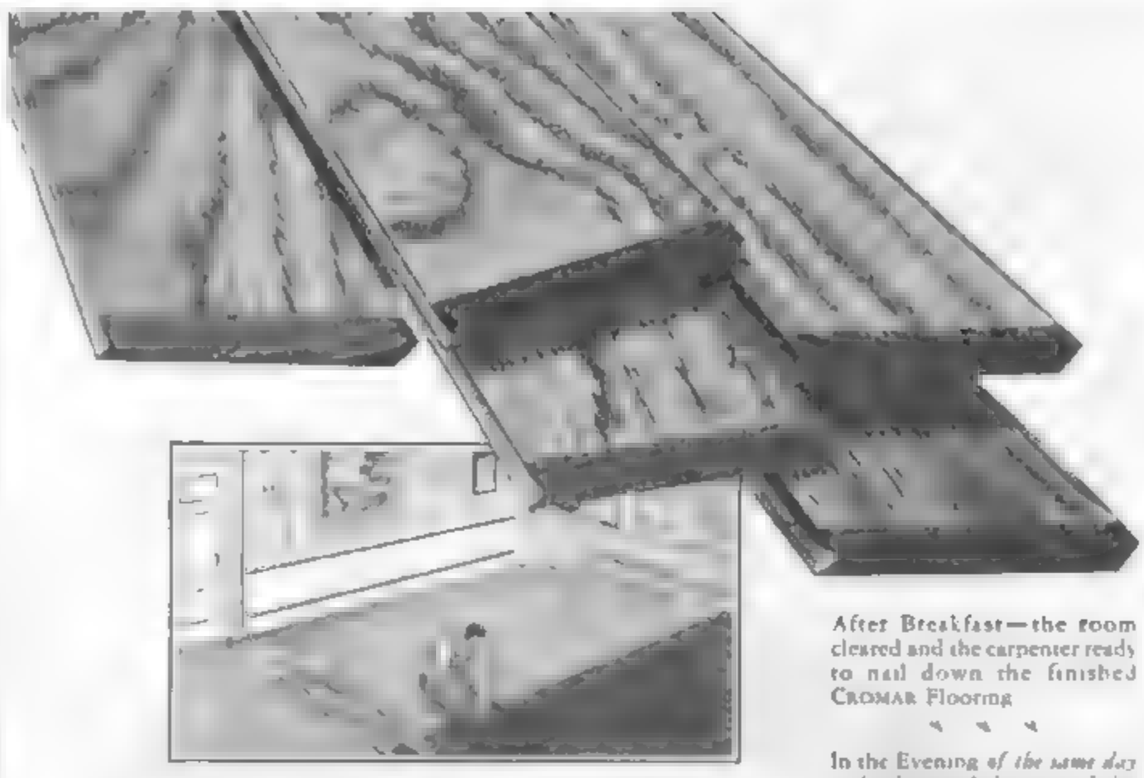
The look of it did not deceive. The first words of the letter were the expected ones—"I deeply regret," and so on. The writer was the chaplain of a hospital on the coast. It seemed Ted had lost both his job and his health some months before.

"I saw him often," the chaplain wrote, "toward the end. He knew it was near. He spoke of you with affection and asked that news of his death might not be cabled to his mother, but given personally by you. He said, 'Nobody else would hurt her so little as he.' I asked if he wished to send any message to her. He thought for a time and then said, 'Just that I'm sorry.' He became incoherent soon after. At times he seemed to be repeating lines of poetry—modern, I think—I did not know any of them."

I found Helen stooping over an oil cooking stove that she had bought secondhand two years before. She was taking out of the oven a round frame of tin with a brown dome, like the roof of a great bun, rising yeastily out of it.

"You'll stay to tea," she said, with a face that was more than a year older now than when I had last seen it. But it was again eager and bright. "I want you to try if this cake is really light. I've been practicing for when Ted gets leave again."

I told her.



After Breakfast—the room cleared and the carpenter ready to nail down the finished CROMAR Flooring

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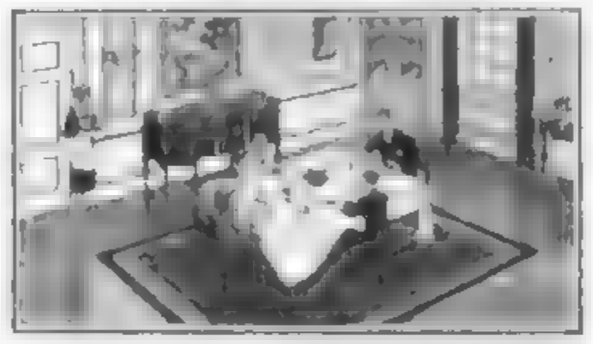

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin

DYNAMITE EMBERS

Continued from Page 31

says, in a kind of surprised and grieved way: "Hey, lieutenant! What's this mean? How long since you took to playing with animals when we got important work on hand, hey?"

"The goats are full of that dynamite, chief," says I, "and you had better step lively or else we have got a fire hazard on our hands right in this pasture'"

"Oh, you fool!" says the chief "Do you mean to say them goats has ate our explosives?"

'Whilst we wasn't looking," says I, putting the fullest-looking goat between me and the chief.

"Well you are a healthy lieutenant and I have a good mind to demote you to a second-class hoseman, Fitch," says the chief, scornful. "And besides, you are frightened over nothing, because you have to percuss dynamite to make it go off, and there is nothing in a goat's stomach to percuss, if they has been kept away from sardine cans and such. You are a fine fireman to leave in charge of explosives, to let goats eat it."

I seen I had been panic-strick for nothing, and I guess I felt pretty cheap, as did also the other boys, except Cliff, who had clumb into a tree and was waiting eagerly to see the goats go off. The result being that the chief had to go back home for more dynamite and the whole thing delayed more than two hours altogether.

But at last finally we got set and touched off the blast from a safe distance, using a battery, and you would of been gratified to see that experiment. That house disappeared like a week's wages in Christmas week. Before the blast was set off the chief outlined what the experiment was for. He indicated the center of the dangerous fire zone, and we could imagine the devourative element had got out of control and we was blowing up this residence as a last resort, in the pathway of the flames. We all took our positions and practiced what we would do, with each man at his proper post, the chief doing the setting of the explosive and the connecting of the wires. Then, at a signal, we took to cover and the chief pushed down on the handle. I guess in town they must have thought there was a earthquake. It was a complete success, barring one thing, and this one thing was complete enough in its way too. Deacon Cleveland was just coming out of the door of his barn, carrying a measure of cracked corn in one hand and a pail of table swill in the other, to feed his hens. He stopped short in his yard when the explosion went off, and looked toward the pasture. There was one inch board which somehow traveled pretty fur up into the air, and this board came down on the deacon's hat, surprising him some. When they picked the deacon up and got the cracked corn out of his beard and took some potato peels away from his eyes and ears, the deacon sat on the back steps with his hands against his forehead for quite a whiles, and then said, dazed-like, "Was any eggs broke?" He had clean forgot whether he had been carrying food to the hens or was bringing eggs in. But otherwise the experiment was a complete success, which done credit to the chief's judgment.

Well, when the news got around town, the cheap jokers had a lot of funny things to say about the fire department—would it put out fires by blowing them up, and so forth—and they begun to make fun of Chief Tulk, which had been previously called Embers instead of Ambrose, and now they called him Dynamite Embers, which the name stuck to him like burs. But the chief he took it in good part and bid his time, knowing that in case of a conflogation the laugh would be on the other foot, so to speak.

Well, we waited and waited for a fire, but aside from chimblies and grass fires, it would have broken your sperrit the way people was so frugal. The chief was more hopeful than any of us, but I could see that even he sometimes was gloomy about the prospecks, and the lack of opportunity was aging him. He kept that stock of dynamite over to his house always in preparedness for an emergency, but there was never any emergency.

The chief says to me one day: "Hanover, I bet anything it will be my luck that sometime when I have passed away this town will have an awful fire. Or when I am out of town, or sick, something will break out. It is that way with people who have been born under an unlucky star"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, chief," says I, trying to cheer him, because if there was ever a man I liked, it was the chief. But at the same time I had that there feeling in my heart that his words was maybe prophetic. Little did I think—and this was some time in August—that within a month or a little over we would be face to face with the biggest conflogation which the town ever had, and that Chief Tulk's name would be bandied around as a man who knowed his onions with the best of them, not barring Boston or Cleveland or Detroit or any of them. But jist the same, it happened, as the chief had predicted, that at the very minute when that fire broke out in this burg the chief was out of town.

Now I want to tell you right here that I made an awful blunder before this fire happened. And yit, considering we hadn't had a fire of any kind, let alone a conflogation, for so long, it was forgivable. The chairman of the selectmen come to me one day when the chief was visiting his sister over to Sandwich Mills, and said could I let him borry some of our dynamite for a day or two, because he was clearing a field of some rocks and needed it right away, and Wallace the hardware man had ordered some but it hadn't come, but it would maybe this afternoon or tomorrow, and he would return us the loan the minute the hardware man got his.

Well, I didn't like to lend the chief's dynamite, but when the head of the town government asks for anything you don't feel like refusing, so I told him where the chief kep the explosive and said if he would return it quick it would probably be all right, but not to tell the chief I lent it and nobody would probably be the wiser. And me thinking the selectman was of course a man who would do as he said, I thought it was all right. I met Mr. Strong, this selectman, on the street a few days after and I asked him if he returned that loan and he said he had, but it has proved that he was not telling the truth, because he had not. He was one of them men who means well enough, and doesn't mean to lie, but says to themselves, "Oh, I will do that this afternoon sure, so as long as I am going to do it, I may as well say I have already done it and save an argument." But the trouble was he was one of those men who means to do it, but it slips his mind. So you see how I was fooled about it. And so the result was that all the time the chief and me thought of course there was plenty of dynamite over to the chief's place, in a little cubbyhole out in back of the henhouse, the boxes were empty, jist because Mr. Strong was not a man of his word.

Now I am coming to the conflogation, which I will not try to paint in the words of newspaper reporters and other hysterical people, not having the talent to do so, even if I wished, but I will give it to you in the calm words of a fireman whose line of duty calls him to be quick and not ornamental. I am able to tell you the exact time to a minute when the first alarm came in, because we set down the time. It was a quarter-past twelve in the daytime, and a lot of people was jist going to dinner and the streets was full of people. It had not rained for so long you couldn't remember, and the rooves were dry and curly, and there was a strong wind but not yit a gale

(Continued on Page 157)

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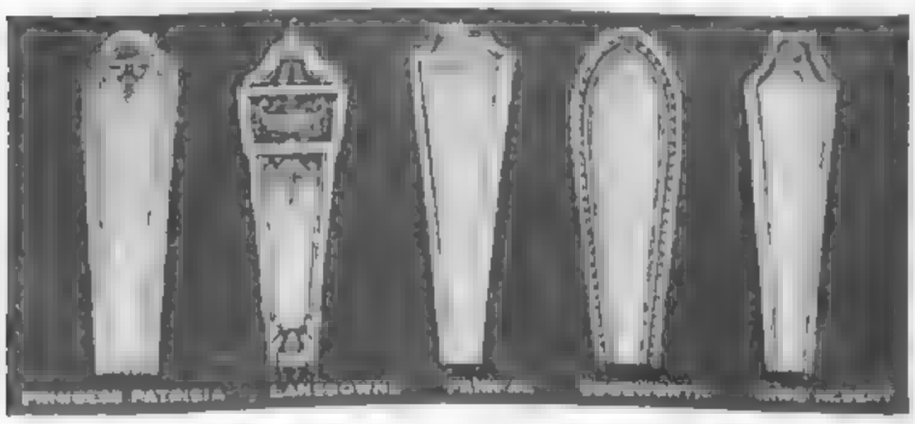

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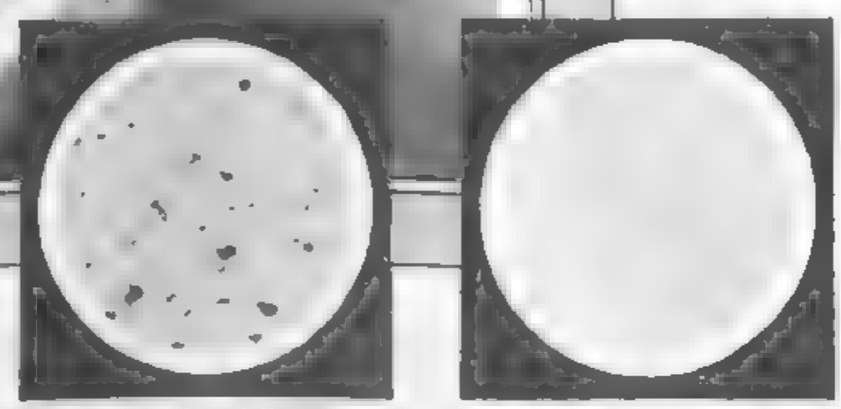

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—for dirt can't embed itself in this paint enamel!

MOTOR traffic—oil furnaces—trains—factories—all broadcasting clouds of fine, sticky dust that filters indoors everywhere. You can't escape it!

But you can prevent it from permanently soiling your walls and woodwork.

* * *

No matter how much dirt settles on a surface painted with Barreled Sunlight, the clean beauty of this paint enamel can be quickly restored. Washable as tile—because it's so satin-smooth dirt can't hold on!

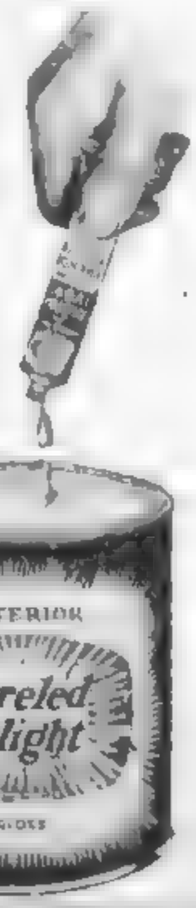
A richly handsome enamel finish with a "depth" peculiar to itself. Easy to apply. Remarkably opaque. *Guaranteed to remain white longest.*

Being an "all-oil" product, Barreled Sunlight is readily tinted with oil colors. Quantities of 5 gallons or more are tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

Barreled Sunlight is also made in Semi-Gloss and Flat finishes. All sized cans and drums. For priming, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat. See coupon.

For fine exterior painting, ask your dealer about the new Outside Barreled Sunlight—fully equal to its famous companion product in whiteness, "hiding power," and smooth beauty.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 25-C Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—Philadelphia—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. Retailed by more than 7000 dealers.



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Exactly the shade to match any scheme of interior decoration can be quickly obtained by tinting Barreled Sunlight. Dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors for tinting small quantities.

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Please send me information [illegible] of Interior Barreled Sunlight [illegible] Houses ☐ Commercial Buildings ☐ Interior Panels [illegible] (Stamps, enclose 10c.)

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Name

Street

City State

Barreled Sunlight

(Continued from Page 154

blowing from the northwest. The fire started in the paint shop of Elmer's Rapid Service Garage, and the first knowed about it was when one of the garagemen come running excited up the alley between the garage and the Mansion House, with a can of grease still in his hand where he had forgot to set it down, and a screw driver in the other hand, and he asks to a passing citizen would he please break the glass on the near-by box and pull the alarm, because the paint shop was afire. Which the same so excited the passer-by that he grabbed the can of grease instid of the screw driver to break the glass with, and daubed himself so much that he begun to slip from the scene and has not been heard of sence, because it developed that the hotel prop. finally give the alarm.

Well, the minute that alarm come in I remembered that it was right in the midst of Chief Tulk's Number One Hazard on the map, and here was a nice mess, with the chief—just as he had predicted—out of town and over to Sandwich Mills.

My, I never seen a fire spread so fast and furious as that one did. Before you could hardly say Jack Robinson, the paint shop and the garage was a total wreck, and the salesmen's samples was coming out of the windows of the Mansion House, and the salesmen was coming out of the front door. There was one salesman which was selling some town merchants underwear in a room upstairs, and he come to the window with some underwear in one hand and his sales argument into the other, and he was so scared at the sight that he let his sales argument drop out of his hand and it smashed on the alley below, and with a sickening thud but pleasant odor.

Well, right here is where I showed my appreciation of all which the chief had done for me in days past. Many a lieutenant would of let the chief stay right where he was—over to Sandwich Mills—and would of hogged the glory for himself, but my first thought was of Ambrose Tulk and how he had been waiting for this occasion so long, and besides I didn't know as I wanted to take all the responsibility, because if the town burned down, everybody would of said "What could you expect with only a lieutenant?"

So I hopped for a telephone, after setting the boys to work on the blaze, and I got the chief on the line.

"You better come right over, chief," I told him. "Because the thing you has feared and expected has happened. There is a conflogation all right, and the salesmen is now dropping out of the Mansion House like walnuts."

I could hear the choke in the chief's voice on the other end. "I knowed it would happen whiles I was away, Hanover," he says. "I will burn the road gitting there. Tell me, does she look bad?"

I said it sure did.

"Well, Hanover," says the chief, "I have treated you right and regard you almost like a son, and if it should not be so bad as it looks, I wish you would remember I am gitting to be an older man and could you save a little of the fire till I git there?"

"The question will be whether I can save a little of the town that long," I says to him; and the chief said "Thank God!" and hung up the telephone receiver on the floor and started. And even in that short space of time the Mansion House was doomed. The wind begin to blow harder from the northwest, and under my instructions all the availuable citizens who could be persuaded to quit giving advice and git to work was tolled off to mount the surrounding rooves and wet them down, because the wooden shingles was carrying further and further. The Hardware Emposium of Brooks' Brothers and Finnegan was the next to ignite, and a hardware store, which you would think is impervious owing to screws and bolts and axes, and so forth, is really an inflammable.

When the chief arrove on the scene he was in his rubber boots and helmet and, though breathless, ready for business.

"This looks bad as I had hoped, or rather, feared," says he, "and we have sure got something on our hands. I would not be surprised if this was a holycost. You have done nobly up to the present and now I will take charge. Luckily, I have this all planned, as you know, on the maps and it will probably be necessary to resort to dynamite to stay the progress of the flames. How is the water pressure?"

"Rotten," I told him, "as usual."

"I have told the town fathers about that manys the time," says the chief, "and now that oversight be on their own heads. It will make explosives even more necessary. You had best take my car, lieutenant, and go up and git the dynamite, because the way this fire is driving, the Perkins' house will have to come down. The Perkins' house is the one I have planned on to make a break between the Gem Restaurant and the Tilley Tenements. Once we git the Perkins' house down, we can save everything on the other side. With enough volunteers on the rooves of the Tenements, wetting down the shingles, we can hold this fire on the north side of the bridge. Just tell me how you have tolled off the rest of the men."

I told him where Bill and Walt and the rest were stationed and what their orders was, and then the chief says, "Where is Cliff?"

"I left him chopping down doors in the Hardware Emposium, chief, which he is a master hand at, though it does no good."

"If you git hold of Cliff send him to me," says the chief. "I will have a use for him."

Well, I burned up the road to the chief's house, and then is when I discovered that Mr. Strong, the head selectman, had been a liar and had not returned the loan of the dynamite he borrowed that day. He had stripped us clean—two boxes—and had failed to make good. My heart sunk like stone at this discovery, because I knew the chief was along at that age when a man cannot recover from such a shock. I could see, in my mind, the old chief waiting down there at the fire for me to come back with the dynamite, gitting his plans all ready just how he should proceed and everything, and it was going to be my duty to go back and tell him the F. D. was temporarily all out of dynamite. I did not know but what in his anger he might take a swing at me with one of the fire axes, which I could not blame him for, though it would be a bad situation for the heads of the department to fight whilst on duty in an emergency.

But I am a man which will not sneak away from a tight place, and I drove back and told the chief, who seen me coming with a great look of expectorancy.

"Chief, I'm sorry to say that somebody has got away with the dynamite. There ain't a smell of it left."

"This is no time for joking, lieutenant," says the chief. "Have you got it? Also have you brought the battery and the caps and the wires?"

"I have brought the battery, the caps and the wires, but I repeat that the dynamite is not there, chief. Could you have mislaid it?" I did not dare tell the chief about its being loaned to Mr. Strong.

The chief looked at me for a fracture of a second as though he could not believe his ears. His face become perfectly red, bordering on blue, and as the chief is a man which has always been a big eater, I thought to myself, "This is the beginnings of an apoplexy stroke. In another minute I will be chief of the department, whether I want to or not."

Then I seen the elderly man's body twitch nervous and the tears come into his eyes. His lip trembled and he says softly, "I don't know who has done this, Hanover, but it is a terrible thing to happen. It was probably done to hurt me, but it will end by hurting the town." Then he took hold of himself and straightened up his shoulders. He jerked out in a military way: "Lieutenant, do you know where there is any dynamite in this town?"

"Wallace, the hardware man, had some, and also Brooks Brothers," I says—"at

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Rather than to make claims which, however justified, might be considered extravagant, we prefer to let the fabrics speak for themselves.

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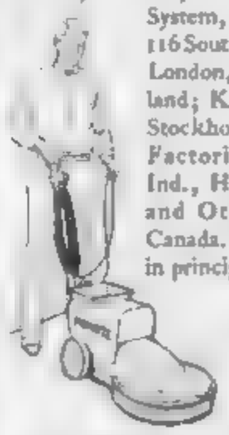

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for business
for homes

least they nearly always keep it in stock. But it is so hard to find Wallace when you want him, and from the muffled sounds that have come from Brooks Brothers' place I am afraid they are all out of explosives by this time."

"I will not be beat!" says the chief, squaring his jaw. "I will do my best to hold this fire where it is, Hanover, till you exhaust every avenue. Look high and low as soon as you can to find somebody who has got the explosive. Meanwhile I will go to the Perkins' house and warn them to leave, because we are going to blow it up as a matter of public necessity."

Well, I looked high and low, all right, and higher and lower than I ever looked before, and quicker, but I will tell you it is no time to look for dynamite when people are all excited. It is funny how completely off their bean people goes under such conditions. They give you the most foolish answers to a simple question. The best I could find out was that Wallace was out of town and nobody knowed where he kep his supply, but some jackass allowed that he knew of a man who had some dynamite not long ago, but he didn't know his name or where he lived. And that, my friends, is the closest you will get to any help when people are all excited. Well, it was like looking for a needle in a haystack or your tax receipt when you want it.

So I didn't spend any more time on that hunt, it seeming not worth while, and besides, the fire was gaining headway. I give the boys, who was now playing all our availuable streams on the Gem Restaurant, on the north side, some orders, and then run over to the Perkins' house to see if the chief was there. He was there all right, and there was a heck of a noise of chopping going on, and Mrs. Perkins was screaming and saying that if her husband was at home he would knock Ambrose Tulk into the middle of next week, chief or no chief, and she was not going to have her house blowed up, because for one thing she had planned to have a bridge-whist party that night and it would be silly to have to tell people the reason they couldn't come to the party was because the house was not there any more.

"But it won't be here anyway, whether we blow it up or not, madam," says the chief. "It will burn up if not blowed up, and I mean to save the property that lies to the south, if possible. I claim this house of yourn by eminent domain or anything, and if the insurance people don't make good the loss the town will have to, because I am read up on those things." This I did not hear, because this was before I come, but the chief told me. He said he tried to go down cellar and the cellar was locked up, and the door leading down cellar seemed to be about as thick as a safe-vault door in the bank, and made of oak or something, with a safety lock onto it.

And Mrs. Perkins was screaming, "You can't go down cellar—you can't go down cellar! My husband doesn't let anyone go down cellar."

The chief thought the woman must have gone crazy, because who cares whether you go down cellar or not, especially during a conflogation?

But the chief was a man of few words when on duty, so he says to Cliff, "Cliff, smash that door."

"Did you find that dynamite, lieutenant?" asks the chief, eager, when he sees me.

"I am sorry to say I did not, chief," I says.

The chief looked mighty downcast, but he says, "All right. You can't tell me I wasn't born under an unlucky star. But I will see this thing through. There is still time to burn this house and put a wall of water between this house and the Tilley Tenements. Call your men off the buildings the other side of the bridge, Hanover. You can't do nothing to save them. The railroad yards will stop the fire on the east, and you say she is already stopped on the north side. Bring every availuable piece of apparatus and hose and men down here, and git ready to put a wall of water between this house and the Tenements. . . . No, madam, there is not time to move your whist tables! I'm sorry for you, but you had better be gitting to a place of shelter. . . . Lieutenant, take Mrs. Perkins away with you and put her in charge of some lady which will quiet her. . . . No, madam, you can't go upstairs! I don't care if your bedspreads was made by Martha Washington! . . . Lieutenant, take this lady away."

So I took Mrs. Perkins, who I always thought was a lady, out into the street, she biting me twice on the hand and kicking my shins to a pulp on the way. I was glad to give her to several women on the sidewalk and then I dashed over to git the boys down to the scene of the new fire, which, you understand, the chief had planned, like a regular general, to start as a back fire, the way we used to do as kids when the grass was to be burned off the rear lot. It was a good scheme, and done Chief Tulk credit. And he was right about there not being any use playing water onto the buildings the other side of the bridge. So long as we could keep the fire from crossing the crick before we could git the Perkins' house down we looked to be all right.

You ought to have heard the yell that went up when I moved the department over to the other side of the crick. They all said we was crazy and a bum lot of firemen and that sort of thing, but I quickly explained the plan to the only one or two men which counted, and they agreed that it was the only chanst of saving the south side of the town.

Well, sir, to make a long story short, I done my duty as it was laid out. We kep as good a wall of water going on the nearest Tilley Tenement as the low water pressure would allow, and I was too busy to see what the chief was doing or where he was. I heard his voice once or twice, and I seen he was ordering all the folks away back from the Perkins' house, but I didn't know what was up.

And then the next thing, there was an explosion which pretty near took me off my feet. I dodged a big piece of a grand piano, I think it was, which come right out a window of the Perkins' house, and the Perkins' house seemed to sway right in front of my eyes. Simultaneous, or about that time, blue flames begun shooting out of the cellar windows.

"Good gosh!" I says to myself. "The chief must of had some dynamite up his sleeve all the time! He was only kidding me. He has blowed up the Perkins' house according to schedule."

And the crowd was hollering, "Hooray for Dynamite Embers! Hooray for Embers!"

Well, I guess that little scheme of the chief's saved the rest of the town, although I admit the wind had gone down considerable. The north side of the first Tilley house was charred some, but we kep it from burning. We stopped the fire at the Perkins' house, just as the chief said we would. As I said when I begun, the chief got a lot of notoriety out of this fire, being boosted by the newspapers locally, and then later the other papers got it and printed his picture, and so forth, and he is now down to Springhaven as head of their F. D.

But what you want to know is how the chief blowed up the Perkins' house? Sure, I am going to tell you. It won't hurt the old chief none, because any way you look at it, it reflected credit on him. It also explains why Mrs. Perkins didn't want the chief to go down cellar, and why the cellar door was so heavy and securely locked, and so forth.

After Cliff got that door down, the chief went down cellar, and he found why it was that the Perkins fambly, which we had never known where their income come from, though they had a couple of swell automobiles and wore grand clothes—he found out this town mystery in a hurry. The cellar was built like one of these subterraneal prisons and had the greatest assortment of stills for manufacturing alcolic liquors you ever seen. One of the big stills was working at the time. The chief was a man who knowed how to make use of what come to hand. He heaped up all the inflammable materials around the still, and that is why I had to dodge part of the grand piano which come through the window.

As far as Mr. Perkins is concerned, he ain't said nothing yit.

THE POETS' CORNER

Memory

OH, HOW I wish that memory were like a magic carpet
I could step on and off at will or in the closet fling;
To wait the heart's convenience, the lovely idle holiday,
When all the world was busy and I'd time for anything!

On rainy Sunday afternoons, or in some sleepless midnight,
I'd take it out and lay me down upon its dusty hue;
Feel walls and floor give way, and see before me, spreading mistily,
The yellow sands, the drowsing sea I used to watch with you.

Some empty dusk in winter or some morning, waking early,
I'd like to travel back, unseen, to what we two have known.
But, oh, it twists my heart in me to be for aye remembering
How once we spoke and once we walked where now I walk alone.

If only I could do my work and take my fun without you!
It's not that I'd forget—no fear—and not that I'd go free.
But once to look on life again without your smile across its face. . . .
Fond Memory—if I were king—should know a lock and key!

—*Fanny Heaslip Lea.*

The Silver Trail of Dreams

THE little silver trail of dreams
That lies across the sea;
The little silver trail of dreams
Down which you tripped to me.
The moon-built path is wide and white,
Is sweet as it was then.
Come down the little trail tonight
To me again.

Night builds the little trail once more
With the great moon's white beams,
While all the world is fast asleep
And smiling in its dreams.
Come down the silver trail to me
Upon the stars' white track;
And let me hold you tenderly
Till day comes back.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Eavesdropper

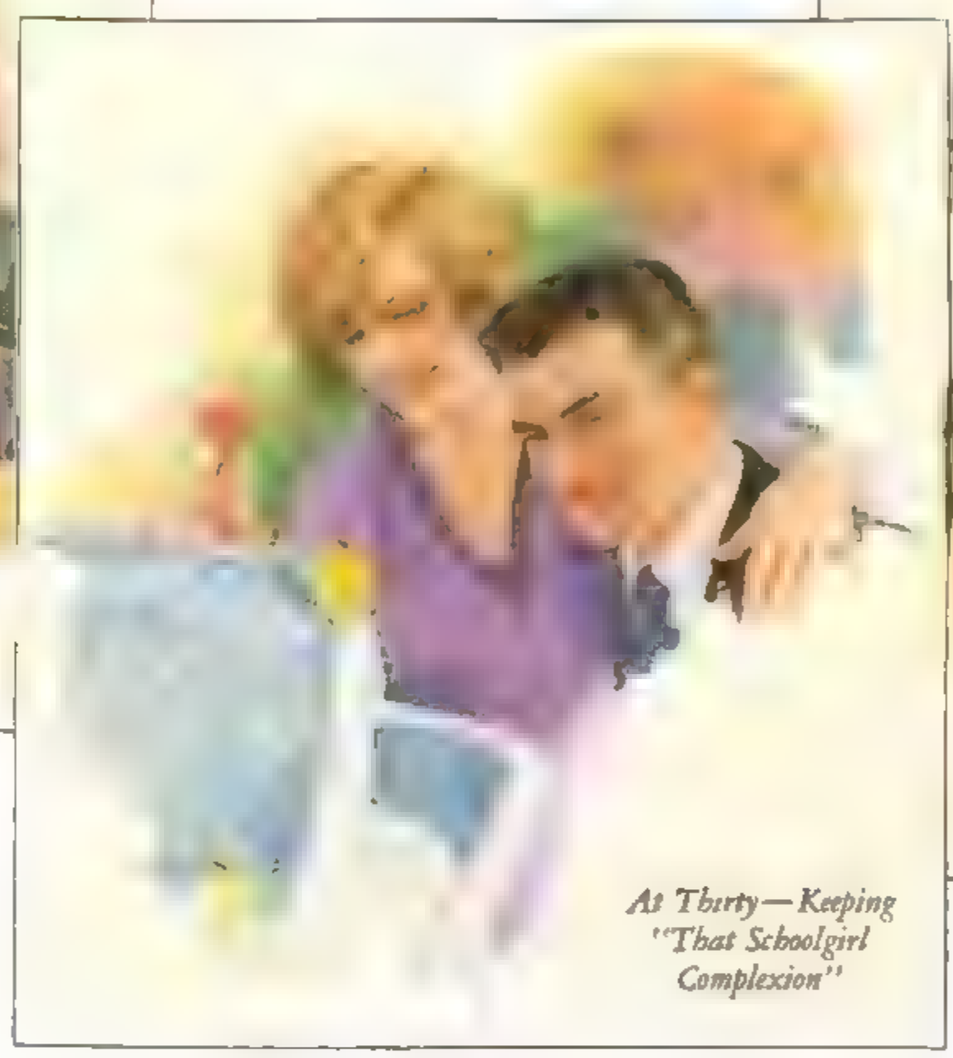
TWO in a hotel lobby sit
Where leafy palm trees sway
Of dusty rubber, dreaming it
An island far away.

A tropic island 'neath soft skies,
With palms and water blue,
Where they're alone in a paradise.
I watch them—wanting you.

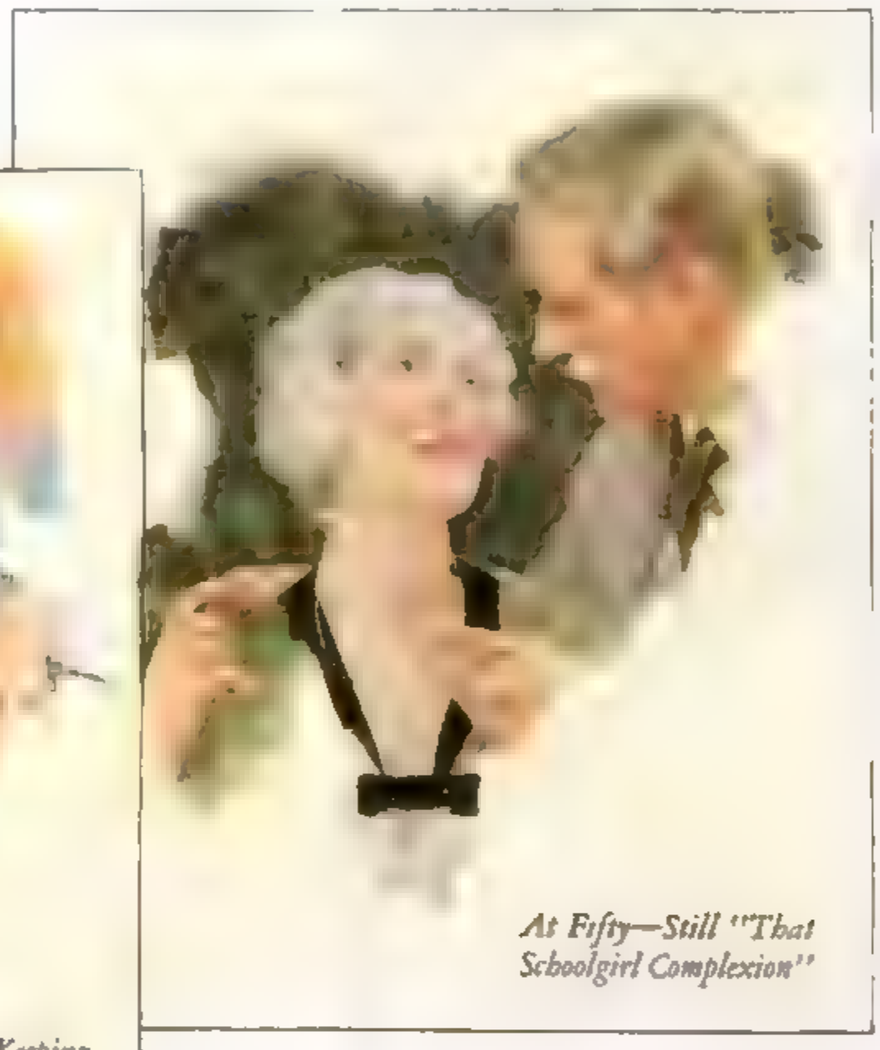
MILE-STONES

In the Love Affairs that Last a Lifetime

At Eighteen — "That Schoolgirl Complexion"



At Thirty—Keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion"



At Fifty—Still "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

Staying young with your husband—the priceless reward that comes from keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion." The simple rule to follow

SWEETHEARTS in the first fresh radiance of Youth . . . lovers sharing the experience of the years . . . comrades together in life's mellow afterglow . . .

Staying young with her husband! A priceless faculty . . . yet no secret, to the millions who are doing it. To these fortunate ones Mile-stones in life come only as happy reminders of congenial miles together.

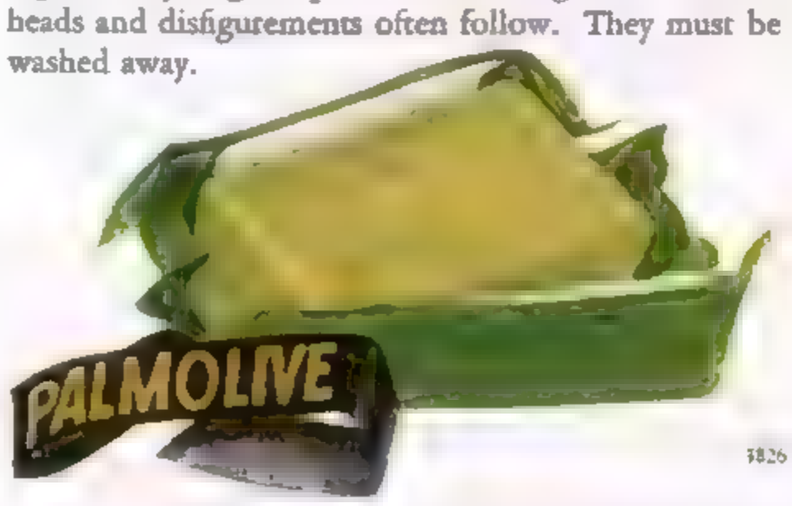
The art of keeping young—of staying beautiful, today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty.

Women with lovely complexions know that common-sense care surpasses any synthetic beauty treatment known. They know that beauty that endures the years, comes from following Nature's rules, not man's, in beauty preservation.

Keeping the skin cleansed, the pores open, with a pure beauty soap—a soap made for *one purpose only*, and that to guard the skin—is the important thing to know. That is Nature's beauty secret.

More and more every day, women turn to this safe way to beauty

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.



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Retail Price 10c *Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color. The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.

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Here are the new Varsity "shorts"
YES, sir, there is style in men's underwear, these days. Good looks and perfect comfort, too. Varsity "shorts" with knitted pull-over shirts were especially designed for young men of athletic tastes.
University men everywhere have accepted them enthusiastically—and find them the last word in underwear comfort.
Try them—you'll really like 'em!
Varsity "shorts," 75 cents to $5.
Knitted undershirts, 50 cents to $1.50.
At good stores.
Varsity
UNDERWEAR CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

PARADE DRESSED

Continued from Page 23

translated as the ingratitude of a nation. Save for this and that, it appeared from the colonel's plaintive statement, he would have been a general some time back.

That detail was soon forgotten in a burst of testimony which assured the colonel that as far as his present company went he outranked all the generals in the world. As a matter of fact, the colonel had meant more to the Army than a good many of its generals, but by the distorted routine of military matters the stars of promotion had not twinkled above the eagles on the colonel's shoulders.

Unknown to any of the participating guests in the agreeable drama of gentle life which was being staged in the old château, fate was stacking the cards to deal the colonel another busted flush, concentrating the attention of High Command upon the colonel's regiment during the colonel's absence.

Riding hard upon the heels of fate at a moment when the colonel was enjoying a gratifying *apéritif* preceding dinner, Spike Randall, in a rubber-tired hack, crossed the Garonne in the heavy twilight traffic at thirty miles an hour and directed his driver into the highway which led to the half-completed warehouse project twenty miles beyond the lights of Bordeaux.

"Step on her, boy! I'll be late for supper if you don't give her the gas."

"We can git supper at the horse camp. They's some artillery boys halfway out."

"Step on her bokoo heavy. I never eat at horse camps. I got a weak stummick. I'm mighty particular about my rations."

The driver of the car stepped on her, voicing his criticism in one subdued snort. Here was a nut. Any man who couldn't eat in an artillery camp was too delicate for this man's Army.

"How long you been over here in France, buddy?" he asked Spike Randall.

"Step on her, boy! You know what three gold stripes mean?" Something in Spike's tone subdued his antagonist.

"No, sir. Do they mean you got shot?"

"Step on 'er! They mean I'm gonna get shot unless you get me to camp before six o'clock. Step on 'er and save my life, old-timer."

With his life saved, Spike Randall rolled into the main road that led through the five-mile warehouse project. "Pinch her up at that building where the flag is wavin' against the sky," he directed; and when the car had stopped—"You better git back to Bordeaux for your supper. There's no cook in here. Maybe they'll let you eat late at the horse camp. So long, and much obliged for saving my life."

Lined up for their rations, the stevedore gang shuffled and sang and juggled their mess kits; while beyond them, in a five-acre inclosure fenced with two high barbed-wire barricades, the thousand German prisoners, fat and sassy, growled good-natured criticisms of the service and the rations which had rendered them fat and sassy.

Company headquarters hut was deserted, but Spike Randall found the Top enjoying a tenderloin steak and some additional hardships in the cook house.

"Cut another lump of bully right back of his ears and bear down heavy on the Java," Spike requested, greeting the cook and seating himself beside the top sergeant.

Then, while his rations were being juggled: "Listen, Top," he said. "Let's you and me eat fast and then hold a big council of war. How many men you got in camp right now?"

"Me and you and the cook and maybe a couple more. What's on your mind?"

"Big business. I can't spill it here. Gnash them rations and we hold a secret session over at your joint. Where's the supply sergeant? He around here anywhere?"

The Top laughed. "I had a post card from him out of Spain yesterday! He'd have to go some to be here now."

"Fair enough. You got his keys, haven't you?"

"They're hangin' in the office. What's the big idea?"

"Wait till I wrap up this Java. Ain't gonna talk none for three minutes. Eat hearty. Pass me that butter. Eat hearty, because maybe you're gonna miss a coupla home-cooked meals."

When the hearty eating had been finished, Spike and the Top adjourned to company headquarters for their confidential council of war. The conference lasted for five minutes, and then—"You hop over to the German camp and borrow all the tailors you can find. Tell the commander I'll be over and receipt for 'em in half an hour. Where's the supply sergeant's keys? . . . Listen, Top, first thing you do when you get in the German prison camp, rush me a detail of ten men. Tell 'em to come to the camp storehouse. We got to get the rifles limbered up and they're lousy with gun grease. I'll wait for 'em at the storehouse."

Until four o'clock in the morning the supply sergeant's domain was a nest of activity. Half the room was cluttered up with tailors borrowed from the prison camp, and these men, seated around on empty packing cases which had contained O. D. uniforms, were engaged first of all in dolling up O. D. raiment with regimental insignia and in pressing the wrinkled uniforms into a condition which would offer a complete contrast to the blue denim working clothes which usually adorned the Rabble Shoveliers.

The remaining area of the supply sergeant's treasury was occupied by a crew of fast workers who were engaged in the work of hatching half the regiment's rifles out of their thick protecting cocoon of gun grease.

At four o'clock, when the task had been finished:

"Much obliged, boys. Get back to prison now and get all the sleep you can," Spike Randall directed. "You did a good job and we're much obliged to you."

When the captured help had left the scene—"How about a little sleep for you and me?" the Top suggested.

"Put it off till tomorrow night. You and me have a lot more work to do. I've got to borrow some lieutenants and learn the manual of arms next thing I do. There's a lot I don't know yet about the army stuff."

For the next two hours, while Spike Randall was accumulating his neglected military education, the regimental sergeant major, twenty miles away in Bordeaux, lay awake and attempted to solve the question which had grown during the night relative to the proper course to pursue about informing the colonel of the impending visit of High Command. The sergeant major had gone to sleep confident of Spike Randall's ability to solve the problem, but in his dreams a nightmare galloped up, festooned with a firing squad whose rifles were pointed at the sergeant major's stomach. The firing squad waited only upon the colonel's word of command to shoot the sergeant's bay window into an aching void.

After an hour of this, fighting his way to consciousness, the sergeant major decided that he had made a mistake in withholding the order creating a guard of honor out of the Rabble.

"If it comes to a show-down, it's a cinch the colonel's got me. I got to relay the bad news to the old boy no matter what happens."

Bowing low under his newly developed conscience, the sergeant major got up and dressed. He walked six blocks through the cold gray dawn of Bordeaux until he came to the house wherein one of the enlisted clerks enjoyed nearly all the comforts of home. He woke this man up.

"Trot over to the M. T. O. and cop yourself a side car. Tell whoever's on deck to call me up for confirmation at headquarters if you have any trouble. As soon as you get the car, tell your driver to rush you over to headquarters. I got some mighty important papers that have got to get into the colonel's hands right away."

"Whaddyou mean—right away? The colonel's a mighty long ways from here, accordin' to his program."

"If you start in half an hour you can get there sometime before noon. Get your shoes on and wrap them leggins after you round up your transportation. I'm going right over to headquarters and I'll be there in ten minutes."

At regimental headquarters, the sergeant major folded the bad news into an envelope and then fumed around for twenty minutes with the realization of his mistake in not having forwarded the order to the colonel when it was received.

"Well, all he can do is shoot me, and the way I feel, it would be a lot pleasanter to get shot than to go through the next twenty-four hours. Old Spike Randall is a whiz on the construction work, but something tells me that he got way out of his depth when he stepped into this mess."

Thereafter until the popping motorcycle arrived with its sleepy-eyed messenger the sergeant major surrendered to visions of High Command escorting a choice collection of field marshals and foreign generals up and down the ranks of the guard of honor in a vain search for the Rabble outfit.

"Chances are the first thing he'll do is send somebody out looking for our gang, and us A. W. O. L. from here to Hoboken. Mebby I better get drunk. Mebby I better hunt up an M. P. and sock him in the jaw, so the court will say another good man has went crazy. Mebby I better lay down on the track in front of the general's train. . . . Six o'clock! Four hours and he'll be here. O Lord!"

The sergeant major groaned, and postponing all the desperate measures, he compromised by going out on a one-man hunt for breakfast after the courier had been dispatched for a destination somewhere in France with the message for the colonel.

Breakfast at that early hour was not easily obtained, but finally, enjoying unusual success consisting of ham and eggs, the sergeant major resigned himself to Lady Luck and demanded more ham and eggs.

When he left the little restaurant where he had breakfasted he noticed an unusual activity. The Allée de Tourny was already filled with soldiers, and through the main streets in the heart of Bordeaux marched a throng bent on some expedition which was evidently half as important as the Fourth of July.

"What's the big rush?" he asked an affable Frenchman, fearing the worst.

Was it possible, then, that the American had not heard the big news?

Hardly possible. The sergeant major's heart missed a couple of flops.

"What's the big news?"

The big news, with appropriate gestures, was confirmed rumors of the arrival of High Command, the field marshal, the general commanding, another general commanding, another field marshal, a distinguished personage, twelve more distinguished personages, maybe one hundred generals.

"Not one special train, monsieur, but no less than three trains de luxe are on their way to this city at this moment, bearing a galaxy of military talent and world-famed personages the like of which has never been seen before in this part of France."

All the local world, it seemed, was turning out for the big show.

"Yes, indeed," the sergeant major replied in first-class English, suddenly ga-ga. Looking around him, he realized that all the local world was in truth turning out for the big show. Fathers and mothers and children, soldiers of ten armies. British, Belgian, Portuguese, French, English and American. The mob was drifting toward the railway station.

Swept along in the current of humanity, the sergeant major, knowing now that the worst had happened, resolved to be in at the death.

Continued on Page 162

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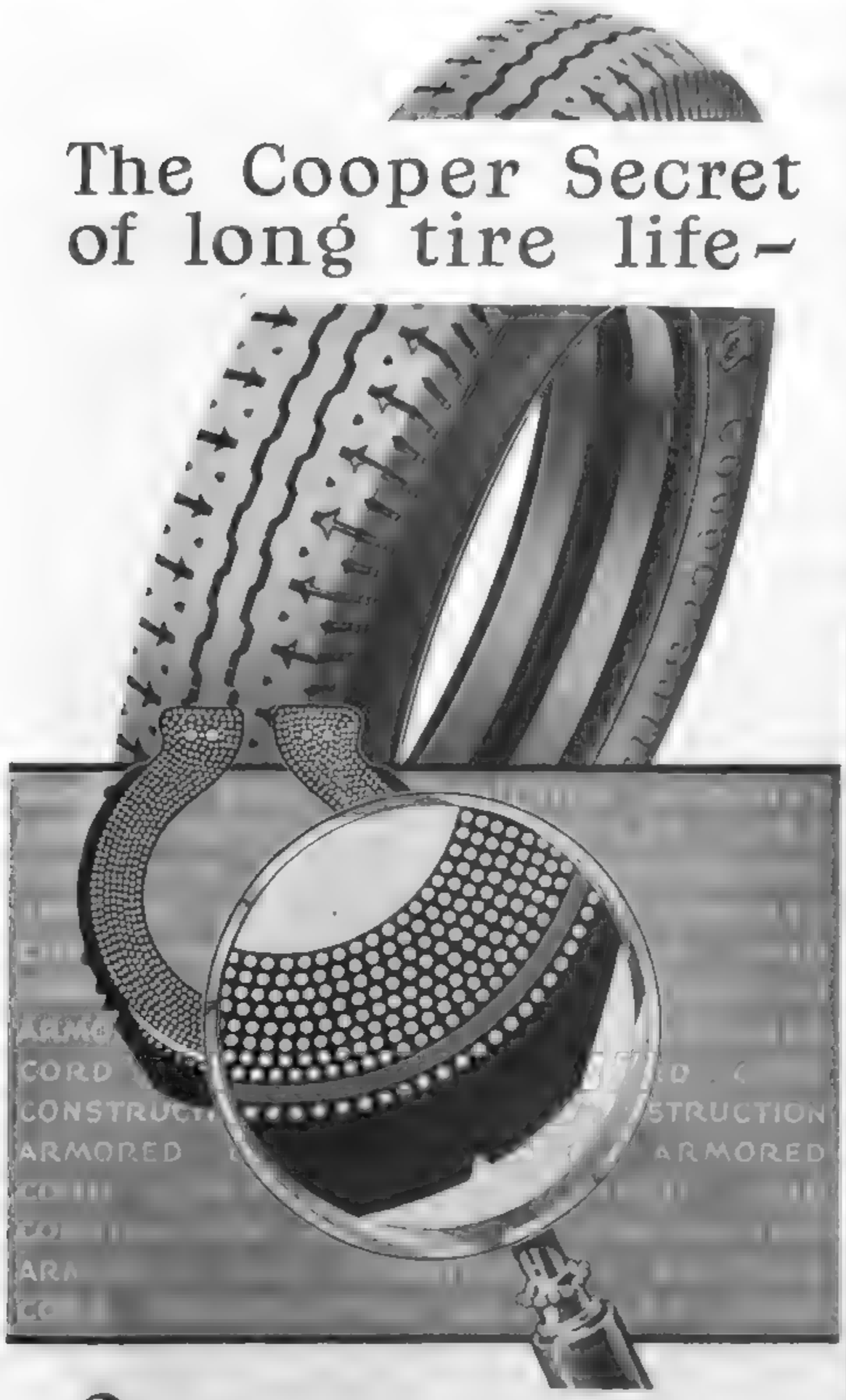

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Founded 1914
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(Continued from Page 160)

By nine o'clock some thousands of spectators had coagulated into an informal reception committee in the space adjoining the great station.

Viewing the scene from a vantage point halfway up a lamp-post, the sergeant major looked in vain for representatives of the Rabble Shoveliers.

"Spike blew up. He meant well, whatever he meant, but it was a false alarm. Well, you only die once."

In spite of melancholy predictions, the sergeant major's troubled mind was diverted by the scene around him. The crowd was colorful and gay. It was divided by a wide lane, clear except for a procession of military detachments arriving in a steady stream to take their places along the line of march. Bands blared and flags waved. Then, clattering along on the cobblestones to an involuntary and vociferous expression of admiration, came some of the finest cavalry in the world.

"I wish I was a horse," the sergeant major groaned. "They can't court-martial a horse."

The mayor of the town, brilliantly arrayed, rolled up with his escort. More cheers.

And then, in the comparative lull which followed, from half a mile down the line the spectators gathered around the troops near the railway station heard an outburst of the wildest cheering which had so far marked the tributes of the demonstrative throng. The applause rolled along in a steady wave.

Hanging far out over the crowd, the sergeant major presently saw a column of squads in olive drab, neutral in tone against the brilliant background. One company and then another marched in perfect rhythm under a glittering field of bayonets which gleamed like steel mirrors in the morning sun.

"*Les soldats américains!*"

"Yes, indeed, mon cherry, them's Americans."

On the left shoulder of every man in the new contingent, bright against its background, glowed the eighteen rays, gold and purple—the insignia of the Rabble Shoveliers.

"Ah, oui, mon cherry," the sergeant major continued, yelling his words in a vain attempt to be heard above the tumult of applause. "Ah, oui, those boys is engineers. That's my outfit!"

The two marching companies halted near the railway station. Then, maneuvering perfectly, they lined up on each side of the lane through which the distinguished visitors would presently arrive. Three sharp commands, crackling through the vociferous tributes of the populace, and with the precision of machines the Rabble Shoveliers juggled their gleaming rifles and stood at attention, rigid as men of iron. They relaxed slightly under a subsequent command which followed a moment later.

Echoing the whistle which marked the arrival of the first trainload of celebrities, they resumed an immobility. An officer between the two rigid companies, knowing the futility of a verbal command at that moment, signaled with his hand and the rifles in perfect unison seemed to bounce upward. Present arms!

A colorful cascade of gold braid, sprinkled with human beings, drifted before them through military channels while the Rabble held their perfect pose.

From his perch on the lamp-post the sergeant major saw the best commanding general of them all pause for a moment in conversation with the officer in front of the Rabble line. The sergeant major fell off the lamp-post.

The commanding general cast his eyes along the perfect lines of both the Rabble companies. "What outfit is this?" he asked.

A slightly guttural accent marked the reply to the commanding general's question.

From his obscure position in Squad 7 of the starboard company, Spike Randall looked across the line to the Top, who was submerged in the crew opposite. Seeking moral support, Spike groaned:

"Lord, I hope the big boy don't crave no more conversation. If he does we're sunk!"

But the big boy, after speaking quickly to one of his aides, had gone ahead with the show.

With the departure of the captains and the kings, the tumult and the shouting died a lingering death, while far to the south of Bordeaux a popping motorcycle and a side car sped onward with bad news for the colonel of the Rabble Shoveliers.

The colonel was hard to find, and it was not until the following day that he was informed of High Command's visit to the base wherein his Rabble Regiment was stationed. The colonel did some fast thinking. He canceled several engagements and bade his host a quick farewell. He arrived at regimental headquarters late that night, laden with a cargo of premonitions covering all the unpleasant things which could happen to the absent commander of a sidetracked regiment.

Alone in his deserted office, the colonel prowled around through the mail, but so far the correspondence included nothing beyond the usual drift of routine stuff. The first communication zipping over the wires to the colonel's office on the following morning was of greater importance.

"What outfit is this?" the best commanding general of them all had asked, pausing between the two companies of Rabble Shoveliers. A shark for detail, he had remembered the reply to his question. "Finest outfit I've seen for months," the general had commented to one of his aides. "Same crew that broke the construction records on the warehouse job out here, isn't it?"

On the wire with a running start, accumulating momentum as it traveled, a telegram landed square on the colonel's desk at regimental headquarters of the Rabble engineers. It was addressed to the commander of the Rabble Regiment, and from it that worried gentleman learned in the midst of his distress that a telegraphic request had gone forward which would presently replace the eagles on his shoulders with the stars of a brigadier general—"in recognition of excellent construction record established by troops under your command and for your evident ability to create soldiers out of raw material. Personal compliments on appearance of two companies your regiment guard of honor Bordeaux."

When the news of the colonel's promotion filtered out as far as the warehouse job it found Spike Randall packing his gear in preparation for his delayed tour. The Top relayed the news.

"The sergeant major down at headquarters just phoned me they're makin' a general out of the colonel. G. H. Q. busted through with a carload of bouquets about the military bearing of the Rabble reception committee. All the brass necks said they was the best lookin' soldiers they had seen in a long time."

"Fair enough," Spike returned, shuffling through a deck of assorted passes calculated to clear him from England to Italy. "That outfit ought to look like soldiers. None of 'em with less than eight years' training in the German Army. I'll tell the cockeyed world they're soldiers. I ought to know—they been soldierin' a year for me on the warehouse job."

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"EAST IS EAST"

(Continued from Page 17)

Captain Chavering cupped his glass in his hands and rolled the golden liquid slowly round its sides. He sank in his chair, his shoulders hunched, his lean face gray in the candlelight, his eyes half closed. Of a sudden he laughed, that little soft laugh of his.

"Bullet and dah proof," he said, gently amused and suddenly alive for one instant. "They should have been with us last week when we got Long Tom. He has been leading us a dance up on the frontier for some time. I told them to take him alive if they could. One doesn't want to do anything drastic these days. But he was stark mad. In the end my men had to fire in self-defense. There was nothing else for it." He laughed softly, then said "Bullet-proof!" and rolled the golden liquid slowly round the bowl of his big glass, which he held cupped in two hands. "It's a pity they could not have seen Long Tom when they brought him back into camp."

"He's dead?"

Captain Chavering said softly, "Very dead."

Maung Tha stood motionless behind his master's chair. Only his eyes showed that he was not a statue carved out of bronze. Inside his head a thousand thoughts whirled madly. Long Tom was dead, shot by the white men's bullets like a tiger in the jungle! Long Tom, who had the same bullet-proof amulets and charms as the Bo himself. He was dead just the same! Was it possible that the white men were right when they laughed at these things? Were they, perhaps, nothing but tricks played upon a stupid people, credulous at heart?

His thought sent the blood with a rush to Maung Tha's head, so that the dinner table, with its silver and pink shades and the lights of the candles and the face of Captain Chavering, looking as if he had been dead for some time, all swam in a mist before his eyes—a mist out of which Captain Chavering's voice came softly:

"The fools one has to work with out here. Like a pack of apelike children. Their hopelessness, their gullibility, their ignorance. And yet we stick to it and struggle on against fearful odds. It's a bloody country."

He drank his brandy and followed Dick onto the outer veranda. Far into the night the white men's voices went on and on. Under the house, one night watchman, alone with his lamp, sat and listened to them and marveled greatly that any one man could contain so much talk.

Maung Tha stood very still in the dining room for some time after they had gone. A thousand ideas were mixed up in his head, so that he could not say for certain what any one of them was. But gradually they sorted themselves into something like order.

If Long Tom was not really bullet and dah proof, then the Bo, in all probability, was not bullet and knife proof either. No more dangerous and powerful than Maung Tha himself; no more dangerous and powerful than Captain Chavering, when one saw him close and became accustomed to him.

Was power but the realization of the stupidity of other people—a way of making men ill at ease with a trick of the eyes and a little slow laugh, or a pretense of being bullet-proof, when all the while one was as other men are?

A thousand rupees! Maung Tha suddenly saw the sum, in silver, spread out all round him—not only a thousand rupees but also the chance of becoming a hero.

"*O-ma-lay-lo*," said Maung Tha softly.

Captain Chavering's launch had gone. Now it was nothing but a little haze of blue smoke beyond the river bend. Dick King looked after him, disheartened, as he always was after one of these visits. For they had not got any further. A dozen plans of campaign had been broached, but the difficulties of each one had been so much more poignantly appreciated by Captain Chavering than anything else, that they wilted like flowers in the sun before his hopelessness.

"If the worst comes to the worst and we cannot get him any other way, then you must let me know, and I will send along a launch and some men. I dare say I'd find some Eurasians willing to take on the job. They don't have the same superstitions. But I want to avoid drastic measures, if possible, and I'll let you know if I think of anything, or hear anything."

Dick King sighed and turned away. Then he became aware of Maung Tha.

"Sir, give me two days' leave to go down the river with tomorrow's rice gigs."

There was a subdued excitement about Maung Tha, a still glitter in his brown eyes.

"Hullo, Tha. This is an unusual request. What do you want to go to the jungle for?"

Maung Tha said, noncommittally, "Sir, the Bo is my blood cousin."

"Oh, I see." He looked at Maung Tha lavelly. "And you think you can get us real news of him?"

"Sir, together we played as boys in Zegon village by Mandalay. If I go to the jungle, they will tell me things master can never learn."

Dick King lit a cigarette. He was pleased at this manifestation of enterprise on the part of Maung Tha. It proved that association with white men did breed in these people certain qualities that, of themselves, they do not possess. And he thought how those stories he had told Maung Tha of high adventure and heroism and self-denial had, after all, not fallen upon stony ground. And though he had not very much faith in what Maung Tha would be able to do, yet it seemed good policy to let him go.

So he said, smiling: "All right, Tha. Off you go, and remember the government reward."

Maung Tha showed his white teeth in a sudden smile. It was evident this little matter had not wholly slipped his mind.

"But don't run any risks, Tha. I don't want you knifed in the back."

The moon rose and hung for a while like a silver kite in the palm trees. Then it floated free in the sky, flooding the garden with white light. It showed the lonely *durwan* under the house, with his lamp and stick, and the wild cats slinking under the palm trees on business of their own. And it showed the figure of Maung Tha, seated, in a singlet and the girt-up *loungi* of one about to make a journey, upon his doorstep, sharpening his dah on a stone. As he worked he kept his eyes half closed, after the manner of Captain Chavering, and from time to time he laughed a little soft sinister laugh as he tested the edge with his thumb.

The paddy gigs set out on the ebb tide at dawn. With them went Maung Tha. He bore little resemblance now to the tidy body servant he was in the bungalow. The removal of his white coat and his silken *gaungbaung* had turned him into but another member of the crew—shortish, thickset, with a squat nose, brown eyes and a straggly thin black mustache.

Out of the jungle rose the sun like a ball of orange fire, turning the water to gold. Maung Tha, squatting at the prow of the first boat, was reminded again of his childhood, when he had seen the sun rise over Mandalay hill on such a morning as this, the buffaloes plodding slowly ahead, their great rumps shining with dew. Good was the first of the day like this on the river. He sniffed the air, raising his head, and began to sing softly to himself. In the bungalow behind them someone would be fanning the charcoal flames, to make the master's early morning cup of tea, in the bottle *khana* where cockroaches hurriedly secreted themselves for the day in their holes.

It was noon when they came to the first of the measuring places. There were native boats moored alongside, measuring paddy. From them Maung Tha had news of the Bo, who was operating just round the river bend.

"Then let us take what we can from here with all speed and go on to the next place before it is dark," said the serang. "For in the daylight is a man safe."

The boats drew alongside and started loading. Maung Tha left them and went ashore.

Just round the river bend—he stood, shading his eyes with his hand, looking upstream. The world was blue and gold with the glory of morning. Green palms dipped gracefully over the water, standing out from the denseness of the jungle beyond like ladies in a crowd. Here and there a trail of brilliantly flowering orchids hung down to the river. Here and there a band of monkeys passed, chattering, from tree to tree.

Maung Tha found a fisherman casting a circular net among the water hyacinths beside the river bank.

"For how much will you hire me this canoe?"

Maung Tha jingled money. It was a matter for some little bargaining, after which he bought food in the village, had a wash on the river bank and lay down to rest in the open rest house, where he slept until sundown. And as he slept he dreamed he herded buffalo again with the Bo, but had to leave just as the sun rose to fan the charcoal flames to make his master's early cup of tea. But that once done, he squatted down, laughing softly, with his eyes half closed as was the way of Captain Chavering, testing the sharpened edge of his dah.

When he awoke, the sun had dipped behind the jungle. The paddy gigs—all except two—had finished and made off downstream early in the afternoon. The two remaining gigs were loading frenziedly, goaded on by the serangs, who chanted desperate songs of murder and bloodshed to hurry matters. They would have to chance the ebb tide at midnight, hoping the Bo would have wearied for the night and gone home to sleep before they reached the river bend.

Maung Tha seated himself in his hired canoe. He made off slowly in the direction the gigs had taken earlier in the afternoon. His gloriously sharpened dah was concealed in the folds of his garment, and as he went he sang loudly the old song boys sang in Zegon village by Mandalay: "Am I a man or a tiger? I am a tiger! Ho!"

When he came to the bend of the river, the river was empty. Never a gig in sight and never a many-paddled canoe. Only here and there a line of white birds winging homeward over the face of the water, and here and there a little patch of water hyacinth, purple in the evening glow.

Maung Tha paddled in close to the bank. He sang even more loudly the song that is known only to boys of the Zegon village beside Mandalay. The world seemed empty and still. Only now a light twinkled here and there among the trees, like a captive star, and here and there a thin thread of blue smoke went up to the darkening sky.

And presently came one, shouting over the water:

"Who goes there from Zegon village beside Mandalay?"

"No man but Maung Tha who is a tiger and blood cousin to the great Bo himself. One who brings tidings of Long Tom."

There was silence on the river bank for a space, while swift twilight closed in like the lid of a box. From the darkness of a little creek some way below, a canoe put out. The canoe contained one man.

Maung Tha rested on his paddles and waited. A voice said softly: "Ho, Maung Tha."

Maung Tha's heart beat in his throat. He knew it was the Bo.

(Continued on Page 167)

"It's a find" at $1.00

~said a million men last year

And no wonder! Big Yank has *everything!* All the extras you look for in high-priced underwear—yet it costs but $1.00! Genuine broadcloth, fancy madras—nainsook with 14 more threads per square inch than usual! Tailored by skilled specialists! *Six* great features! See it at your dealer's

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Each suit in a sealed glassine envelope. Clean fresh, ready to step into.

Kroehler davenport beds are, first of all, *fine furniture* . . .

Davenport Bed Suite No. 1[illegible]
Fireside Chair No. 1798

EVEN the most discriminating will applaud the artistic charm of the Kroehler Assured Quality Davenport Bed suite—illustrated. It is, quite obviously, *fine furniture.* Few would guess its dual purpose.

Yet, in time of need or every night if required, one simple, easy motion transforms it into a full-size, luxurious bed. Ample room is provided for mattress and bedding.

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All Kroehler Assured Quality frames are of selected hardwood, firmly doweled, glued and reinforced. *Not soft wood merely nailed together.*

A new type of spring steel understructure, created by Kroehler, replaces the old-fashioned webbing *and is much more serviceable.*

Seats and cushions are *comfort-built* upon non-sagging springs of finest quality.

Tops of seat springs are permanently tied with helical coil springs—a great improvement over the old-fashioned twine tying.

Filling and padding are of high grade moss, and new, clean, white felted cotton.

The folding bed frame of the davenport bed is *all-steel,* fitted with sagless or coil springs.

* * *

If you do not know the local Kroehler dealer, write us. We will send his name and a copy of our booklet "Enjoyable Living Rooms."

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KROEHLER

This "Kroehler" label

identifies the genuine

YOUR HOME SHOULD COME FIRST

(Continued from Page 165)

"Ho, Maung Tha, what tidings of Long Tom?"

The canoe was now alongside. In the half darkness Maung Tha perceived the Bo himself. But not grown big or powerful—a little bony man with a shaven head and an anxious face. No bigger than Maung Tha himself. No stronger in arm or thigh. An ordinary man with the flat nose and thin straggly black mustache of all his kind. A man not unlike Maung Tha himself in any respect, save that round his neck and wrists he wore the amulets supposed to render a man safe against the attack of bullets or knives.

"Ho, Maung Tha from Zegon village, what tidings?" repeated the voice. "What tidings?"

And by some inflection Maung Tha knew that the Bo was afraid. In his own heart perhaps he knew that those amulets and charms were worthless all the time! Sudden scorn filled Maung Tha. Power was nothing but a realization of the stupidity of other people.

He caught the side of the Bo's canoe, drawing it nearer. He peered into the face of this great robber who was his own cousin.

"Bad tidings. Long Tom is dead. Shot in many pieces by bullets from the white men's guns."

The Bo said, "Who told you this thing?"

"It is common talk now everywhere. The Big Police Captain spoke of it in our village upstream where I ply my trade."

"I don't believe a word of it."

Maung Tha said, "That will not bring him to life again," very dryly. And he laughed the little soft quiet laugh he had learned from Captain Chavering, and it sent a cold shiver down the Bo's spine, just as he had intended it should.

"The white men tell these stories to turn my people against me. To make them believe that I, too, can be killed as other men." He gazed apprehensively up the darkening stream and then behind him into the jungle. Then: "Listen, Tha," he said. "We are of the same blood—cousins. I do not know what trade you ply, but certainly it cannot be as profitable as mine. I have more than one lac of rupees already buried under my house, close to the head of my bed." He blew himself out, suddenly brave again in his boasting. "Join me. We will become partners. A half share of everything. We will save money and retire to become silk merchants in Mandalay."

Maung Tha moved a little in his canoe, adjusting his garment, but he said nothing. He was thinking. He was remembering the glory of the morning on the river and the taste of the air at sunrise.

"I need help," went on the Bo. "For many are against me, and now, if Long Tom is truly dead, perhaps they will say of me that I, also, am not safe from their attacks, and then who knows? Two men are better to command such a gang than one man, for then one man can watch whilst one man sleeps. More than three thousand rupees in one year, Tha, and the work not hard. All done by night in the busy season, and no difficulty in disposing of the rice. The mill managers buy it at a half rupee less than the common rate, and ask no questions."

Maung Tha said nothing. He was thinking hard. The thousand rupees offered by government seemed a paltry sum of a sudden. He sat in thought, saying, "Wait a while."

In silence the Bo waited. But not for long. With a sudden movement Maung Tha pulled out his dah and stabbed the Bo between the shoulder blades.

The canoes rocked violently. Maung Tha steadied them with one hand and cut the amulets and charms off the neck and wrists of the Bo, before he tipped him into the water.

Without a word or a cry the Bo floated away into the night and became part of it.

Why should a man consider a half share, when he could have the whole lot? Not only of future profits, but also of the lac of rupees hidden under the house, beside the head of the bed. Power was not to be had from tattooings, charms and amulets, but from the knowledge of the stupidity of other people—through soft laughter and tricks with the eyes. And knowing this, was he not a greater man than the Bo had ever been? He knew that he was.

He paddled up the creek whence the Bo had emerged. By and by he came to a village half hidden among the jungle, with small lights flickering there like a cluster of captive stars. He strode ashore, throwing the amulets among the men who squatted round the fire.

"Burn them, for they are but rubbish. The Bo is dead, stabbed in the back. Long Tom is dead, by bullets shot from the guns of white men."

He squatted in the center of the group, his eyes half closed. Presently he gave a little soft laugh.

"A greater man than the Bo is come to lead you, made bullet and dah proof by greater and more powerful charms. Serve me well and I will treat you well. For I am the reincarnation of a great white general from the other side of the world. My warfare is more deadly than his warfare. My robberies larger than his. Ho, hear some of my exploits in other lives."

Squatting there on the river bank, he told them those stories Dick King had taught him, of bravery and heroism, likely to foster in his race those qualities they lacked. In the darkness the young men gathered round him. They put out their hands and touched him, and lo, he was harder and stronger than the Bo.

So they took him for their leader and brought him into the Bo's house. And Maung Tha girt up his loins and half closed his eyes and laughed a little soft laugh. And he told them to man the long boat. It was toward midnight. The last of the two gigs would just be dropping downstream from the measuring place round the river bend.

Dick King sat alone on the veranda. He was writing a letter. In the back regions a strange servant probed and delved, trying to understand the intricacies of a white man's wardrobe.

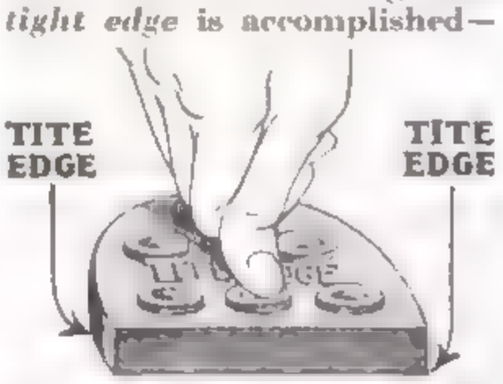
Dick King wrote:

My dear Chavering: You will have to send me that launch and those men at once. I can't stand this business of doing nothing any longer. I want to go out after the Bo next week, and I will get him or perish in the effort. The body of my servant, Maung Tha, was washed ashore this morning, after a week in the river. He went off with the last batch of gigs, to try and get news of the Bo for me. We heard nothing more of him and he has evidently been brutally murdered. As you know, he was more of a friend than a servant to me. We had been together for fourteen years and I feel as if I had lost a brother.

Meanwhile the Bo's activities seem to be increasing instead of decreasing, and have taken on a new viciousness. I shall not rest until I have settled him. Wire when the launch will arrive.

A space between the leather and rubber heels invites dirt and water, destroying the appearance of your shoes. It prevents the full cushion action of the rubber—so essential to walking comfort. Tite-Edge Heels, because of the concave-convex

shape, require a pressure to flatten them when attaching. Flattened and nailed down, a heavy, constant pressure is exerted all around—a snug, trim *tight edge* is accomplished—



and it *stays that way!* Sold everywhere in black, tan or white—all sizes for men's, women's and children's shoes.

ESSEX RUBBER COMPANY
Trenton, New Jersey

The TITE-EDGE *Heel*

THE FLATNESS OF POLITICS

(Continued from Page 33)

For another instance, the tariff has pretty much disappeared from the political stage. A Democratic tariff—as exemplified by the last one under Wilson—means 70 per cent of all imports duty free and a duty of 23 per cent on the remainder, while a Republican tariff, as exemplified by the present one, means 60 per cent of imports duty free and a duty of 36 per cent on the remainder. But since the Democratic Tariff Act of October, 1913, everybody has discovered that import duties have rather little to do with price variations, for prices are no higher now than they were when this Republican high tariff supplanted the Democratic low tariff. It is difficult to get a man mad over a percentage when he can't find it in his own budget; so, for political purposes, the kick seems to have evaporated from the grand old tariff issue.

Everything But Politics

The more anything is charged with emotion, the less can it be reduced to arithmetical terms, and the question which, so far, arouses the greatest emotional reaction is wet or dry. To be sure, nobody really expects that the Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed, or that, however this year's elections turn out, the laws respecting alcoholic beverages will be any more favorable to the trade in such beverages over a great part of the territory of the United States. All representative wets, so far as I have observed, say they do not want the saloon back and will be quite content with 2 per cent more alcohol in the beer in such states as may vote for it. Drys, on the other hand, knowing that no law is absolutely effective, do not expect the dry laws to be absolutely effective. They demand an enforcement—a difference of degree. So, even on that question the stated difference may be expressed in a per cent. But on that question a good many people on both sides are mad; they would rather fight than compromise. It is the kickiest difference in opinion that is now in sight.

That brings us to the crux of the matter. For ten years every sensible person in the world has hoped to see the nations in such a frame of mind that they would be eager to compromise all their differences, putting the notion of fight out of their heads except as a last, desperate, almost incredibly remote resort. All sensible persons have felt that every word and gesture likely to stir up fighting blood between nations was a disservice to mankind. For much more than ten years all sensible people have thought that employers and employes ought to compromise their differences rather than fight over them in strikes and lockouts. They have felt that words and actions which tended to provoke labor strife were reprehensible. Everybody knows that the talebearing gossip who enjoys setting neighbors at loggerheads is a nuisance in the community. In short, everywhere except in politics a cool, open, amicable frame of mind, disposed to find grounds for agreement rather than grounds for a fight, is considered highly desirable. In every other field we hear everybody urging, "Now keep your temper; don't get mad." But many people think they want the kind of politics that gets everybody mad.

There is little reason in any man after you get him thoroughly mad, but to get people mad is the traditional object of political strategy. Unless people's emotions are all stirred up and their fighting blood aroused, politics is held to be in a flat, stale, unprofitable state. Of course, it does make politics less exciting; but does it make politics less profitable? If the proper object of politics is to arouse truculent, uncompromising passions, we ought to move over to China, where they can promise us a bellyful.

So Little to Quarrel About

You will find here a handful of people who say they yearn to see Communism established in this country, and there a handful who say they want Fascism. All sorts of opinions are expressed by individuals. But when you take stock of opinions that are sufficiently widespread and crystallized to count politically, the differences are trivial as compared with the organized political differences in all other great powers. It does not make exciting politics, but that we have so little to quarrel about seems to me very significant.

Four years ago the scene was not quite so harmonious. The LaFollette-Wheeler ticket expressed a difference of much more

(Continued on Page 169)

. . 80,000 cards . . . that should have been good for a lifetime

A PROMINENT life insurance company kept what was known as a "permanent record" of its policy-holders. Each of the 80,000 cards that made up the record bore from one to forty or fifty entries, showing policies in force, premiums paid, loans, examinations—all information of vital importance. And they might be needed for any period up to 85 years.

When the cards were originally ordered, the purchasing department specified an index bristol of a certain weight . . . a good white color . . . a smooth writing surface . . . and, of course, a price as low as was compatible with these qualities. They got just what they asked for.

In making a survey of this firm's business forms and records a short time ago, the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau found that the 80,000 cards were rapidly going to pieces under the severe handling to which they were subjected. An analysis of the index bristol used showed it to be made of sulphite and wood pulp, with a maximum "life expectancy" of about five years—using the insurance man's own words.

Every five years or less, these cards were being reprinted and recopied with a good deal of labor and expense, besides a serious danger of possible omissions.

The report of the Bureau recommended for this purpose a high quality rag index bristol, strong enough to withstand all the hard usage of a lifetime. The cost was about $2 a thousand higher than that of the original cards—$160 for the entire 80,000. But today the company has a record which is truly *permanent* by using cards that do not have to be replaced.

It would not be fair to hold the purchasing department responsible in this case. The standardization of papers is a matter for expert technical judgment, never before available to the average business house. *Today*, however, for an increasing number of firms, the possibility of costly errors in paper-buying has been eliminated. The Paper Users' Standardization Bureau has given them a sound basis for all their purchases of paper.

★ *This confidential service is yours on request*

You can have the broad experience and unusual laboratory facilities of the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau applied directly to your own firm's business papers.

The complete service covers the standardization of paper for all letterheads, forms, ledger sheets and card files which you employ. It includes a thorough analysis of your individual paper problems and provides you with a comprehensive report which establishes quality standards, fixes price limitations and simplifies buying procedure.

Because of the scope of this service it can be rendered only to a limited number of corporations this year.

It is made without charge or obligation of any sort. American Writing Paper Company, Inc., Holyoke, Massachusetts.

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LOOK FOR THE EAGLE-A MARK IN THE PAPER YOU USE

(Continued from Page 167)

than 10 per cent. Senator LaFollette, for example, had recommended making the Supreme Court subordinate to Congress. That was revolutionary; for if the Supreme Court was subordinate to Congress, the President finally would be subordinate to Congress also, and the old scheme of a tripartite balance of powers would be supplanted by a new scheme of one preponderant power and two subordinate ones.

About one voter in every six voted for that ticket—but mostly, as now appears, just for a change. At any rate, I have heard nothing of a resuscitation of that ticket this year. It appears to have been only a passing fancy. In order to count politically, a desire for radical change must be widely held, crystallized around explicit declarations of principle and sufficiently settled to last much more than a year. This campaign has brought no evidence of any such desire. Whatever dissatisfaction there may be beyond 5 per cent plus or 5 per cent minus is too dispersed and formless to be a factor in practical politics. Surely that is a significant situation in a nation of some 120,000,000 people.

The relations between neighbors or between nations are supposed to be on a very high plane when the differences that arise are taken coolly, with a desire on all hands to agree about them; and relations are supposed to be on a very low plane when differences are taken passionately, with an ardent desire to fight them out. I don't know just why the opposite view is taken of domestic politics, which is supposed to be on a very low plane when the explicit differences are comparatively small and coolly taken, or on a very high plane when such differences are large and passionately taken, as happened in 1860.

Politics With Red Pepper

Probably the reason is that politicians persistently inculcate that view. There are distinguished exceptions, to be sure; but as a rule the politician's technic is to goad people into a passion—find some red rag to wave that will bring blood into their eyes. If a man talks calmly about such unemotional subjects as taxes and flood control, it may be conceded that he is an able administrator; but you will hear that he is a poor politician. In the opinion of many practitioners of the art, good politics must be fighting politics. The reason for that professional attitude is obvious. It is the easiest way. If you can get a man mad enough he will believe anything. To convince him by calm argument is much more laborious.

Many lay citizens seem to have adopted that professional view without really considering it. They think they want their politics with a lot of red pepper in it. At any rate, they think so at the moment, because they have been taught to expect it in a presidential campaign. Probably the candidate who reminded his audiences that the expressed differences between his party and the opposite party were comparatively slight, and that, in the hubbub of a campaign, they ought to examine charges against the other party cautiously, in the cool light of reason, would be voted a flat failure as a campaigner—that is, at the time.

Time makes a great difference. For example, remember back to November, 1918: End of four years of furious war; Europe full of rage and hate; they were going to hang the Kaiser at Charing Cross, make Germany pay the whole cost of the war, and so on. What Germans would have said they were going to do to the Allies if they had been in a position to have the say in the matter can only be conjectured, but it wouldn't have been anything amiable.

When the Campaign is Over

Then turn still farther back, to March 4, 1865. Nearly four years of bitter war not yet ended. Johnston, with an unbeaten army in North Carolina, still confronted Sherman. Lee still confronted Grant and three weeks later delivered a spirited attack upon him. Grant was anxious lest the two Confederate armies unite and retire to the mountains in which case he "feared a long, tedious and expensive campaign consuming most of the summer."

The juncture, in short, might seem to demand fighting words if ever juncture did. On the date named the chief of a political party delivered a short address to a great crowd in front of the Capitol, concluding thus:

> With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Twenty-nine Presidents have delivered thirty-five inaugural addresses, but that is the only one that anybody remembers now, or cares a rap about remembering. I suppose there would be no dissent from the statement that it marks the highest reach of American politics. The sound and fury of a million political speeches have blown away, but not Lincoln's Second Inaugural. So it appears that a little later, on second thought, we don't really care so much about fighting issues and fighting language as we think we do when the campaign is opening.

To have a real fighting issue, men must subordinate a great many questions to the one question, or set of questions, which seems to them most important, and on that one question, or set of questions, they must differ so radically that they draw into opposing camps. But why is a situation which signifies radical disunity superior to one which signifies only comparatively slight differences in principle?

A Garden in Skagway, Alaska

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Name, if you can, another motor-car finish that improves with use—that grows increasingly beautiful with age.

This distinguishing characteristic sets Berryloid apart from ordinary lacquers.

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Recently a Berryloid-finished roadster subjected to use and continuous exposure for 22 months was exhibited alongside a new car. Thousands mistook the old finish for new. Other thousands pronounced it more beautiful than new.

Such demonstrable superiority accounts for the exclusive use of Berryloid by leading motor-car manufacturers abroad, and its specification by European royalty.

It will pay you to specify a Berryloid finish when ordering a new car—or refinishing an old one.

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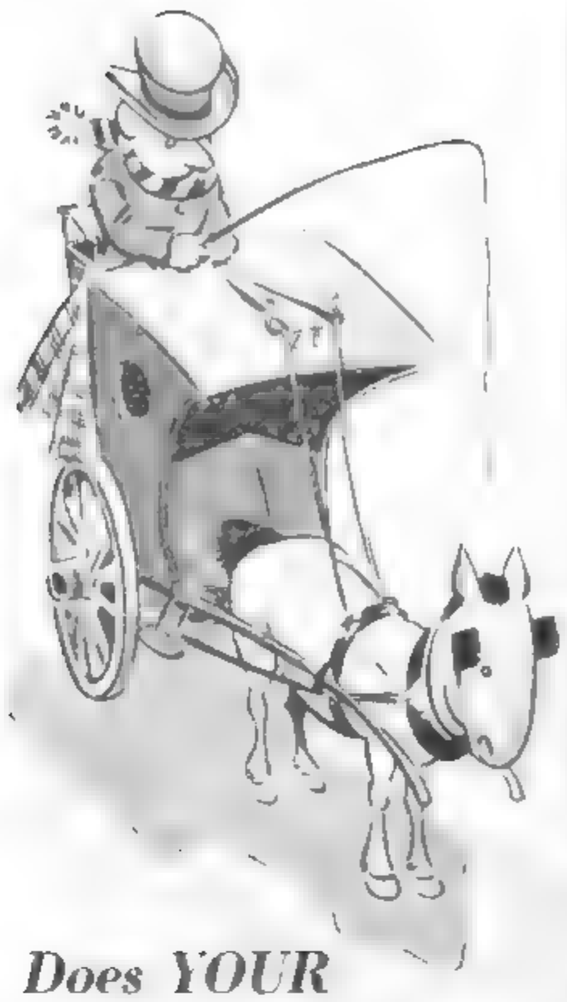

Does YOUR Collar Button date back to Hansom Days?

THE old "sea-goin' hack" was quite the thing in its day, but its day is over. Only a few old favorites have survived the march of years—and the Krementz Collar Button is one of them!

The same satisfactory service, the same lifetime guarantee—indeed, the same price of 25c still goes for Krementz Collar Buttons. It is not surprising then that appreciative men write us as follows:

"It might interest you to know that I have in my possession a Krements Button, bought in the Fall of 1885 (OVER 43 YEARS AGO) at Wood Bros., on State St., Schenectady, N. Y., which has been in constant use during all that time and looks good for another period of the same length."—(signed) Jay Van Vranken, Dividend, Utah.

42 continuous years of service! What better evidence is there than this of the wearing qualities of Krementz Collar Buttons? They are sold at men's shops in every part of the world.

How long have you worn your Krementz Collar Buttons? We should like to know. Address Krementz & Co., Dept. 101, Newark, N. J.

Krementz

GUARANTEED A LIFETIME

THE GREAT FAT FIGHT

(Continued from Page 13)

On or before the fifteenth of the month, APEC would submit a statement of the amount of pork products for which it was ready definitely to contract for the succeeding month. There was also submitted an estimate of month-to-month pork requirements of the Allied Powers for the five succeeding months.

I write now of events and situations which are, or once were, generally matters of common knowledge; of events and situations from which, because of my own service, I stood afar. Some general understanding of the hog tides of the pre-Armistice period and the play of forces behind the fall and rise of these tides is essential, however, to an understanding of the catastrophic situation I found Herbert Hoover facing in Paris late in 1918, shortly after the Armistice.

The 13-to-1 plan produced almost immediately the effect intended, and later it produced more than was intended in some directions. Hoover's fears as to the unworkability of the plan in the farmers' own interest had a good deal of justification—but this is apart from my present story.

The first difficulty that arose among the fats was that, owing to heavy troop shipments, insufficient shipping was furnished by the Allies to take away the supplies of pork as produced, although they were desperately needed. They began to pile up in the American warehouses, threatening to break down the whole price situation at the very moment when they were needed on the other side.

In order to help out, Hoover insisted that the Allies must buy and transport the supply; otherwise the price structure would collapse and the future supplies for the war would be ruined. On March first, Mr. Hoover addressed a memorandum to Lord Reading, the British Ambassador:

"We cannot allow the result of this glut to break the price to lower levels than at present or we will discourage our farmers and demoralize the whole of next year's production. To solve this situation the Allies will have to be prepared to take up 450,000 tons of pork products in April and May."

The Allies, in their need, responded manfully. Considering the still demoralized condition of their shipping, they did wonders. In March, April and May, 1918, they took a total of 437,500 tons. The result was immediate stability in the market. It carried the American hog farmer into the month of June rejoicing in a prevailing Chicago average of $17.25 a hundredweight.

The Little Pig Went to Market

Early the month following—July, 1918—Hoover made a flying trip overseas for a personal conference with the food administrators of Great Britain, France and Italy. They demanded of America even greater supplies of breadstuffs and fats, their 1918 programs aggregating a tonnage more than three times the highest prewar figures. As for fats, the Allied Commissioners gave assurance that all the pork we could supply would be needed and would be purchased at the controlled price, and gladly.

Already American pork exports had been speeded up to about two and a half times the prewar figure. It was to bring, by 1919, in accordance with the Allies' definite wishes, a swelling tide of three times prewar. From less than a fifth of our total meat exports, hogs had already been pushed far toward the two-fifths mark that was finally achieved in 1919—the year of the Armistice blockade, of repudiated orders, of closed markets.

All that was still in the future. The situation in the British Isles, in France, in Italy and Belgium at the time—the summer of 1918—was such that they carried only a few weeks' safety supply of even basic rations. The Interallied Scientific Food Commission had investigated and reported that this ration and the ration of all the Allies were woefully fat deficient. In England, especially, there was noted an increasing moodiness and sullenness among the people and complaint against both the quality and quantity of the fats they were getting.

Hoover returned from this quick trip to find another disaster impending. By October there were rumors of the Armistice. It was well-known that the Argentine and South Africa had accumulated enormous stocks of low-priced corn which could not be marketed, due to lack of ships. This would be thrown on the market as soon as hostilities ceased and the seas were open. And as usual, the price of American corn fell sharply in anticipation. The farmer was quick to anticipate the result of this decline and was overtaken with panic, in fear lest the price of corn would go back to prewar, in which case the 13-to-1 assurance would mean a constantly decreasing price of hogs. So he started rushing his hogs to market, and within a month the total slaughter of hogs had reached a figure far beyond the capacity of the American packer. There was a glut in the market and a threatened collapse again for the farmer.

In View of Peace

Hoover, too, foresaw peace. He foresaw, also, that an end of the war would, in addition to all that pork demanded under Allied assurances, throw open neutral and enemy territory populated by 200,000,000 starving people—people particularly in need of fats, people for the most part with frozen cash and credits and some ability to pay. He knew that all the pork we could possibly raise would be needed, and tragically needed. His problem was to hold back the supply of hogs so that they could be marketed later, the threat of a broken market averted.

On October twenty-sixth, two days later, a special subcommittee of stockmen recommended that the 13-to-1 ratio be abandoned except as a general guide. They agreed that it might work disastrously for the farmer. They accepted Hoover's proposal that confidence could only be reestablished if a minimum price was again established; the 13 to 1 to be only a generalized rule. This was done, and the minimum price for average hogs in November, 1918, was set at $17.50 per hundredweight, with the committee's approval. Hoover's problem was now—with a mounting surplus and increasing uncertainties overseas, to maintain the price of the great American hog.

He stood obligated, as he saw it, to market, at this price or better, all hogs born in the spring of 1918. The time most of these hogs could reach foreign markets would be from November to March. Now it was October and the war seemed likely to end before winter weather.

Incidentally, Hoover began to plan his peacetime change of tactics. All forms of American industry had been tuned up to enormous production—steel, copper, munitions. But these industries could quit producing on a moment's notice. The farmer could not. He had already produced the food supply for the 1919 campaign. Repeatedly Hoover went to the President with his plans and premonitions. Well before the Armistice, and long before even neutrals, and certainly civilians of enemy nations, were supposed to be in Germany, he had Dr. Alonzo Taylor, now of Stanford University, in there investigating food needs. In October he presented to the President, Doctor Taylor's and other secret reports from within the German lines.

These reports showed Germany to be, as to foodstuffs, in a terrible, a pitiable condition. Cereal supplies stood at three-fifths, meats at one-fifth, fats at hardly

(Continued on Page 173)

FORM BUILDERS USE
KLEINS
It's a Tough Job

In power houses, out on the pole, where danger is an accepted part of the day's job, you will invariably find Kleins. Men who risk their lives demand the best.

ON those tough jobs that demand the maximum from tools, you will invariably find Klein Pliers. The jaws grab hold and won't let go—the blades shear through the toughest wire. Carpenters—plumbers—electricians—master workmen in every trade universally accept Kleins as the standard by which all pliers are judged. For long life—for safety—for general worth and usefulness, your pliers should carry the Klein trade-mark.

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Tools play an important part in your production. The Klein Tool Guide will give you much valuable information—data—tables—on this important subject. A copy will be mailed you upon request.

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FIRST PRIZE
to this Fenestra Casement Home

This little hillside home, with its Fenestra Casement Windows overlooking a sunny California valley, was awarded first prize from a field of over two hundred contestants in House Beautiful Magazine's recent Small Home Competition.

Some of the major factors which led to the unanimous preference of the judges were: simplicity, household convenience, and harmony between house and site. That Fenestra Casements contributed to these and other advantages is shown by:

What the Architect says: "Fenestra Casements were selected because they economize wall space, because of their convenience, and because they cost practically no more than wood windows. The units are flexible, enabling the architect to fill openings of different sizes, yet preserving the scale." *Guynn Officer, Berkeley, Cal*

What the Builder says: "I have used your Fenestra Casements in the First Prize House and like them very much. They are simple and easy to set and adjust, and do not get out of order." *H. C. Kidder, Berkeley, Cal*

What the Owner says: "Beauty, easy operation and cleaning, the providing of plenty of sunlight and fresh air, and low cost, are some of the things I like about my Fenestra Casement Windows." *(Owner's name upon request)*

This Drapery Booklet Free!

If you plan to build a new home you will find many helpful suggestions in the new booklet, "Decorating with Casements." In its preparation, W. & J. Sloane, Inc., New York City, Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, and the J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, assisted. Would you like to have a copy—free"—a postcard will bring it

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of STEEL

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Modern caravans—these endless lines of heavy trucks, massive busses and countless passenger cars that throng the highways. ¶ Day after day, these mighty caravans go forward—indispensable to commercial welfare and the progress of a nation! ¶ And all this tremendous movement—all this great force—dependent upon the mechanism of the electrical system. ¶ Years of efficient, faithful service have won for the Auto-Lite starting, lighting and ignition system the confidence of millions of American motorists—and the acclaim of leading motor car builders. Auto-Lite is used by the manufacturers of Durant, Essex, Falcon-Knight, Hudson, Hupmobile, Jordan, Locomobile, McFarlan, Nash, Peerless, Star, Stearns-Knight, Velie, Whippet, Willys-Knight and many others, including more than 80 Truck, Tractor, and Marine Engine Builders. . . . The Electric Auto-Lite Company . . . Office and Works: Toledo, Ohio . . . *Also Makers of DeJon.*

Auto-Lite

Starting, lighting & Ignition

The Sign of Auto-Lite Service— SERVICE STATION a national protection for car owners

(Continued from Page 170)

more than one-tenth of the prewar ration. Around 800 Germans were dying every day from the effects of undernourishment and its attendant maladies.

A large part of the surviving population had lost, since 1916, from a tenth to a fifth of their original weight. To keep alive they had been burning up the fat in their own tissues. Reductions of fifty to sixty pounds of weight were not uncommon and losses of seventy to eighty pounds not unknown.

The Russians knew of this, and the reports showed they were preparing, upon the advent of peace, to make strong bids for the sort of revolution in Germany that would be satisfactory to themselves. Russian intrigues apart, the general morbidity which comes from long periods of insufficient feeding, especially as to fats, coupled with the miseries of war, had reduced the people of the Central Empires, Hoover said, to a condition where they would be easy prey to the diseases of Bolshevism and anarchy.

A Proviso of the Armistice

For reasons of state, therefore; for humanitarian reasons; and as a means of absorbing without loss or waste our tremendous surpluses of foodstuffs, produced at war's demands, he recommended—and from the President readily met encouragement—that no peace or truce be arranged without express provision for the immediate introduction into Germany of American foodstuffs.

The blockade would have to stand, it was agreed, between the cessation of hostilities and the actual signing of the peace. But with this exception—that Germany be at once permitted to import necessary foodstuffs, especially fats.

Germany had gold—great stocks of it—stored up, and would be willing, even desperately anxious, to pay for this food. Or if payments all in gold should be deemed undesirable, Germany could pay for part of the food by renting her blockaded merchant fleet to the Allies; this, said Hoover, would expedite the more rapid transport of relief supplies.

These decisions, jointly reached, were at once incorporated into the American program for the peace. In consequence, when those defeated and dejected Germans, on November 11, 1918, met Marshal Foch and his staff in that historic railway car they signed an armistice containing this express proviso:

"Article 26: The Allies and the United States contemplate the provisioning of Germany during the Armistice as shall be found necessary."

The President asked both Hoover and Colonel House to cross to Europe and speed up by all means possible the revictualing of newly opened neutral and enemy territory.

Hoover had suggested, moreover, that the blockade against northern neutrals be completely removed and that these neutrals be permitted to reexport specified amounts of food into Germany. This suggestion was cabled to the Allied Blockade Commission. He further proposed that America must find food for the starving people in the liberated countries—Poland, Serbia, Hungary, Lithuania, Finland, and so on.

On November twelfth, the day after the Armistice, the President publicly ordered Hoover overseas. By this time he—Hoover—was strenuously engaged in the purchase of additional foodstuffs for German and other needs. He placed orders for an additional 240,000 tons of foodstuffs; 35,000 tons of it pork. The first of these purchase orders had been released several hours before the signing of the Armistice. For all this food Hoover did not as yet have a single definite purchaser. There was a starving world; there was a surplus on the hands of the American farmer. He was shifting from the Allies to the starving nations, to save both them and the American farmer.

Hoover bought part of this supply under an arrangement whereby the War Department agreed to finance and transport a total of 120,000 tons of breadstuffs, meats and fats. The other half he secured by an arrangement with the United States Grain Corporation, a part of the Food Administration, which government buying corporation the President at once authorized to extend its activities overseas.

Blindman's Buff

Faced with a domestic surplus of 200,000 tons a month in pork alone, and with Allied and neutral orders for the month of December totaling barely 175,000 tons; faced, too, with the fact that the moment provisioning was authorized the newly liberated areas of famine would need that food there at their doors, not over here—Hoover had no other recourse than to purchase more or less on his own responsibility and to put all that food on the water, Europe-bound, port of call unknown. It was needed in Europe; it must be kept in motion from our slaughterhouses to the destination. It was perishable. The precise destination of each ship would have to be wirelessed to it later, in mid-ocean, when things had cleared up a little.

Loading started at once. The first relief ship, the Western Hope, cast off the ropes that bound her to a New York dock and set sail for Somewhere in Europe at dawn of November sixteenth, five days after the Armistice. She was the vanguard of more than a hundred such ships to follow.

On November eighteenth, Hoover, with Colonel House, Edward Hurley, Robert Taft,

For safety in Exercise *wear a* PAL

You men who sit in swivel chairs five days a week . . . And then play golf or tennis on Saturday . . . Can you afford to take *bodily*-chances which a trained athlete will not take?

. . .

At all colleges, no boy dares to step into the "gym," even for a light "workout," without the protection of an athletic supporter . . . In exercise of any kind, indoor or outdoor, wear a PAL and play safe . . . Wear a PAL . . . and safeguard delicate cords and membranes from serious injury . . . PAL is the safest and most comfortable of all supporters—so recognized by leading coaches, trainers and physicians . . . It is light, cool, porous. Washable. Flexible. And gives firm support under the stress and strain of any game. At all drug stores . . . one dollar. (*Price slightly higher in Canada.*)

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SEAL FAST
A can of Bowes Seal-Fast Radiator Liquid in your car's cooling system may prevent a big repair bill. It not only stops leaks but cleans out rust and rust, and it CAN'T CLOG
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Dependable insulation!

Insulating new connections on switchboard.

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Wherever electrical installations are made or repaired, in the shop, around the car or at home, there is need for DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape to insulate exposed connections and worn wiring. It may be used with safety and security—a single thickness will resist up to 2200 volts.

DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape sticks firmly to most any surface, is unaffected by age, won't fray and is usable to the last inch. These factors make DUTCH BRAND the "Extra Service" product. A few electrical uses for tape are illustrated, but it is also "just the thing" for binding broken parts together, stopping leaks in auto radiator hose, garden hose, bicycle tires, etc.

Purchase from electrical, radio, hardware, motor accessory and general stores in 5, 10, 20 and 35c packages. Be sure you get DUTCH BRAND—it costs no more than ordinary tape.

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Save Your Tires!

Get hundreds of extra miles of service by filling up cuts and holes in tires with DUTCH BRAND "2-in-1" Cut-Filler. Becomes a part of the tire. 50c for a large tube. Carried by Garages and Accessory Dealers everywhere. Sent direct on receipt of price.

FIX IT with DUTCH BRAND

Lewis Strauss, and others sailed for London on the fastest boat obtainable. In London, conferring with British statesmen and food officials, they sensed a disquieting and deep-seated lack of sympathy, perhaps perfectly natural, as to America's post-Armistice food surpluses. December pork contracts with the Allies were perfectly definite; there would be no difficulty there. But as to the taking of the food prepared for them during the winter the British were strangely silent. The inference was that the programs would be carried out, but more definite assurances were unobtainable. Nor, among these British officials, could there be discerned any willingness for a relaxation of the blockade. Hoover stated on arrival that the food blockade on Germany must come down. He was denounced in the Allied press.

Hoover and House hastened on to Paris. Here, as to the blockade, they found the same attitude greatly intensified. France, grievously despoiled, wounded, turned toward her despoilers tensely, recognizing no causes for compassion. In some odd way there was sympathy for Austria, but not for Germany.

Throughout all France was grim determination that every German must be made to know that he, or she, belonged to a vanquished country; that he, or she, as well as the German Government, carried responsibility for the terrible mourning which clouded every act of the lives of practically every family in France.

House and Hoover at once made representations of the American point of view to the various Allied statesmen who were preparing quickly to take a hand in the formulation of the Treaty of Peace. They pointed out that by the Armistice agreement Germany had definitely been promised food. Their representations were brushed aside for what seemed to the Allied statesmen questions far more urgent.

So things stood in the closing weeks of 1918, when Hoover, reaching Paris, opened his first offices in those three high, ornate bare rooms at the Hôtel Crillon. Attached again to his service, in addition to my regular duties in naval communications, I joined him there immediately upon his arrival.

Already upon the water by this time, plowing westward across the Atlantic without a definite port of call, was a succession of American relief ships, heavily laden. More must be loaded at once if these supplies were to be kept up and if there was to be no collapse in the American farm prices. Not only that. Allied shipping controllers were preparing to race every available bottom to the Argentine, to Australasia.

When Orders Needed Doubling

Events now moved rapidly and, on the whole, more hopefully. On December fifteenth dispatches were received confirming the Allied pork programs for the months of December, January and February. Pork orders for December now totaled 175,000 tons. Orders in sight for January now stood at around 93,000 tons, with expectations of British and of other increases.

On December twentieth, however, the British suddenly cabled, reducing their January pork order from 80,000 tons to 20,000 tons, and their February order the same

This, of course, shot the whole program to pieces. Our packers had already prepared these orders for the British, who required special cuts and cures elsewhere hardly salable. And pork, once shipped, is perishable.

Hoover sat grimly at his desk at the Crillon, keeping the wires hot, trying to secure from London a reinstatement of the former British program. To him at this crisis was brought this cable from F. S. Snyder, his able lieutenant in charge of meat exports at Washington:

"We must have orders for 200,000 tons of pork for January and the same for February. Present orders must be doubled, or disaster will follow."

The tidal wave on the American hog market continuing, the packers had, it appeared, become exceeding restive under the pressure of accumulated stocks, the greatest in history. Hoover cabled Snyder, giving the exact European situation and adding:

"Europe will need every pound of pork products we can export before next July. As soon as the initial chaos of the sudden economic change from war to Armistice can be overcome there will be an overdemand. . . . I regard the maintenance of the $17.50 hog and the disposal of this situation as the greatest work we have ever undertaken, and I hope everybody puts his back into it."

On the day after this cable was dispatched the Allied Blockade Council formally accepted the plan Hoover had cabled to Paris from America in mid-November. The council raised, as to pork, the blockade against northern neutrals.

The Packers' Revolt

This news, in general terms, was cabled to America and announced in the press. Hoover at once sent the following code cable to Snyder in Washington:

"Pork products are placed on the free list. This means that there is no restriction on their resale, even to the enemies. Please inform packers, learning what they intend doing, at once. If you have the slightest trouble getting them ships from Shipping Board, cable me at once. I wish to sell northern neutrals through Grain Corporation if the packers do not take prompt action."

The last portion of this cable refers to the first of a rather alarming series of undercover ructions on the home front, the packers' revolt.

On the special train from Chicago that was taking them to Washington for the December meeting with stockmen and Food Administration officials, at which meeting was to be fixed the January price of pork, some forty packers' representatives had held a private conference and decided no longer to abide by administration prices and regulations. Their contention was that they no longer could afford to accept hogs at $17.50 a hundredweight and to add these hogs to already towering reserves.

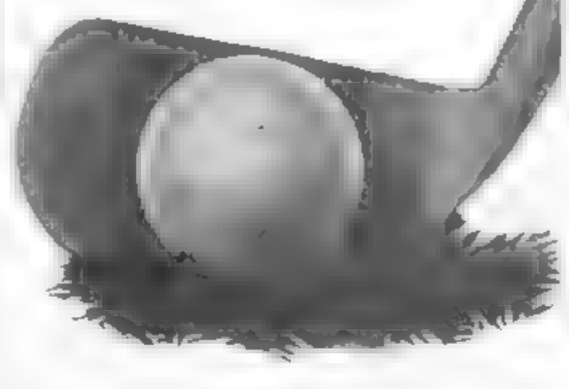
The next day, in Washington, Snyder grimly faced the harried and resolute packers and heard their decision. He called to his aid H. C. Stuart, chairman of the Agricultural Advisory Committee, and Thomas Wilson, chairman of the packers' committee. These two men sustained Snyder's estimate of what would certainly happen if the revolting packers adhered to their decision—the price would break. This would mean a loss of hundreds of millions of dollars to the men who had grown those hogs under virtual guaranty of a fair price. It would also mean an incalculable loss to the packers themselves, from stocks already had on hand.

A vote was taken. The revolting packers reversed their decision and came into the agreement for another month. Their loyalty, their sacrifices to the needs of wartime had, until then, never wavered. It was too late now, they saw, to turn back. The only way out was somehow to keep going straight forward. This they did, and without their aid the fight for the farmer could never have been won.

Meantime in France Marshal Foch was protesting vigorously against the declared relaxation of the blockade. French opinion was solidly and vehemently behind him. Addressing himself to the Blockade Council, Foch said: "The strict maintenance of the rules of the blockade . . . remains the best and most rapid means of obtaining respect for the Armistice agreement and compelling Germany to bow to our wishes."

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Baker. The second will appear next week.

Just TRY This Sensational New Ball At My Risk!



Drives Farther

Unbiased tests on a mechanical driving machine show that the Bon-Dee Thrill travels in clear flight from 3 to 15 yards farther than any other ball tested. Players report the same. "Am here to state to the golfing world that it is 'more than over' as the best playing ball on the fairways," says one.

Flies More True

It takes perfect balance to give a golf ball true flight. From the mixing of the secret compound that makes the core, through the hand-winding, the machine winding, the molding of the cover—the most delicate balance known to golf ballistics is maintained. "It's got the surest, swiftest flight of any ball I ever hit," is the report we get over and over again.

Putts in Straighter Line

If there is one time you need a perfectly balanced ball more than another, it is when performing that delicate feat of sinking a long putt. You can depend on a Bon-Dee ball to work with you. To quote one pro: "It's trueness on the putting green is uncanny!"

Lively and Tough

If we had paid attention to nothing but the endurance of the ball, we couldn't have produced a tougher ball! "I topped it with an iron (full swing) and could not cut through the cover," writes another pro. "Went down to my golf school and was driving it around in the net, using every club I had. Never cut it. The feel of the ball off the face of a wood and iron both were wonderful."

To Sum Up—in the words of a well-known pro—"It's positively the best golf ball that I ever hit!"

Pro's—Dealers

The Bon-Dee Thrill and Trusty are getting the greatest reception ever accorded a new ball. If you haven't played one yet, there is a remarkable new experience in store for you

Make This Amazing Test

I have an interesting plan for you to make a test of the THRILL. Write me at once on your stationery for details.

MAIL COUPON *for* TRIAL ORDER

Here is my proposition to every player in this good land: Mail the coupon for trial order of three balls. Play them. Then, if you are not convinced that the Bon-Dee Thrill is the finest ball you have ever hit, send them back to me and I'll return your money.

Doug MacDonald

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THRILL 75¢ GOLF BALL CO. TRUSTY 50¢
Dept 6-E, Detroit, Mich

BON-DEE GOLF BALL CO.,
Dept. 6-E, 8436 McGraw Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Send me (qty.) THRILLS for test. Check for $2.25 is enclosed. I will return the balls and you will refund my money.

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Address

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Every drain in her house as free-flowing as a mountain brook

Of course she uses Drāno *every Saturday to* KEEP *them active... alert*

FATHER'S razor residue goes swishing through the drain, as though it were late for an appointment. The grime from Sonny's play-day hands has no time to leave a tell-tale ring around the wash-bowl—down and out it goes . . . swoosh! The eager laundry waste-pipes keep Hilda, the herculean wash-lady, hustling. And in the kitchen sink, the soapy waste-water scoots merrily down the drain.

Happy the Drāno-using home that knows not lazy drains!

Drāno *keeps drains free-flowing*

Of course, Drāno will clean out the most obstinately clogged drain, but the real trick is to prevent clogging by using Drāno in *every* drain, *every* week. And it's so simple—so very simple.

First, see that there is about a cupful of water in the drain . . . then shake in Drāno, and rinse into the trap with a little more water. The instant that Drāno and water get together, there is a bubbling and boiling, as grease, lint, hair or other obstructions are dissolved. Give it a few minutes to do its work . . . then a flushing flood of clear water . . . and the drain is clear—clean—free-flowing! Actually scoured and sterilized on the inside!

Use Drāno in every drain in the house. *It cannot possibly harm enamel, porcelain or plumbing.*

And you'll be surprised at the number of other uses for Drāno that haven't a thing to do with drains . . . like removing burned-on grease from pots, pans and oven-glass, cleaning garage floors, and deodorizing garbage pails.

However, the best thing to do is to try it. Shall we send you a full-sized can for 25c, or would you rather get a supply from your grocer, druggist, or hardware dealer? The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

25¢ a can
Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. States
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Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains
... keeps them free-flowing

That Ice-box Drain—keep it sweet and clean

Don't overlook the refrigerator outlet in your weekly Drāno rounds. Just a tablespoonful of Drano, followed by a tumblerful of water. Then a rinse, of course.

See the whole Pacific Coast *this summer*

Low round-trip fares in effect May 15. Southern Pacific's four great routes invite you to go one way, return another.

In your regular vacation time this summer, take a round trip to California. Choice of three widely varied routes. Go one way, return another. The low summer *round-trip* fare is only fractionally more than a regular *one-way* ticket.

Or for about $20 more you can include a fourth route in your choice, going and returning, that will also enable you to tour Oregon, Washington and portions of Canada.

In all, you can make a great circular tour of the far West and back, including the whole 1600 miles of scenic and recreational wonderland along the blue Pacific Ocean and interior valleys from British Columbia to Mexico.

You can stop over anywhere

You will behold Yellowstone or Glacier national park, or the Canadian Rockies; Vancouver and Victoria; Puget Sound and the "Evergreen Playground"; Seattle and Tacoma, gateways to Rainier national park; Portland, with its Columbia River Highway around Mt. Hood; Crater Lake. Choice of two scenic lines through Oregon. In California you'll see Mt. Shasta and the occasionally active "fire mountain," Mt. Lassen. At San Francisco and Oakland, Southern Pacific's net-work of scenic lines again offers varied choice. You can journey to Los Angeles through the San Joaquin valley, stopping to see Yosemite and the Big Trees. Or you can follow the Pacific's shore, visiting picturesque Del Monte and Carmel-by-the-Sea; Monterey, the historic; Santa Barbara. After Los Angeles and Hollywood you'll journey to San Diego, 14 miles from Mexico's border. Thence home across Arizona, New Mexico, or Texas, via Kansas City, or New Orleans.

Southern Pacific's Pacific Coast tour can also be made in reverse direction, seeing the Spanish American Southwest and Southern California first.

Only Southern Pacific offers choice of four routes

These routes, and the premier train on each, are

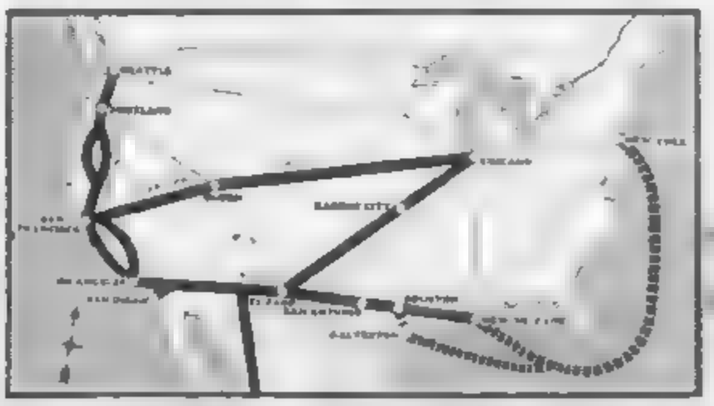
SHASTA ROUTE, between the Pacific Northwest and California for travelers to the Coast over northern United States or Canada railroads. The "*Cascade*".

OVERLAND ROUTE (Lake Tahoe Line), Chicago to San Francisco, with free side trip from Ogden to Salt Lake City. "*San Francisco Overland Limited*".

GOLDEN STATE ROUTE, the direct line, Chicago-Kansas City-Los Angeles, affording the Apache Trail highway side-trip in Arizona. "*Golden State Limited*".

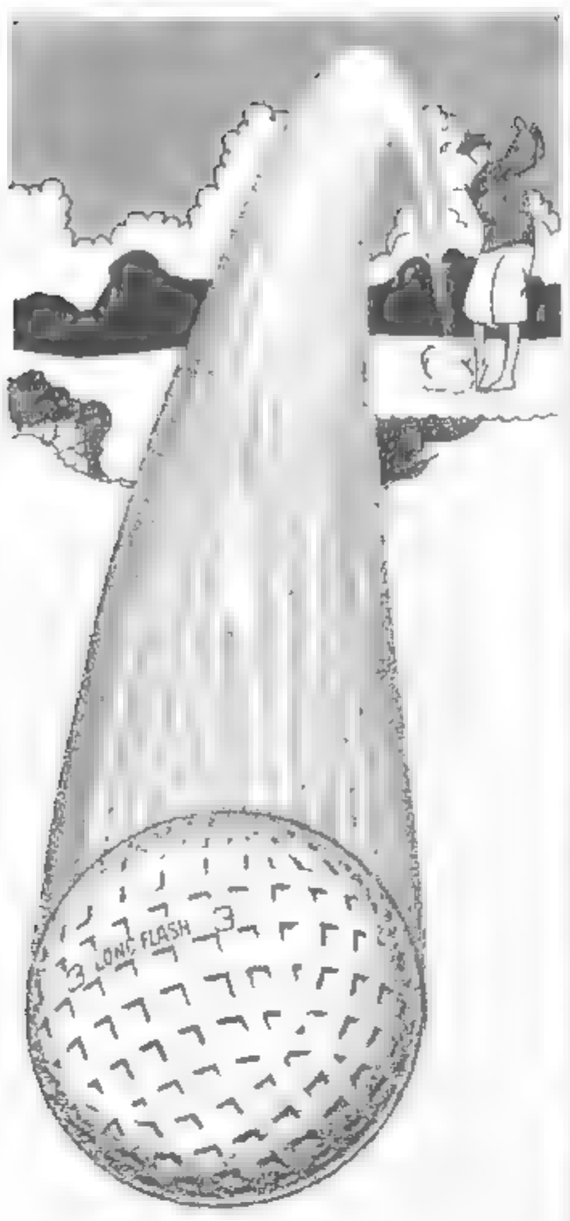
SUNSET ROUTE, New York-New Orleans-Houston-Los Angeles-San Francisco. "*Sunset Limited*".

The low round-trip tickets will be on sale from May 15 to September 30, return limit October 31. Southern Pacific agents are in most large cities. Your local railroad agent will also arrange a Pacific Coast trip over these scenic lines.



ONLY SOUTHERN PACIFIC OFFERS FOUR ROUTES

Please write name and address in the margin below, tear off and mail to E. W. Clapp, traffic manager, Department A-6, Room 1022, 310 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, for handsome free illustrated booklet, "How Best to See the Pacific Coast."



Hit it, *Gentlemen and watch it* SAIL!

THIS grand ball—the Long Flash—is guaranteed for 90 holes (against anything but loss). But how it skips, and wings along. It's got lots of distance built under its tough old hide. Hit it, gentlemen, and watch it sail down the fairways. Tap it, gentlemen, and see it roll true to the pin.

The
LONG FLASH
75 cents

John Wanamaker
Wholesale Golf Distributors

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON MEMPHIS PHILADELPHIA LOS ANGELES

WE WANT FOOD

(Continued from Page 41)

color charms the eye. Moreover, it is cheap in the market places when in season. The highest price I have ever paid for it by the pound was thirty-five cents. But order it in a restaurant! "Ah, ha," gloats the more or less obliging waiter. "Wants endive, does he? A millionaire! Bessie, oil up the cash register and get set to smash out some fancy figures. We've got a sucker who's buying endive!"

Likely as not the restaurant has none, but if it has, the waiter rushes out and gets about three ounces; rushes back and asks what kind of dressing Migent will have. When Migent orders endive the dressing is quite likely to be extra. All of that performance is a mystery to me. There isn't a newsboy in New York City who couldn't afford to buy a bunch of endive if he wanted it. I have often been tempted, when passing a greengrocer's shop, to buy a handful, which would cost about twenty cents, and sit down on the curb and eat it in peace. What I want is food, not a false reputation for vast wealth. But food is viewed with a jaundiced eye these days. I gather that it is much more likely to harm you than to do you good, and the less you eat the better off you are. All that is very interesting as a theory, and I have listened to arguments that were documented with imposing scientific data, but it has never been convincing to my stomach. If I don't eat much I am weak and cross and nervous.

As a boy in my early teens I worked on both ranch and farm. We never thought of food as something to make a person feel heavy and sluggish. It made us warm and active and thoroughly alive in both mind and body. For me it still does. I do not shun my typewriter after eating, although I am now rapidly approaching my fortieth year. Food cheers me and makes me feel like working. The only people I have ever known who felt heavy after eating were those who feared food as though it were a habit-forming drug, and consequently ate lightly. Incidentally, these are the only people I have ever known to report themselves gorged and uncomfortable. I have never had that impression. Food is a stimulant to me and I attribute that fortunate fact to the lifelong habit of eating heartily.

A Light Breakfast

I am convinced that the major portion of what passes for scientific conclusions on this subject is ridiculous. For example, it seems to be an accepted axiom that broiled or roasted beef is a heavy meal. I find that nothing digests more easily and comfortably, even when I am excessively tired or not in the pink of condition. So tremendous has been the propaganda against meat and hearty eating that the American public has almost forgotten what used to be considered a rational diet for active young men and women.

On the ranch, breakfast nearly always consisted of ham and eggs, biscuits, or homemade bread, and coffee. The ham was a full slice that covered a large plate and was about a quarter of an inch thick. They didn't slice it with a razor in those days. On top of this would be four or six fried eggs. The biscuits were about the size of a man's fist and we generally ate four or five. Coffee was served in cups that held about half a pint and we drank two.

On the farm, homemade bread often took the place of biscuits, but the ham-and-egg portion would be about the same. A slice of homemade bread was nearly as large as a dinner plate and we usually ate two or three slices. Butter was not always available, but there would be thick cream, and this we mixed with honey, concocting a sort of batter that we spread very thick on the slices of bread. After eating such a meal we went out to plow and hoe and pitch hay and dig and drive teams; if we had been uncomfortably full we couldn't have performed these heavy tasks.

The plain and simple truth is that we were strengthened by our ample meals. I have never been ill in my life and I attribute that fact largely to the tremendous power of resistance built up by plenty of good plain food and the daily enjoyment of soap and water.

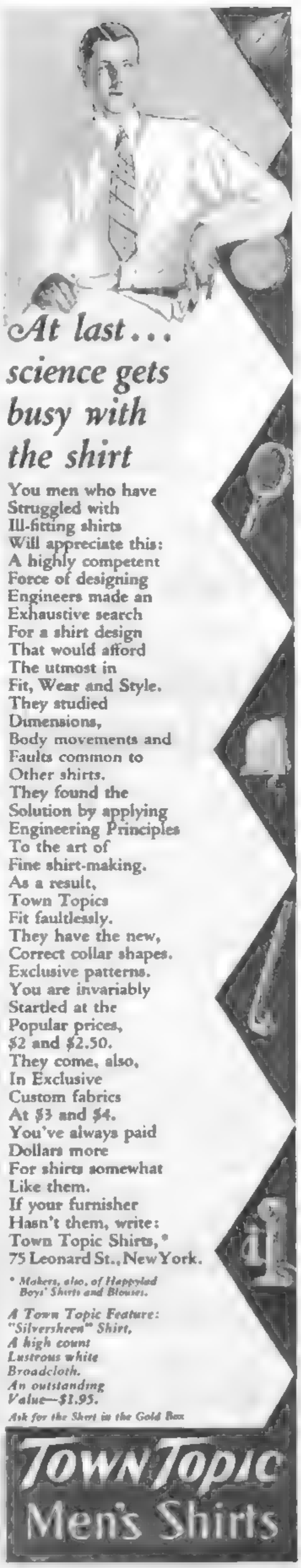
I have waded through epidemics of smallpox, yellow fever, typhus, scarlet fever that swept thousands of adults into the cemeteries, and numerous tropical fevers. A man who is well fed and clean, I believe, has tremendous power to resist all germs. I don't believe that he dodges them. I think he gathers as many as the next person, but that they bite granite. The theory that we eat too much and thereby damage our health strikes me as bunk. I believe we ought to eat heartily and begin early to develop stomach and digestive capacity. All the very fat people I have ever known, both men and women, ate about half as much as I do, or less. As a boy I worked as hard as any stevedore on the water front, later I became newspaper editor and I have lived a sedentary life ever since, but I have no tendency to grow fat. There must be something in the glands or heredity that accounts for fat.

The Texas Strong Man

Oddly enough, for one who eats heavily and enjoys plenty of beef, I have never quarreled with the vegetarians, and I think that that is because every vegetarian I have ever known really knew how to cook vegetables. They are every bit as difficult as poultry, fish or meat, and the difference between poor and excellent results is simply amazing. Nor have I ever known a vegetarian who did not eat heartily. What a person eats is his business, but if he nibbles at it like a bunny rabbit and doesn't succeed in putting away more than a handful he worries me, especially since I have to live and buy food in the same world with him. I have known several persons who were natural vegetarians—that is to say, they had no theory on the subject at all, but they knew what they liked.

As a boy in Texas, the strongest man I knew used to eat a dish of raw sliced cabbage for breakfast. He poured over this about a teacupful of smoking-hot bacon grease. I couldn't have made much mileage on that fare, but he could manage eight oxen plowing new land that was full of stumps. Also he could lift a five-hundred-pound bale of cotton. For lunch he would have some bread and butter, but his evening meal was something to marvel at. That could have been served, appropriately, in a wheelbarrow. We do our work on yesterday's meals, anyway. The brawn that goes into a morning's plowing isn't produced on breakfast; it couldn't be: breakfast hasn't yet digested. But the healthy hearty eater feels strong when his stomach is well filled without being stuffed. That, I think, was what made my friend's breakfast of sliced cabbage so effective. He went out well filled. With an empty stomach he would have felt weak. Actually he ate only one meal a day.

As a growing youngster, I used to eat three big meals a day, unless it happened to be convenient to put away four. After thirty I began to lose interest in luncheon and now I often forget it, but breakfast and dinner are still important. When I sit down at table I want to eat food, not play with it. And unless I rise well filled, I do not feel strong and alert. I cannot see any good results from keying down the engine in which our physical strength is developed. If we began early enough I suppose we could train ourselves to get along on very little food; other nations have done it, but to the extent of my personal knowledge they did because they had to. Give them a chance at plenty and see what happens. I think we're off on the wrong tack on this dieting fad.



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There was a time in this country—and not so very long ago—when the public eating house was expected to serve much more elaborate meals than were prepared at home, although those were generous. Now we have just the shadow of what used to be real feasts. All the courses are preserved, but what a burlesque of a banquet. The opening ode of our modern table-d'hôte dinner is a sliver of celery flanked by four olives; then comes a very thin soup with a fancy name.

Next on the menu comes the fish—a piece about the size of three fingers, which is a mere waste of service and the needless soiling of a plate that will later have to be washed. Now we come to the pièce de résistance, which may be fairly satisfactory unless it happens to be poultry.

A man who is healthy and in good appetite ought to be able to eat half a roast chicken, but he will never get one in a public dining room. I have often eaten a whole roast chicken, and I still do occasionally, but I have to go to some obscure Italian restaurant to get it. Elsewhere they simply won't sell it to me. I don't know why. That's what infuriates me. To have the money to pay and still be unable to buy food strikes me as somebody's wicked interference with my pursuit of happiness. After the main dish comes the salad—in a saucer! Either I want a bowl of salad or none at all. Desserts do not interest me, but as a rule they appear satisfactory. Oh, I forgot the oysters! There is much ice and some green leaves and a cocktail sauce, but only four oysters or clams. What a joke! If I wanted oysters at all I'd want at least a dozen.

The Old American Play

A meal of this kind is really a burlesque of a banquet. Go back to the records set down by Charles Dickens and half a dozen of his contemporaries in either France or England. Men ate in those days. Have a look at the succulent pages of Samuel Pepys' diary. There was food! These thin little tabloid meals we encounter today are silly. Why fool around with one sliver of celery, a cup of thin soup, four oysters, two forkfuls of fish, three bites of a roast fowl, the merest fragment of a head of lettuce? A man could do better with two pounds of plain cheese and a loaf of rye bread; it would be more like a meal. When I want a banquet I want a banquet; I'd like to eat for two hours or more. I don't want somebody to tease me with the shadow of all the courses and not enough of any one of them. That's a tragic joke.

And the funny things we encounter nowadays labeled service! When the American-plan hotel, with its dollar dinner, flourished, you could order as many helpings as you wished of any dish that struck your fancy and cancel the rest. Anyone who ate his way through all the ample courses of one of those dinners could honestly lay claim to being no mean trencherman. And the waiter was your waiter. He wasn't busy all over the place. Nowadays a public eating house is a sort of machine with something approximating military discipline. The major-domos and other high functionaries look you over as much as to say: "Who let you in? Do you know our methods? If you don't we'll train you, and it will be a lot of trouble. Lord, but you're a nuisance!"

Waiter, Another Ham, Please

And then you examine your cutlery and discover an amazing variety. That would be all right if all places of the same quality used the same assortment of cutlery, but they don't. Nevertheless, each well-trained flunky knows all about the cutlery employed in that particular establishment and looks you over critically, evidently under the impression that the habits and customs of that dining room are universal. If you get through successfully—and a fair amount of wit will probably enable you to do so—you feel, on making your exit, as though you ought to say: "Well, Jabez, I believe I passed the examination. You'll let me in again, won't you? . . . Thank you, Jabez."

And with tears of appreciation you tip generously and depart, wondering why your mid-section doesn't feel better upholstered, in view of the size of the check.

What bunk! I'm for a speedy return to the good old days. I want Jabez to make a profound bow when I come in. My broker does it when I go to buy bonds, and he's got more money than I ever hope to have. I want Jabez to express the prayerful hope that the dinner was satisfactory. I want him to offer to bring more if the dinner wasn't ample. I want something to eat. I'm not sick and I'm not dieting. I've got money in my pocket and a first-rate tummy under my belt. I've got work to do and I can't feel up to it unless I'm well fed. I don't want to have to send in ten orders for lamb chops at seventy cents a throw in order to get ten lamb chops.

Seven dollars is too much for a plate of lamb chops. I've raised sheep and the highest price I ever got for the choicest of spring lambs was two dollars and fifty cents each. I'm getting sore about this foolishness. People who can make a meal off one lamb chop should do their little parlor trick in their own homes and not make life a burden for hard-working people who really get hungry.

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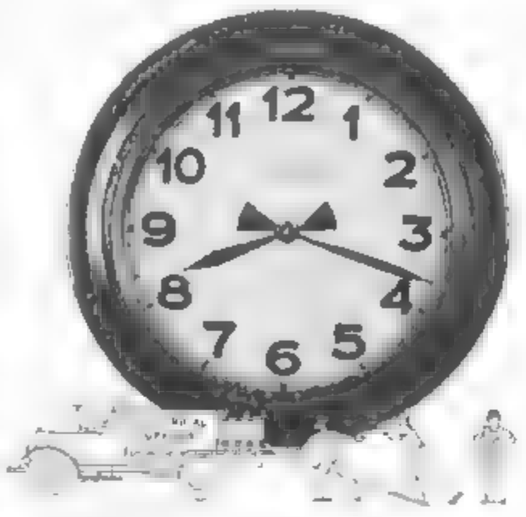

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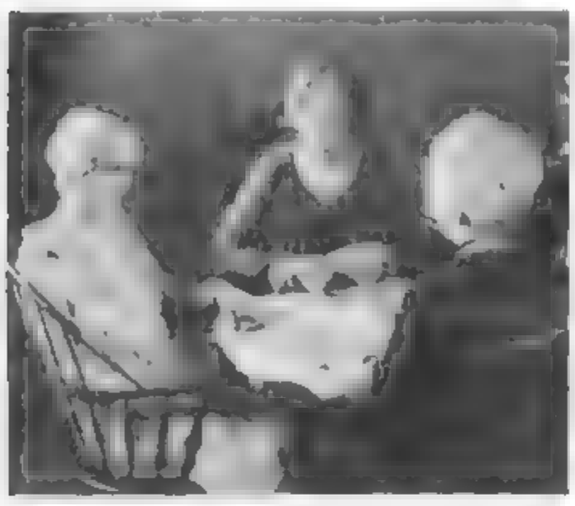
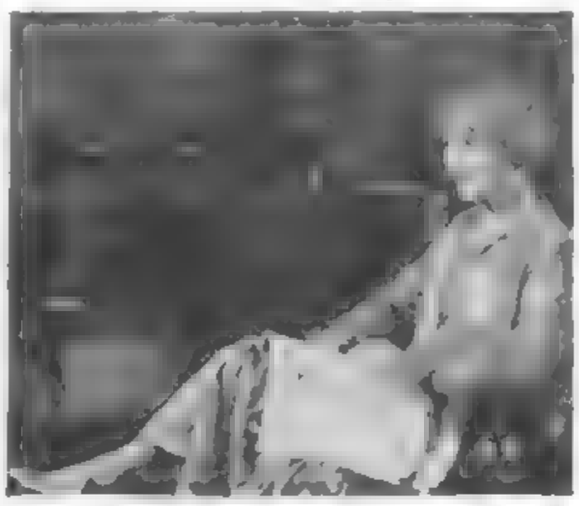


The Acousticon is my greatest comfort. I regard it as a greater invention than the radio, since through my Acousticon I am hearing every program. It means more to me than any other earthly thing I possess, and it hurts me deeply when I see anyone unable to have or refusing to use one . . . *Miss Elizabeth McAdoo, Murfreesboro, Tenn.*



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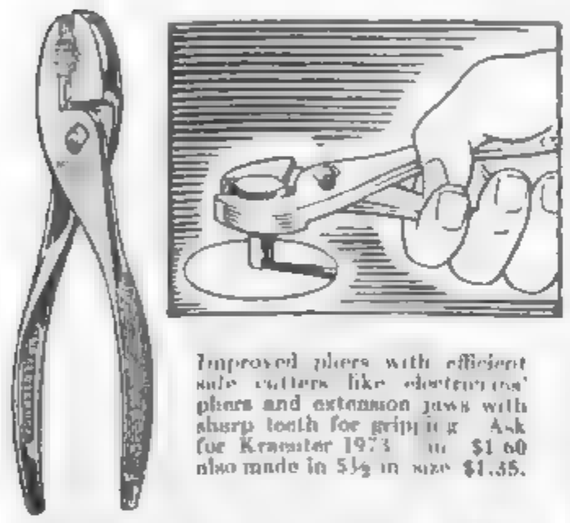

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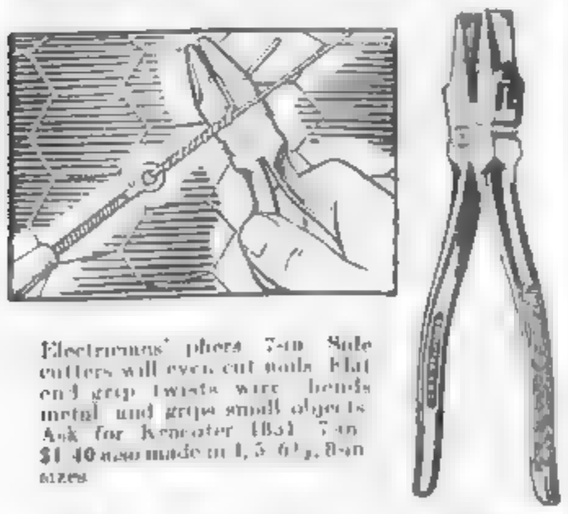

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KRAEUTER PLIERS

"Ask Any Mechanic"

THE SECRET HELPERS

(Continued from Page 27)

Woodchuck scratched his head. "Kind of funny to me," he said, "how he'd git money to spend off'n a bankrupt thing, and then you couldn't git none. Bankrupt means busted, don't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, now you jest tell me this if you kin: How would a busted comp'ny pay your pa money to spend?"

"I haven't any idea. It was all so confused, and I was so unhappy, and when I found I had no money I was so frightened. I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for Mr. Bean."

"What'd he do?"

"He was papa's executor and my guardian until I came of age, and that was six months after papa died. And it seems he knew about it right away, but he was so sorry for me, and he pretended I had enough to live on for quite a while."

"You mean ol' Bean give you money?"

"You mustn't call him old Bean! He supported me for a long time, till I found out and—and got a job."

"Huh! I cal'late that's all I got to ask you today. I cal'late I got the info'mation I was needin'. So now don't you worry no more, because these here powerful secret friends that is befriendin' and pertectin' you by day and by night will git to work and right them wrongs. And the villain'll git his come-uppance and mebby git hung, and you'll git rescued and your fortune that was stole will all be give back to you and you'll be happy forever after."

Lucy smiled. "That," she said, "will be lovely."

"But don't trust nobuddy," said Woodchuck, "and don't be lured away to no lonely spots, because if you do you're apt to git wronged more'n ever. If anybuddy comes after ye and he don't start off by sayin', 'What color be ye?' don't ye trust him a mite. You'll answer, 'Black.' Then he'll say, 'What shape be ye?' and you'll answer him, 'A star.' And then you ask him, 'How many p'ints?' Well, then, if he up and says, 'Five,' you trust him till death, see?"

"I understand," said Lucy, "and I'll remember."

"You better," said Woodchuck grimly, "or you'll find out what happens to a beautiful woman when she really gits wronged. It's turrible."

"I'll be careful," she said.

"Secret powerful friends'll be watchin' you day and night," he said. "Your enemies better beware."

III

"NOW I tell you what," said Woodchuck to Solon Breeze, whom he had sought out surreptitiously, "our secret service has been and looked into this, and we know what we're a-talkin' about, because we got the best secret service the' is, and the' hain't no two ways about it but Lucy Norton's been wronged."

"I'm very sorry," said Solon, "to hear it."

"Yes, sir-ree! This here villain he stole her fortune off'n her so slick she never knowed what touched her, and he's got it hid some'eres in a secret place, and what we got to do fust is to find it and restore it to her so she won't have to work in the Busy Big Store no more."

"Let's hear the evidence," said Solon.

"The's lots," said Woodchuck, "and we had to take awful risks to find it out. Wa-al, Lucy's father, he was rich, and jest before he up and died he told Lucy she was goin' to be rich. But when he died it seems like his money was all put into suthin' bankrupt."

"It does happen," said Solon.

"Yes," said Woodchuck, "but he had money to spend till he died. Now if a feller's got money to spend then, what he's gittin' it from hain't bankrupt, is it?"

"No."

"But this here guardeen of Lucy's found out this here comp'ny had been bankrupt a long spell before her pa died. See? And he kep' the news away from her and supported her for nigh onto six months, and that's the wust evidence we got."

"His supporting Miss Norton?"

"You betcha! Because when ol' Pliny Bean supports anybuddy you kin bet your bottom dollar he's gittin' back a quarter for every penny he spends—the ol' ball-stealer that makes his livin' off'n kids' balls that's knocked into his garden."

"I see your grounds for suspicion," said Solon. "You mean it stands to reason that a bankrupt company wouldn't pay Mr. Norton money while he was alive and then stop when he was dead. And if it was bankrupt before he died he wouldn't have had money to spend. Is that it?"

"You betcha!"

"And you believe this Mr. Bean got away with Lucy's fortune and then supported her to keep her quiet till things blew over?"

"That's the idee. And I betcha he's a-goin' to hang fur it, or suthin', the old ball-stealin' miser!"

Solon wondered how much of this was the result of the labors of the secret-service department of the Black Star Order, and how much was the sort of gossip which permeates the underground channels of a small country town.

Woodchuck was logical as far as he went, and Solon admired logic. But what to advise now he could not determine. If a girl not yet at her majority had been fleeced by her guardian, then steps should be taken by someone.

If, on the other hand, this were boys' play or loose gossip, then it would be well to put an instant end to it. He determined to mark time and advise caution. Also to place his ear to the ground; or even more, to ask a few pertinent questions where they could do no harm.

He did not know whom to question until he saw Lucy Norton and the Seventh-Grade teacher in close conversation, and learned from Martin Knox, proprietor of the hotel where he lived, that they had been the closest of friends from childhood. Therefore at recess next day he invaded the Seventh-Grade room.

"Naturally," he said, "you despise gossip."

"Not," she answered, "if it's about someone else."

"You are friends with a girl named Lucy Norton?"

"If there's any gossip about her, I'd like to know who started it," she said fiercely. "She's had bad luck enough without any of the local cats clawing her. What is anybody saying about Lucy?"

"Nothing she can object to," said Solon. "Am I to trust your discretion?"

"You are to suit yourself about that," she said tartly.

"Has there," he asked, "been any suspicion about the loss of her father's money?"

"No," she said; "but it was kind of queer, for all that."

"How queer?"

"Why are you asking?"

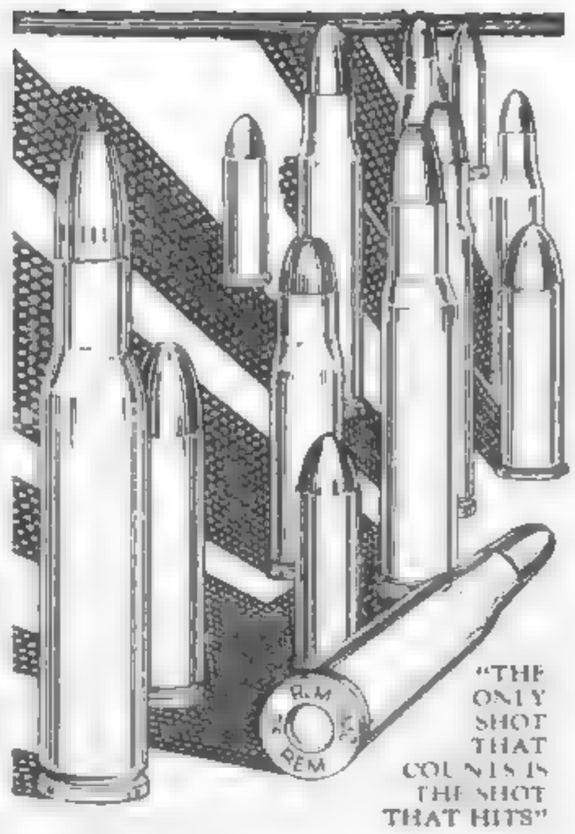
"Either," he said, "to stop trouble or to make trouble."

"I think I see. And I'll tell you what I know about it, which is as much as Lucy knows herself. Mr. Norton was well off. They always had plenty and Mr. Norton lived on his income. He told Lucy just before he died that she would have about six thousand a year. He told her it was invested in bonds, and the bonds were in his safe, and all she would have to do would be to clip the coupons twice a year."

"Did he mention the investments?"

"Lucy said so, but told me she must have remembered the name of the company wrong. She said she was sure her father told her one thing, but that maybe his memory was failing, because the bonds turned out to be something else."

"Ah!" said Solon.



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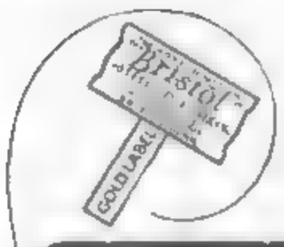

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"Yes, she said her father told her all his money was invested in the bonds of the National Water Power Company; but when he was dead it turned out all of them were bonds of the American Water Power Company, and it had been bankrupt nearly a year."

"Um," said Solon—"coupon bonds, of course?"

"Yes."

"Was she very sure of the name?"

"She said she was positive her father said National, but that he must have made a mistake."

"I wonder," said Solon, "how many men make a mistake in the name of the company in which their entire fortunes are invested."

"Mr. Breeze," asked the Seventh-Grade teacher, "do you think there was something crooked about it?"

"I think," he said, "that there was a chance for somebody to be crooked if he wanted to be. It would have been so simple—just a substitution of worthless bonds for gilt-edged securities. And who would be the wiser?"

"What," asked the Seventh-Grade teacher, "shall we do?"

"We?"

"Naturally. Lucy is my friend. It would be so wonderful if it turned out you were right and she could get back her money. Oh, you must do something about it! And I'll help. Ought we to get a lawyer or something?"

"First of all," said Solon, "we must remember we have no facts—only suspicions, and mighty slender grounds for them. Mum is the word."

"I'm *mum*."

"Not even a word to Miss Norton."

"When I'm mum," said the Seventh-Grade teacher, "I'm mum all over."

"Good!" said Solon. "And I'll take a look-see around about and here and there. If I can find me a fact or two, then we'll see. But it would be rotten to start gossip about an innocent man."

"He isn't innocent. I know it. I feel it in my bones. I never did like that man. Oh, I hope you're right, and I hope you'll hurry and do something."

"You may expect to see me panting and baying around town like a bloodhound," he said.

Perhaps Solon's mind was not so occupied with the instruction of the youth of the vicinage as it should have been during the remainder of the morning—but the youth were perfectly content. At noon, on his way to luncheon, he stopped at the bank and engaged Demos Pilkinton, the cashier, in conversation.

"Mr. Pilkinton," he said, "have you any books listing the dates on which various companies pay the interest on their bonds?"

"Cal'late so. Int'rested in bonds, be ye? Um—wa-al, now, jest which bonds d'ye want to know about?"

"National Water Power Company," said Solon.

"Huh! Don't need no books to tell ye about that. Coupons is due January and July."

"Are you certain?"

"Ought to be. Seen enough of 'em, one time and another. Used to handle a slew of 'em twicet a year fur Norton, him that died las' August."

"Indeed! And can you remember when he deposited the last ones?"

"Fust of July, a month before he died."

"But," said Solon, "I thought he died poor."

"That's the way it come out. I cal'late Norton lost his grip to the last."

"I'm much obliged," said Solon, and walked out of the bank very thoughtful.

So Lucy's father had owned National Water Power bonds, and as late as a month before he died! It began to look very much as though the Secret Helpers had discovered a wrong which needed righting

IV

BOYS are instinctive psychologists. They seem to possess an unerring knowledge of the act which will be most annoying and of the most efficient manner of performing it. Their tongues hit upon the one word which will sear the epidermis of a hippo. With an adroitness whose power is in its simplicity they can find and probe the one sore spot, and once they know they have found it, nothing short of an act of God can make them leave it alone in peace. Therefore when the Black Star Order devoted its attention to Pliny Bean, the ball stealer, it was little less than amazing how perfectly they made the punishment fit the crime.

Had Solon Breeze been aware of their activities and of the extent of them, he would have clamped on the quietus. But he did not know. This was not because they felt him an unsafe confidant, but because they were loyal. They did not wish their teacher to take the tremendous risks which they felt surrounded themselves in thus engaging in battle so formidable an enemy as the outlaw, Pliny Bean.

"Lissen!" said Woodchuck to the assembled meeting. "What we got to do is watch every move he makes. We kin take turns, but we got to know everythin' he does. Lucky vacation starts tomorrow."

"If he's stole suthin'," said Peewee, "why don't we jest tell the town marshal on him?"

"It hain't done that way. We're outlaws, hain't we? Well, how kin we go monkeyin' with the marshal? Hain't we all got a price on our head? No, we got to right this here wrong all by ourselves, and perty soon we'll all be so beloved by the poor folks that the marshal wouldn't dare to arrest us if we walked right up and spit on his new shoes."

"There's Peewee lightin' matches ag'in," said Gummy.

"Huh!" grunted Woodchuck. "You know what my grandma says happens to kids that play with fire."

"I don't neither," shouted Peewee, "and I kin prove it."

"Ya-a-ah!" jeered the meeting.

"We got to be awful secret, and ol' Bean nor nobuddy else must see us," said Pazzy.

"But," said Woodchuck, "he's got to know he's bein' watched, but not by who. He's got to know mysterious eyes is fixed onto him."

"And we kin let him hear mysterious noises," suggested Gummy. "Kind of slinkin' noises, like, so as he'll know enemies is prowlin' around."

"We'll git him all upset," said Woodchuck gleefully. "I betcha he won't know which end's up 'fore we git through with him."

Which came to pass as prophesied. First Mr. Bean became uneasily conscious of watchful eyes. Twenty boys cannot be staring at a man from behind trees and hedges and boxes and barns without his becoming aware that all is not normal. If a man sits down to his dinner and a slight noise calls his attention to a window from which staring eyes whisk away mysteriously, a certain uneasiness is likely to take possession of him. Within a week Mr. Bean lived behind closed shutters, and when he walked abroad it was with head turned over one shoulder to see what was coming up behind him.

Woodchuck invented the device of hanging a nail from the bough of a tree so that every breeze caused it to tap lightly Mr. Bean's bedroom window. A tin cracker box with a couple of old violin strings properly taut and rosined was secured in the crotch of a tree. When the wind was in the right direction it became exceedingly plaintive. Mr. Bean suspected boys for a time and sat up with a twelve-gauge shotgun loaded with rock salt, but no boys became apparent.

If a shutter were open, it was apt to slam with startling suddenness; stealthy footsteps encircled the house and black cats abounded. Mr. Bean had not dreamed there were so many black cats in the world. If he left a window open for air, a black cat found its way into the house to tear about from room to room in terror.

All this was very enjoyable, but in time Peewee Tubbins, who was all for direct action and not at all for pretense, became

(Continued on Page 184)

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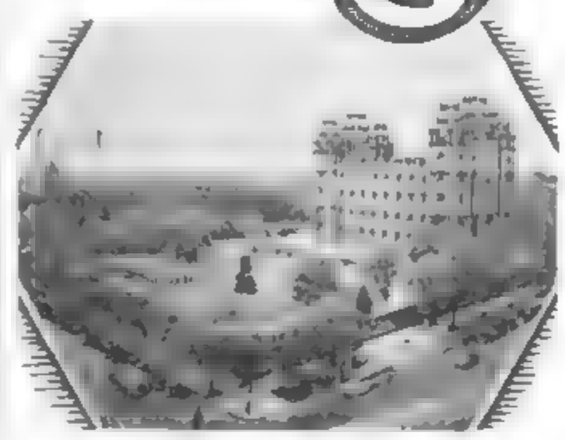

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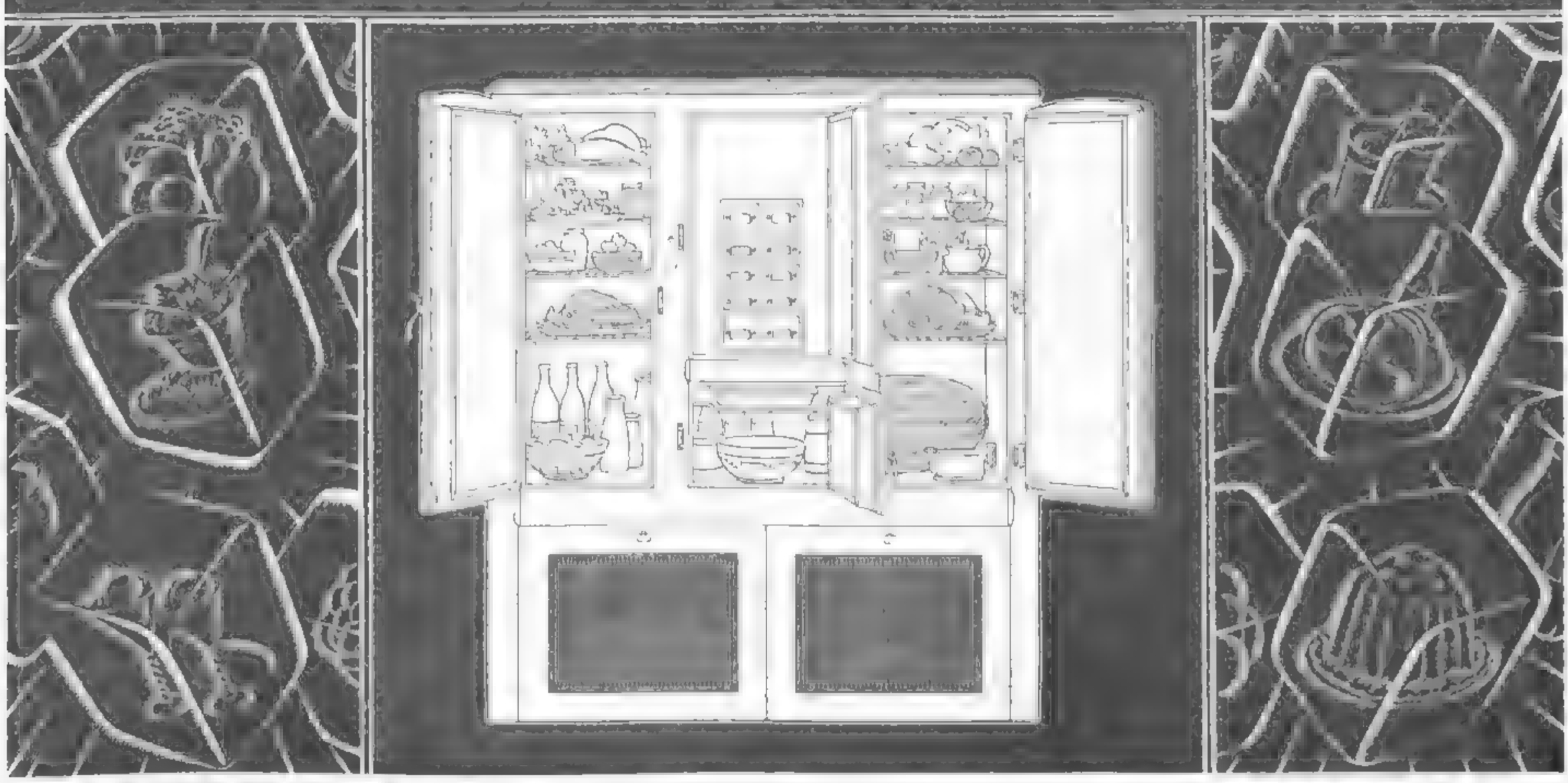

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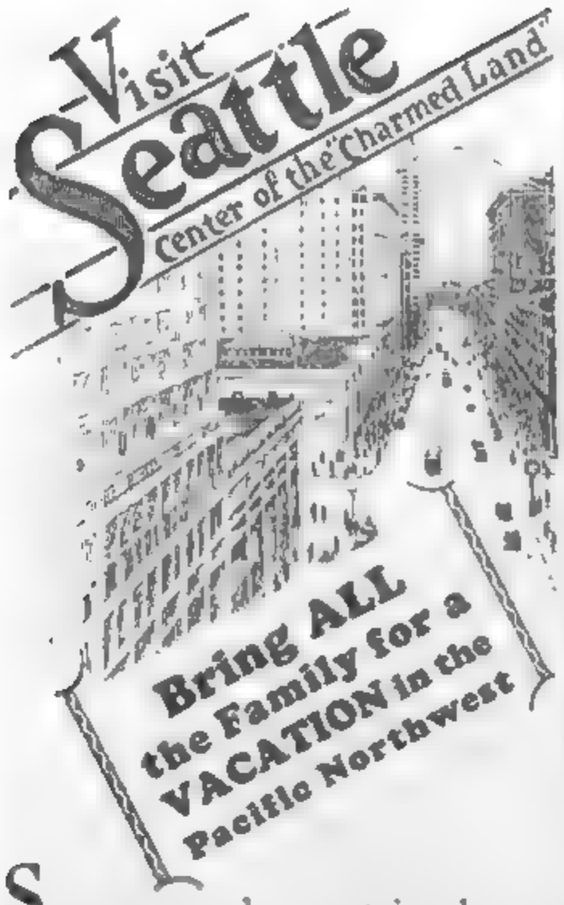

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(Continued from Page 182)

hored with it. Peewee did not go in for initiative in an extensive way, but at times he grew stubborn and was likely to act without consulting his confreres. At present he was exceedingly tired of the pretense that Mr. Bean was a dangerous two-gun man living in some sort of cave. Mr. Bean was and always had been Mr. Bean to Peewee. If he had stolen money from Lucy Norton, he ought to give it back, and that was all there was to it. Therefore he went off by himself to think it over and came to the conclusion he had better do something about it. The best plan, of course, would be to go to Mr. Bean and demand restitution, but a recollection of Mr. Bean's general attitude toward boys deterred him. The next best thing was to write, so Peewee took pen in hand and went in for composition. On a clean sheet of paper he wrote the words "We know," and there he bogged down. Sentences and paragraphs were not his forte. Though he labored for an hour, he could not hew out another word.

"I'll do the rest tomorrer," he said to himself, but the joy of creation was upon him; he looked upon his work and found it so good that he could not postpone utilizing it. Therefore, after nightfall, he crept within the precincts of Mr. Bean's homestead and affixed his production to the front door, where Mr. Bean found it in the morning.

Doubtless Mr. Shakspere could have found two more fortuitous words than "We know," but no lesser genius could have done so. Mr. Bean read the words and a great unease possessed his soul. It was a direct statement, and its implications were not pleasant. "We know" was freighted with menace. Who knew? And what did they propose to do about it? When Mr. Bean added this pregnant message to the many disturbances of an esoteric nature which had haunted him these many days past, he became conscious of nerves.

Peewee had tasted the joys of the littérateur; had been bitten by the scribendus bacillus, whose bite is fatal; and his hand itched for the pen. On the following day he labored again until ink obscured his features and covered his hands to the wrists. He turned out three words this time: "Give it back!" This Mr. Bean found affixed to his door in the morning after an evening of staring eyes, stealthy feet, slamming shutters and inexplicable noises which awakened him after he had fallen into fitful sleep.

The impact of Peewee's second message, when added to the first, was nothing less than terrific. It pointed to definite knowledge; it demanded restitution. The whole thing constituted an attack against which even so devious a personage as he was unable to find a defense. A sweat which was by no means warm and comfortable bedewed his forehead and his hands fumbled together nervously. That day he did not go abroad.

On the next day Peewee became fascinated by the occupation of choosing exactly the right word and, having chosen it, he could add nothing to it. His intention had been to pen a lengthy and imposing message about penal institutions, so he started with the word "Jail," but jail did not suit his critical faculty. He substituted "Prison," but prison seemed to lack that fine exactness which is the passion of every author. Finally he hit upon "Penitentiary." And he spelled it correctly by the merest chance. Mr. Bean looked at his door immediately upon arising, for his door had taken on a strange matinal lure. He found Peewee's word and it struck to the marrow of his bones. "Penitentiary"—what could be more telling? About what page of writing could there be more illusion in the circumstances? Mr. Bean scrambled into the shelter of his house and locked the door.

Peewee's fourth effort was a masterpiece; he got as far as "Last chance" before the muse deserted him.

Mr. Bean could not stay away from his front door; it drew him inexorably, though he dreaded appallingly what he would find there. Almost gibbering, a rubbish heap of shrieking nerves, he snatched the paper and hid himself within, and the day was a day of horror, of listening, of peering through the shutters of closed blinds, of waiting for the summons. Mr. Bean was a broken man.

Much practice had given Peewee facility. His fifth and final message was lengthy and pointed. "Put it in the old sugar house tonight. Ten o'clock," it said.

v

THE Seventh-Grade teacher stopped Solon Breeze on the corner by the bank.

"What," she asked, "are you doing?" And implied by her tone that she thought he was doing very little.

"I'm hunting for just one good solid fact," said Solon.

"It seems," she said, "as if a man could do something—if he really tried."

"Doesn't it?" he agreed placidly. "But this thing was so infernally simple, so baldfaced, that anything like proof is hard to get. I can find indications. I can find a few suspicious circumstances, a couple of them pretty indicative, but nothing a jury would consider. This thing must be proved to twelve good men and true."

"You speak as if you were hopeless."

"I'm not hopeless, but I'm not so darned hopeful either. There's no place to begin, nothing to bite into."

"But please, please, don't give up," she commanded.

"I'll stick," he said, "like a puppy to a root."

With which he moved on toward the dam, where he knew the Black Star Order was assembled for the purpose of harpooning whales and boiling out the blubber. Almost the entire membership was present—but among the absentees was Peewee Tubbins.

"Where's Peewee?" asked Solon.

"Actin' funny," said Woodchuck. "We hain't seen much of him fur days. Mebby sick or suthin'."

"I betcha he's mad," said Banty.

"Then he kin git over it," said Woodchuck. "He's a lot of trouble anyhow. He can't pertend nothin'. He don't know the fust thing about pertendin'. He's awful dumb. And we been busy, us Secret Helpers. I tell you what, we got a job cut out betwixt pertectin' Lucy Norton from gittin' abducted or suthin' and keepin' a watch on the gang that's after her. We need every feller we kin git, and it's sich a time Peewee picks out to git mad!"

"Maybe his folks are keeping him busy," suggested Solon.

Woodchuck snorted, conveying eloquently his idea of Peewee's industry or of anybody's ability to make him work.

But at that moment a voice spoke from the bank above. "Say," said Peewee, "I got suthin' kind of funny-like here. I been a-carryin' it around lookin' fur somebuddy to ask what is it. Kind of funny, I call it, when you ask a man fur one thing and he up and leaves suthin' else. You never kin depend on folks."

"What is it, Peewee?" asked Solon.

The young man of the gifted pen slid down the muddy bank on that portion of him best adapted to sliding and handed Solon a parcel done up in newspaper.

"I betcha I'm a-goin' to do suthin' about it, too," he said menacingly. "Can't nobuddy come it over me. Jest open up and see what he done, and I betcha he thought it was funny."

Solon opened the parcel. He blinked. A sheaf of yellow-engraved papers lay under his eyes. Bonds! Quantities of bonds!

"Six per cent First Mortgage Bonds of the National Water Power Company," he read. Each was for one thousand dollars. Slowly he counted them. There were a hundred exactly.

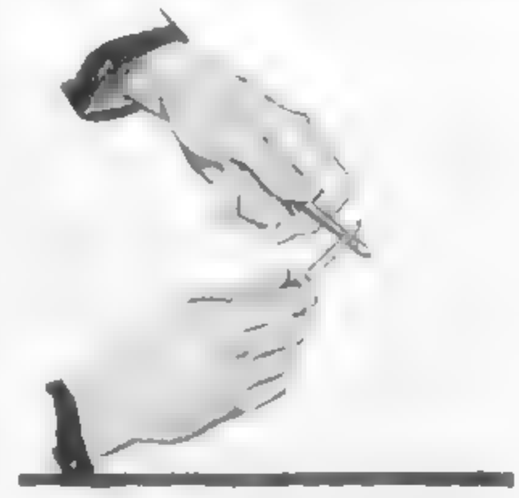
"Peewee," he said, "where in thunder did you get these?"

"He left 'em where I told him," said Peewee, "and he'll wisht he hadn't. I told him to leave the money."

"What money?"

"Why, Lucy's money. What money we been talkin' about?"

When a feller needs a friend



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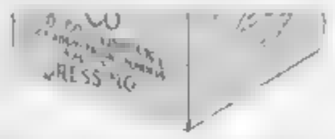

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"Let's get this clear," said Solon. "You told someone to leave Lucy's money some place, and he left these bonds?"

"That's the idee. I got tired of all this here pertendin' and ticktackin' and doorslammin' and makin' b'lieve. It didn't git no'eres. Pertendin' don't never. If you want a thing you got to git it, and not jest pertend you git it."

"I follow you so far," said Solon, "but go on."

"Wa-al, I just got tired of all that monkeyin', so I told him he better give the money to me or he'd be sorry fur it, because we knew he had it and most likely we'd send him to the penitentiary or suthin'. So I says to him to leave it in the old sugar house las' night, and I watched and he come sneakin' up with this and throwed it inside, and I thought it was the money, and I was madder 'n all git out when I found out it was nothin' but papers."

"But," said Solon, "this is money. It is a great sum of money—a hundred thousand dollars. Are you telling us a man gave this to you just because you asked for it?"

"Yeah! Hain't that how to git a thing? I didn't ask—I wrote. He never see me. He never knowed who I was. Anyhow, I'm glad he didn't come it over me. I'd have gone right up to him, if he had, and he'd of been sorry. All this monkeyin' with 'magination makes me sick to the stummick, and Secret Helpers 'n' all. The' wan't no 'magination about what I done. I jest done it."

"Peewee," said Solon, "I'll bet there was a heap of imagination in this somewhere, and I'd give a year's salary to know exactly what happened. But I don't suppose I ever shall. I'd give a lot to know how you frightened Mr. Bean into giving up a fortune he had got away with."

"Me? I didn't frighten him. Them Secret Helpers tried scarin' him, and it didn't do nothin' a-tall. I jest asked him, and he give up."

Solon rubbed his nose. He vowed he would have the story if he had to dig for it the rest of his life. But now was not the time. Peewee was being too literal; Peewee obviously didn't know what had happened. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Suppose," he said, "we go up to the Busy Big Store and watch Lucy Norton quit her job. Probably she won't care so much how it came about. After all, a hundred thousand is a hundred thousand, no matter what mystery shrouds its arrival."

"Sure!" said Peewee. "What she wants is the money."

THIS KING BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 19)

Robert Stuker, doctor of philosophy, was my only tutor. He it was who oversaw my education. A professor from the university came to give me Greek history, literature and geography, and another taught me mathematics and physics. I could reel the Odyssey off like a parrot, because it scanned beautifully. I also had Thucydides and Xenophon. Homer I had to translate into modern Greek. That was a terrible job, for there is a special Homeric dictionary and grammar.

I went to the university laboratory for chemistry, which I loved, though I didn't do the experiments myself. Professor Argyropoulos, my chemistry teacher and a well-known scientist, manipulated the test tubes, while I watched and longed to get the evil-smelling messes into my own hands. Professor Argyropoulos made everything so clear, though, that it was a pleasure to listen to him. Professor Sakellaropoulos, my Greek teacher, a learned man, was twice president of the university, the head of which was each year a different professor.

The schoolroom was an enormous square place with plain white walls. It contained a huge table covered with a green baize cloth, a desk for the tutor and one not far off for me. On the wall was a blackboard, where I used to conjugate French verbs on lazy spring days when my thoughts much preferred to roam out the open window and over the hills to Tatoi, where wild things were already feeling spring in the air.

Stolen Dainties

I was required to get up at six every morning for my cold bath. Then came a small breakfast of coffee and rolls with my tutor. Lessons were from half-past seven until half-past nine. Then I tidied up and went down to my mother's room for a second breakfast with her and my father. For this father always made the coffee in one of those machines where you pour in hot water. With it we had fresh milk sent from Tatoi and sweet farm butter on crisp rolls. Father portioned everything out with meticulous exactitude.

One of his rules about our food was that we were never to eat melons, cheese or salad. He thought these things unwholesome for children, and we were fifteen before we had any of them except on the sly. Of course we always hooked melons from the kitchen garden and cheese from the storeroom, and if we ever came across any salad, ate it religiously whether we liked it or not, simply because it was forbidden. No legitimate cheese and melons ever tasted half so good as the contraband.

After breakfast with the family I had lessons again until twelve, and then did setting-up exercises in the garden under a German named Giet, who was very military and strict. Afterward, Pyrgos, a Greek, gave me a fencing lesson, at the end of which I went in for luncheon with my mother and father. The room of my mother's suite in which we ate was not really a dining room. It had blue walls with scenes out of Greek mythology painted on square copper panels, and also medallions of the gods done by a Bavarian artist from King Otho's time. For luncheon we had the simplest fare, ending with a sweet of some kind.

The Princely Tradition

We weren't allowed candy between meals. All our food was simple and wholesome, with emphasis on beefsteak, milk, chicken, rice and vegetables, especially spinach. At table we listened, and spoke when we were spoken to, for it was understood that children should be seen and not heard.

After luncheon I began lessons again and went on until four, when I left off for a walk or drive. Five meant starting preparations on next day's lessons. I worked at this until seven, when I had dinner with my tutor. Later I went down for a little visit with my mother and father and was in bed by half-past eight. This schedule kept up until I was nearly twenty, except that after my fifteenth birthday I went to bed about ten. My brothers had the same kind of training.

At fourteen we all began going to military school two or three times a week for drill. One of Andrew's comrades was a Greek boy named Pangalos. They were very good friends, but later Mr. Pangalos was dictator of Greece and anxious to have my brother shot.

My oldest brother, Constantine, was in the First Infantry Regiment, which I also joined when I came of age. I had not the military mind at all, but it was a tradition that the princes should serve in the army or navy. First I was a common soldier in the military school, then a corporal with one stripe, and successively a sergeant, sergeant major and finally lieutenant.

My brother George went into the navy at twelve and was sent to the naval academy at Copenhagen. Nicholas was in the artillery and Andrew in the cavalry. They all liked their callings.

In June we had examinations. It was much worse for me than it had been for the

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Gentlemen: Find enclosed 10 cents for which send sufficient McAleer's Lacquer Polishing Paste to restore the finish of the hood of my car.

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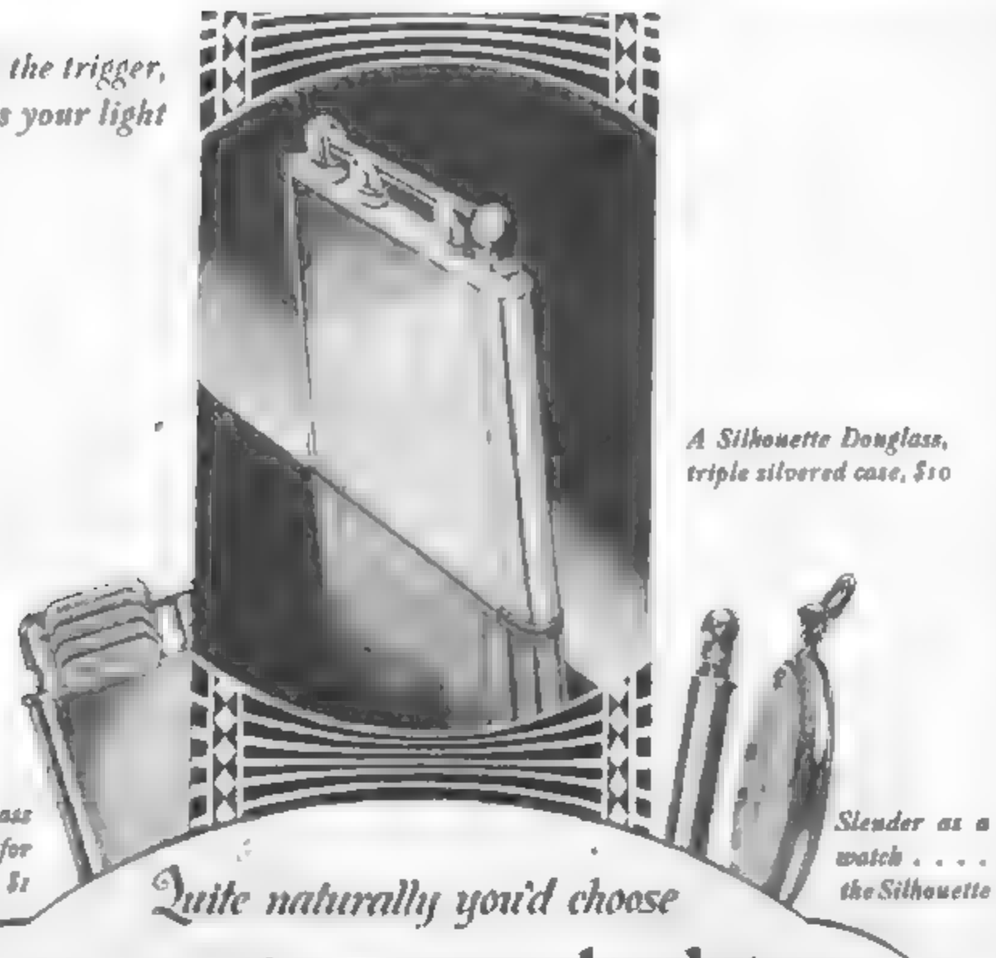

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A Silhouette Douglass, triple silvered case, $10

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Slender as a watch . . . . the Silhouette

Quite naturally you'd choose

an *automatic* lighter

And the Douglass *is* automatic. Just press the trigger—there's your light! Neatly, easily done; never a soiled hand or glove.

Precisely and dependably built, yet sturdiness and long life do not mean bulkiness. Quite the contrary. Thin Silhouette Douglasses are graceful as a watch — scarcely 379 *thousandths* of an inch through.

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The SUPER-LIGHT *of a thousand uses!*

Remember when we had car trouble last summer? Remember that night on the lake, when the old outboard kicker died the death? And no light!

This year we tool up with Delta. There's a light! Made of ribbed steel for strength and beauty, red enameled, and a light that is a light. Not a flashlight at all, but a big, husky, good-looking, general purpose lantern, one that shoots a strong working light for over 200 feet. Stands 7½ inches high. Put it anywhere, use it any way, treat it rough. The Delta is made for hard knocks, likes them.

Costs about the same as a silk fishing line, and will operate a year—and how!—on a couple of No. 6 dry cells. Yes, and it's several times as brilliant as a good flashlight. You *must* have a Delta.

Complete, less batteries, $2.75 (Canada $3.70)

Your Dealer has the big, complete Delta line, and is strong for it. He'll be glad to show you, or write us for complete catalog. Thank you!

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A dust and fog penetrating spread of light that illuminates the right-hand ditch—the Delta Paralite Beautiful, compact, inexpensive. Bullet and drum designs. Drive in safety.

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others, because I was all alone for the ordeal. I was always scared stiff. My parents, and sometimes friends that they had asked, would be there and for two hours in the morning professors would ask me questions and in a voice shaky and squeaky from fright I would try to answer. The only consolation I had was that when the torture was over we should be going for a happy summer to Tatoi, where it was so many degrees cooler than the city or abroad.

My sisters were educated by governesses and by professors from the universities. They also had singing, piano and painting lessons. In a way their training was as rigid and almost as military as ours. We all had religious training, with lessons from a priest two or three times a week on the history and dogma of the Greek Orthodox Church.

Father wanted us to be strong in the faith of Greece and my mother was a very religious person, possessed of deep reverence and faith. She practiced her religion, too, and her goodness made a deep impression on us, counting for more than precepts. She would never believe an unkind story about anybody, and people always came to her with their troubles. Members of her family, when they were sorrowful, liked to be with her, for her sympathy, simplicity and understanding had a healing quality. The Greeks felt the same way about her. I am sure that even today, however they may think of the rest of the family, many Greeks remember my mother as a saint on earth.

The King's Busy Day

Our school holidays were Christmas Day, half of Christmas Eve, New Year's, five days at Easter, March twenty-fifth, which was the anniversary of the declaration of the war of independence, and all the religious feast days, such as Annunciation and Epiphany.

Christmas was best of all. There was always a tree from Tatoi put up in the Trophy Room. About it were tables with presents—a table for everybody, even the nurses. My father's greatest joy was to buy things for all of us, and he made a tremendous lot of his plans, going about for weeks ahead of time, a storehouse of secrets. Nobody was ever forgotten by him, for he had a stock of last-minute gifts—jewels, pins and cuff links—from which he selected something for the unexpected guest.

Easter was another gala occasion, a sort of jumble, really, of Easter, Christmas and Fourth of July, for the celebration combined great solemnity, gifts and much noise.

There was never a festival or a time for gift giving that our mother and father failed to observe for us. They could not save us from heartbreaks when we were grown, but they surely made our childhood glorious to remember.

What does a king do with his time? The average American imagines him as a dilettant, with endless hours at his disposal for golf, parties and sleeping. In the case of my father, at least, this picture is all out of drawing. His day was actually nonunion, for it was never shorter than ten hours and likely to run into twelve or even twenty-four when the country or army faced a crisis of any sort.

He got up at 7:30 and worked on his papers until breakfast, at 9:30. After that meal came conferences with the domestic staff, for my father took all the care of the household off my mother's shoulders. Every day he ordered the meals and gave directions for entertaining guests.

Macropoulos, the Greek butler, was chief of staff, and all the servants were Greek except a Danish woman who looked after the linen. The cook, a man, had been trained in France and his dishes were heavenly. There was a good deal of waste in that house, but little discord, for the master and servants shared a mutual respect and liking. Eighty of the two hundred servants worked for the master of horse, taking care of the stables.

When the household machinery was finally adjusted for the day father went downstairs to the study and began to receive his ministers. All morning he stood at a high desk signing documents. After that came the audiences, fifty or sixty people in a day. All that anybody who wanted an audience with the king had to do was write his name in the audience book and the appointment would be made. My mother received the ladies.

In the afternoon, if there wasn't a hospital to open or public meeting to attend, the general correspondence had to be handled. There were secretaries for the routine things, but my father preferred to write most of his letters himself. At about three he would go out either walking, driving or horseback riding, usually accompanied by one of us or an A. D. C. In the first years of their marriage my parents rode together. Then my mother's eyesight got too bad and my sister Minny took her place.

Perhaps I was partial, but to me it seemed that our father combined to perfection the qualities of a good parent and ruler. He expected and got the most absolute obedience from us children. We never even thought of questioning an order of his. Yet we adored him, and so did everybody who knew him. His charming sense of humor never deserted him in any crisis and not the smallest amusing thing was ever missed by him. As a boy I thought he had eyes in the back of his head. Certainly he could see on all sides and in the back too. At an official court function, where he was most dignified and stately, welcoming his guests and discussing polite or weighty matters with them, he still had an eye out for anything funny, especially if it was happening to one of us. He knew all about our temporary crushes and our pet aversions. If we were chatting with either, he could throw us into agonies of embarrassment simply by glancing our way. We also used to try to sneak away from court functions and after official dinners for a smoke, but father had a sly way of calling to us just as we were almost out the door.

I felt that being a king might have been all right if only there hadn't been so much red tape. Actually our court was very informal when compared with others, particularly that of Russia, to which my mother was accustomed. When she came to Greece she brought with her a lady in waiting whose duty it was to build up court etiquette, but the Greeks never would have much of it.

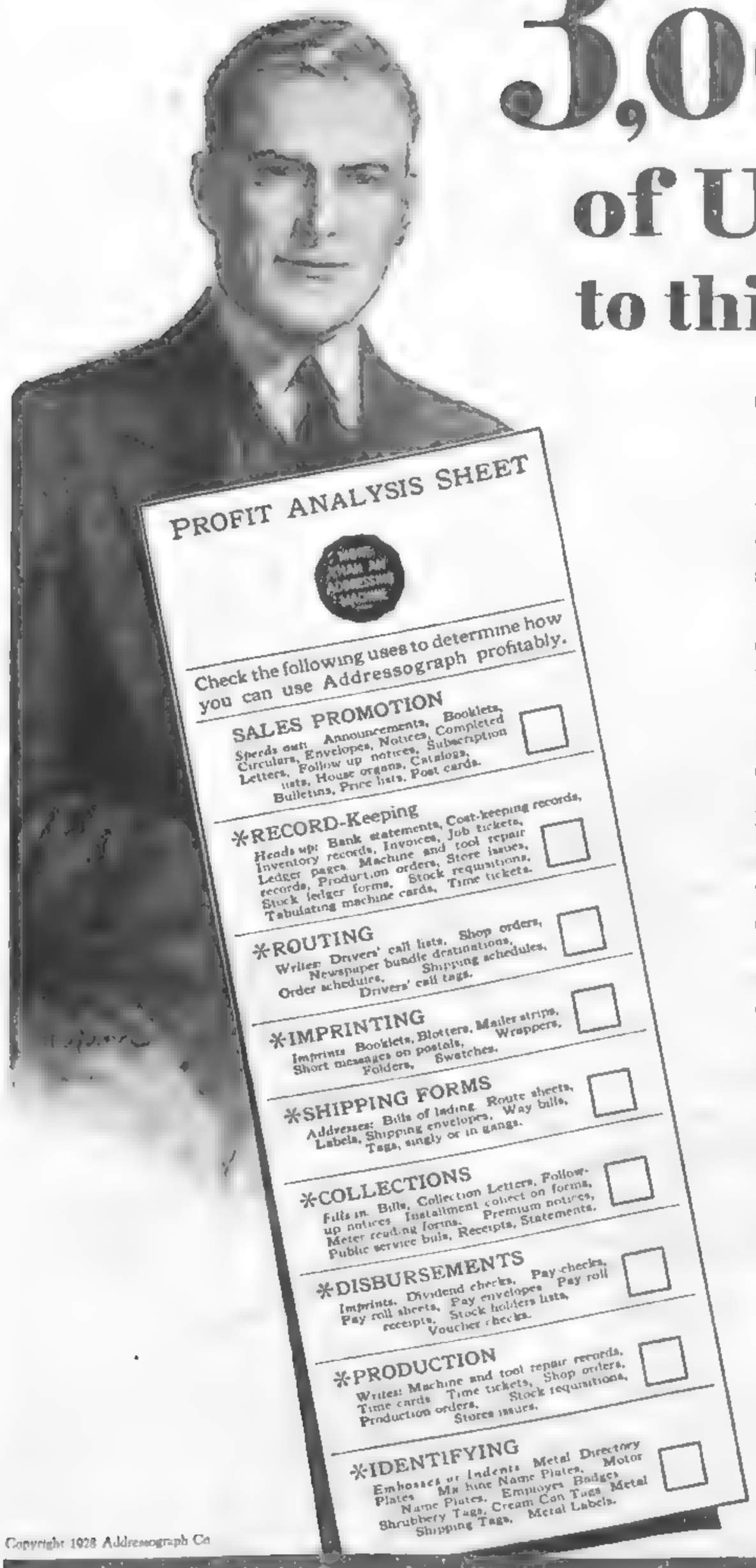
A Terrible Ordeal

Yet even our less formal dinners used to be torture for us active boys. The food was fine, but the difficulty was that you weren't supposed to pay much attention to it. You had to mind your manners and talk to your neighbors. There were several dinners each season that had to be gone through with. One was a diplomatic function for ministers, secretaries and their wives. Another had to be given to the bishops of the synod and still another to judiciary authorities. On such occasions a military band played and the dinner was especially good. It went through the conventional order of soup, fish, meats, sweets, fruit, cheese and coffee, well prepared.

The minute dinner was over the guests lined up in the Blue Room, ladies on one side, gentlemen on the other. Then my mother would go over to the ladies' side and my father to the gentlemen's, and they would both start down the line, stopping for a moment to make appropriate remarks to each person. After mother had finished with her side and father with his, they would switch and begin all over again.

The worst of it was that this ceremony did not stop with the king and queen. Any of the family who were there had to do it, too, and if you happened to be the only representative of the palace at any kind of function, then you had to do it all by yourself. That was dreadful. The thing that worried me most was that since the guests were all standing close together, you

(Continued on Page 189)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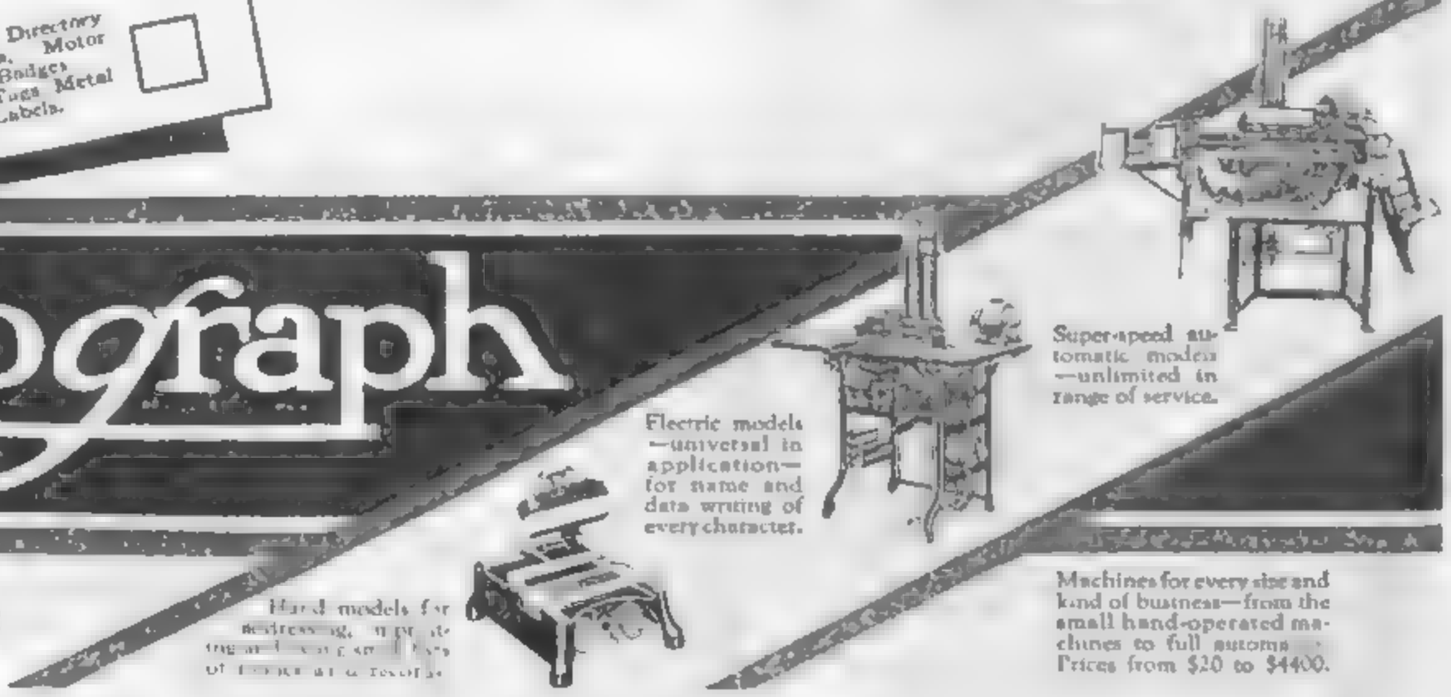
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These Wiss Scissors will help lighten the task of weekly darning and mending
Fully nickel plated. Extra fine finish. 5 inches long
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Wherever dressmaking or much sewing is done, there is need for Wiss Cloth Cutting Shears. The lower blade lies flat against the table for ease in following a pattern. 8-inch size, with full nickel finish.
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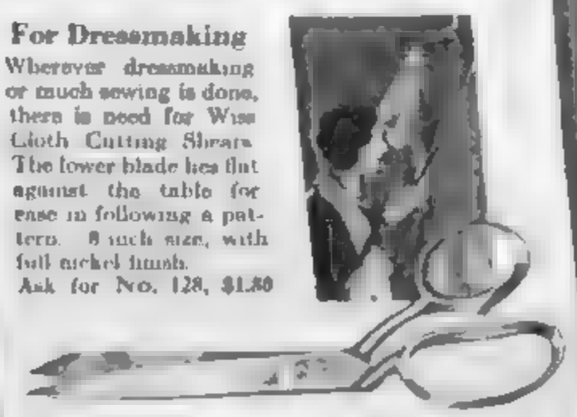

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Heavy-duty Household Shears, cut up vegetables, fowl, fruit, salads, etc. Non-turns handles make them easy to use. 8-inch size.
Ask for No. 138, with full nickel finish, $1.70; or No. 38, with japan handles, $1.45.

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Remarkable Torsion in Razor Steel Shear Blades Gives Added Cutting Power

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And only in Wiss Shears, can you obtain the concave-grinding plus remarkable tempering that makes the razor steel blades hold their edge and retain their marvellous cutting power for an almost unbelievable time.

These developments, exclusive with Wiss, make all ordinary scissors or shears obsolete. They set new standards of cutting ability and long life. They give you a new conception of how shears can cut and how they can hold their edge.

PLACES In Your Home where WISS SCISSORS Ought to be

FOR your personal convenience and for simplifying your housework you ought to have *at the very least* seven pairs of Wiss Scissors in your home.

Consider Wiss Household Shears. In your dressmaking you will appreciate the way they cut evenly *clean to the points*. Their close adjustment prevents cloth from slipping between the blades. They don't "chew" the cloth or leave jagged edges.

Then examine a pair of Wiss Scissors. You find the same facts hold true for them. The Embroidery Scissors have needle sharp points that enable you to do the finest cut work cleanly and evenly. For personal use, Wiss Barber Shears, Manicure Scissors, and Nail Scissors give the same long-time, satisfactory service. Each is designed to do its work in the best possible manner.

Wiss Shears and Scissors are on sale wherever good cutlery is sold. Every pair is GUARANTEED perfect in material and workmanship.

IN INDUSTRY—where shears get their hardest use

Men and women whose work is cutting tough material *all day long* every day need the best shears and scissors.

Leather workers, cloth cutters, automobile tire workers, rubber workers—all need shears that hold their edge, and cut clean with minimum effort. In literally nine cases out of ten they specify Wiss—and buy more of the same kind year after year.

J. WISS & SONS CO., NEWARK, N. J.

(Continued from Page 186)

couldn't very well make the same remark to each one. We boys used to spend anguished hours thinking up conversations for these gatherings, and then when the time came to make our speeches we always forgot them. I never had to do it much, being the youngest. By the time my turn came, everybody had got tired and gone home.

Mother and father had accustomed themselves to standing endless hours for these ceremonies and similar ones, but some of the ladies who had not done it so often got more and more wan, until finally they had to call on friends to stand in front while they eased aching feet by sitting down on chairs behind them.

Balls at the palace began at ten with a state quadrille, followed by general dancing and later by supper. For supper all the salons upstairs were thrown open and tables put in for the diplomatic corps and official people. For other guests there was a great tent, about eighty by ninety feet in size, I should think, set up in one of the courtyards. This tent was a gift to my father from the Emperor of Abyssinia and was embroidered all over in bright colors.

Once or twice, as in the case of my brother Constantine's wedding, long before I was born, it was necessary to borrow and even hire carriages for guests. The borrowed coachmen had to be dressed in the royal livery and some of them looked very funny in sleeves and trousers much too long and loose or too short and tight.

My father never had a police bodyguard in his life. When he walked out it was with one of us or with an A. D. C. He liked to go into the homes of his people and visit with them. They liked to have him come, and they discussed their affairs with him as if he were their father instead of their king.

But we were adopted royalty, and the life of adopted royalty is a little like that of an adopted child. One moment you are killed with kindness and the next you are being blamed for characteristics that you have inherited from alien ancestors.

Our father, of course, bore the main brunt of this, and after him my oldest brother. Both understood their subjects. My father's coat of arms had on it the motto, My Force is the Love of My People, and his policy was invariably that. Another axiom of his, repeated over and over again to his sons, was: "You must never forget that you are foreigners in this country, but you must make them forget it."

The Greeks have a genius for success in trading and failure in politics. Yet they adore political intrigue, and each of them believes himself to be a politician. As a people, they are lovable, hospitable, proud to a fault and hot-headed.

A Democratic Monarchy

The reason they could never have a king from among themselves was that they would never acknowledge that one of their number was more fit to rule than all the others. Everybody wanted it distinctly understood that he was just as good as his neighbor.

There are no titles and, consequently, the court used to be most democratic. It was quite possible, even, that the queen might meet her maid at a court ball.

In our household the daughter of my oldest brother's valet married a naval officer, and after that she always came to court balls. When the Greek people saw my brothers and myself on the street they always spoke of us by our first names, without giving us any titles.

"There goes George," they would say; or "Constantine."

The Greek disposition always amused and delighted us. Even their faults we excused, for they were inevitable, the outgrowth of their history. Until the war of independence in 1821, they had been for four centuries under the yoke of Turkey. In this time there had been so much to crush and mortify them that it is not remarkable they should show a sensitiveness and an almost stiff-necked pride. At the end of the war of independence, which freed them, advisers of Greece decided that the government most suitable to the temperament of the people was a limited monarchy, with a king chosen from one of the ruling houses of Europe.

After much discussion, the throne was offered to Prince Otho, second son of Louis I, King of Bavaria. He became ruler in January, 1833, but was not of age until 1835. The greatest difficulty with his reign was that he was surrounded by Bavarian counselors who did not consider the Greeks fit to have a part in the government. King Otho himself was devoted to his adopted country and sincerely anxious to do what he could for it. He reigned for thirty years and during that time there was much French, English and Russian interference in Greece.

In 1862, after revolutionary outbreaks in Athens and elsewhere, King Otho was dethroned. The year that followed convinced everybody that Greece must have a king. Eventually my father was offered the throne. Then an eighteen-year-old boy, he had to make a grave decision when the messengers from Greece came to Denmark and asked him to rule their distant country. The job of being king is never an easy one, and to attempt to rule a land of which one knows not even the language takes a superior brand of courage.

His Foster Fatherland

Besides, my father had chosen a career that would have allowed him to do exactly what he loved best. He intended to follow the sea. Indeed, he was at the Cadet School of Copenhagen when King Frederick VII sent for him to tell him that the Greeks had asked him to be their king. Father said he went away by himself after his elders had decided he ought to accept the offer and all alone gave up the cherished dream of taking ships to far-distant lands. He decided that since his king and his father approved, he would accept the offer made by the Greeks. After that the Greek deputation, headed by Admiral Canaris, one of the heroes of the war of independence, was received by King Frederick, and the throne of Greece was officially offered to and accepted by Prince William of Denmark, who that day became King George I of the Hellenes.

My father, looking, my grandmother always declared, very tall and handsome and a good deal older and more serious than his years, attended this ceremony, wearing a Danish admiral's uniform. All his life he loved to wear sailor's garb, and his idea of a real holiday was a cruise on his yacht.

The new king went to Greece in October, 1863. He was determined to learn the language, and for the first four years of his reign did not leave the country at all. Instead, he traveled about, meeting people of every class and finding out what they were like.

He had brought several Danish advisers with him—among them, Count Sponeck, whom he did not, however, keep very long. Count Sponeck was inclined, because of the new king's youth, to be dictatorial, even patronizing, and my father soon saw that the Greeks resented him.

My father considered that loyalty to Greece came before everything else. He would never allow anyone to criticize his ministers, and we were not permitted to talk politics at home. From the first, my father resolved not to mix in party matters. To the day of his death he held to that resolution.

The people knew that he was fair-minded and that he wanted nothing so much as their good. They loved him, but they were too restless, too fond of change and excitement, too ready to allow rumors to upset them, to be contented with anybody all the time.

Yet I firmly believe that if they had been let alone, and if there had never been any outside interference in their affairs, they would never have wavered in their

Over-indulgence

is no crime, and it is folly to suffer for every little indiscretion. Every man, woman, and child must occasionally over-indulge. Who can live without sometimes over-doing? Who would *want* to?

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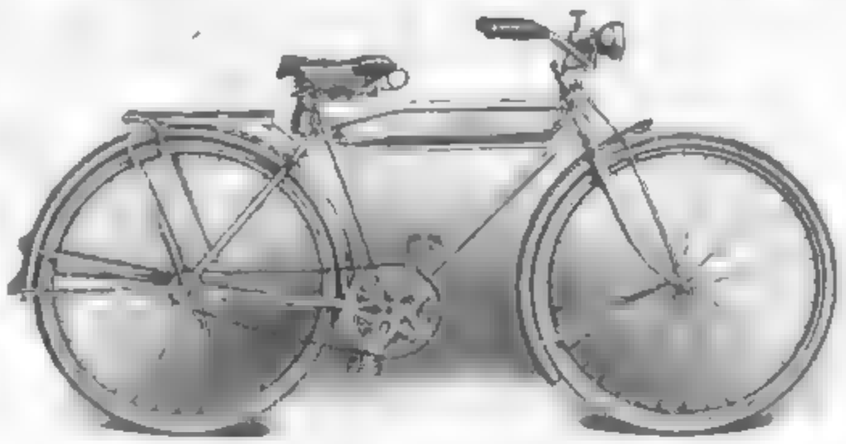
Super Mobike



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allegiance to the king they loved and to his descendants.

In four years my father found out a good deal about the king business. He also learned to speak Greek and to understand when others spoke it. Throughout his life the latter accomplishment was one of his best and most useful. He was a good listener, if ever there was one, and he had a perfect genius for getting down into people's minds and finding out what they really thought.

In 1867 he went to Russia to find a bride. While he was away my grandfather's brother, Prince Hans of Schleswig-Holstein, governed the country as regent. He learned to speak Greek quite well.

My mother, not yet sixteen and very lovely, captivated the young visitor to the Russian court. Fortunately she was an entirely suitable bride for him and love could have its way. So they were married. When they entered Athens, mother was dressed in a little frock of blue and white, Greek colors, and the people were charmed with her youth and beauty. For weeks she was the favorite theme of conversation. Women laughed and sighed to hear that the shy pretty bride carried with her a large family of dolls, and the report that she had to be pulled out of hiding every time it was necessary for her to receive an official visitor made everybody tender toward her. My brother Constantine was born before she was seventeen. My father never gave up his own religion, but he respected that of his people, which was also that of my mother, and had all of us brought up in the Greek Orthodox faith.

I hope I shall be forgiven for a small display of hero worship in connection with my father. He wouldn't have liked it at all, for he scorned anything that savored of excessive sentiment. Just the same, I can't help wanting to show him to the world as I saw him. He had a will of his own and was not backward about asserting it, felt strongly and perhaps wrongly on many subjects and never hesitated to express himself. But he was so understanding, so genuine and so really kindly disposed toward his world, that it would have been difficult to know him as his sons did and not admire him extravagantly. Everybody always expected and got fair dealing from him. Nobody was ever afraid to appeal to him direct.

In February, 1898, an attempt was made to assassinate my father. He was driving in a carriage with my sister Minny when he was fired at six times. One bullet went through the coachman's coat, another grazed the leg of the footman. The coachman's presence of mind saved the situation, for he whipped up his horses. The firing kept on. It was the work of two men who knelt with their rifles in the middle of the open road.

My sister put up her glass to peer inquisitively over the edge of the carriage. Father seized her by the back of the neck and held her down in the bottom of the vehicle with one hand, while with the other he angrily shook his stick at his assailants. I think there was never a time in his life that he knew what it was to be frightened for himself

Neither he nor my sister was injured and the would-be assassins were caught and executed. Apparently they were patriotic maniacs, determined to shoot the king because the war of 1897 had gone badly. The only result of the attempt was to make the king more popular than ever in the country. The people built a church upon the spot where the attempt was made on his life and great crowds gave thanks for his deliverance from death. My mother always kept the ring of harness through which the bullet had passed.

I often saw my father sad, although he seldom talked of his worries and perplexities. I think he was saddest of all in 1909, when a small revolution broke out and the other officers decided they didn't want the sons of their king to hold responsible positions in the army any longer. Accordingly they asked our father to sign a decree revoking our commissions. To save him this humiliation, we all resigned. He was very unhappy about it, and in 1912 very much elated when the army asked us to come back with full honors and treated us as if the previous unpleasantness had never been.

We had several homes in Greece. Father and those of us who were not yet married lived always in the big palace in Athens in winter. Our two country places were Tatoi, fifteen miles from Athens, and Mon Repos at Corfu. Tatoi was the home of our hearts. My father had bought it in 1871 and we all adored it. It was the one home we had where there was no suggestion that our father was a king.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Prince Christopher. The second will appear in the issue for May twenty-sixth

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30x5	50 60	19 50	30x4.75	30 40	18 70
33x5	54 40	20 65	31x4.75	41 55	19 05
34x5	56 65	21 00	30x5.00	35 20	19 80
37x6	81 05	23 25	32x6.00	36 25	20 55
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Demuth Milano *with the Hesson Guard* $3.50

More Letters From a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

(Continued from Page 4)

In the meantime he was just drifting along from bad to worse, till he had finally landed in the Morgan manger. Well, it seems like at heart you had always liked this fellow. While you had never been able to exactly help him, you always felt sorry for him, for you knew that given a chance he was really above his surroundings. Morgan's had kinder picked him up to add a little tone of respectability to their Klan at a time when they needed character more than interest.

So you decided that here was a chance to pull him out of this bog hole of Bonds, this stench of Stocks, this incense of Interest, this lather of Loans, and redeem him back to us where addition of figures is still in its infancy. You even decided to get him out of this sordid financial state and send him to Mexico. Well, asking a man to go to Mexico at that time in the interests of the United States was just like saying, "Your tumbler of Carbolic acid is ready, Sir. Would you like water with it?"

Well, everybody thought when they read you had asked him to go that you were still sore at him for getting all those votes that time. But understanding you like Butler and I do, why, I knew about how you figured it.

You just said: "I wonder if we tried using kindness and common sense would it do any good, or would it be such a novelty that Mexico would think we were kidding 'em?"

That's when I think your thoughts hit on Morrow. You thought here is a fellow that will understand a race of people even if they all don't wear knee breeches and talk of their Golf scores. Well, I am not kidding you when I tell you you was inspired. You hit on him when nobody else was thinking about him, and here there was a couple of hundred so-called Diplomats laying off that would have even been willing to go to Haiti. We knew, as I said before, about him being with Morgan. We also knew that Amherst had just whetted his appetite for an education.

Well, if you remember, when you appointed him he gave up his job with Morgan. Well, that made a hit with everybody, for it showed that he didn't have the least inkling of a Politician in him. For it's not necessary or even customary to give up a side line when taking on any kind of Government work. It's generally understood that you won't do enough for the Government that it will interfere with any regular employment you have. But then he showed that he was going to take this business serious, and give up some important money to do it. He left Morgan flat, when Morgan had nothing but a secured mortgage on the World at 7 per cent.

The Fateful Summons

But I must get back to myself and tell you how I got down there. I was sitting around Beverly Hills waiting for another screen wedding between old-timers, when your mental message of telepathy come. So I just lit right out. I went down to the Mexican Consul to get a passport, for I remembered what a time I had had getting out of this country the other time. You remember they like to held me up because nobody was with me that had witnessed my birth. Well, my birth was not of such international importance to the Mexican Government, and they also dident charge me for the passport. England and France and us too—we all charge ten dollars or more to give you the privilege of seeing them or us. That's more than you would pay to see Ziegfeld's girls.

Well, you see, Mexico don't charge you to go to see their country. There is just lots of little things like this I will tell you about as I go along where they are primitive. I went around by the way of Laredo, Texas, for I had heard Morrow went that way, and what was good enough for one of J. P's Boys was good enough for me.

Well, of course, on account of the friendly way our Newspapers have of mentioning all the robberies and banditry that they can hear of in Mexico, on account of being nothing of that nature here at home, why, I thought it wouldent be official for a train to go in there unless everyone on it was killed and robbed at least once. So I begin to get leery the night I left San Antonio for Laredo, where I was to arrive the next morning, staying on this same car and going straight through to Mexico City. Well, I was dreaming about bandits and ransoms and backs up to walls and all that, and finally I heard a pounding at my drawing-room door

I says to myself, "Well, that's them and they got me." I was scared about stiff. I heard some fellows talking Spanish outside my window. They kept knocking on the door, and finally I heard my name: "Is Rogers in here?"

I thought, "My Lord, they even know the name! I am a goner!"

The Ranger Gets His Man

I was afraid if I dident open it they would shoot it open, so I did. Well, there stood some pretty tough-looking Hombres, but they spoke English, or what they thought was. They wanted to know if I was Will Rogers—that they were after me. I could see the wife trying to raise the ransom money. I had always said a man had no business in another country if he dident take his own chances going there, and that he shouldent put up a holler for his government to protect him.

So I says, "Here is where you are going to need some protection yourself."

I turned on the lights, and they looked worse in the light than they had sounded in the dark. It was still dark outside, and I had no idea what time of night it was.

I thought, "Well, I have always read they don't shoot 'em till daylight, anyway."

The nearest one had on a big belt and silver-mounted pistols: "We are looking for you."

"I thought you must be, to have found me away down here in Mexico."

I had read and answered questions about what books to take with you if you were going on a desert Island all alone. But I had never read any instructions what to do if you have got only perhaps an hour to live. Books and things always instruct you in the wrong things. I had read that they died mighty brave in Mexico. But I wasent a native. I started to dress, but I was stepping into my shirt and trying to pull my pants on over my head.

Then one of them thought they better announce who they were: "This is the mayor of Laredo, Texas, and a bunch of the town's prominent citizens, including the Captain of the Texas Rangers." [He was the Guy I had seen with the big gun.] "We come down to take you to breakfast."

Well, readers, if ever the Governor sent a man with a reprieve, he did so with that announcement. If they had been Mexican Bandits they would never have had to shoot me. I would have just died of fright right on their hands and saved them any homicidal trouble.

I said, "Well, how did you fellows get into Mexico?"

"Mexico! This is Texas. You havent gone into Mexico yet. Your train don't leave from over the river on the Mexican side till eleven o'clock. It's only six now."

Well, I dident know whether they were or not. I knew they were Americans, but I wasent sure about them being prominent Citizens. I have watched these Committees that meet trains to welcome guests,

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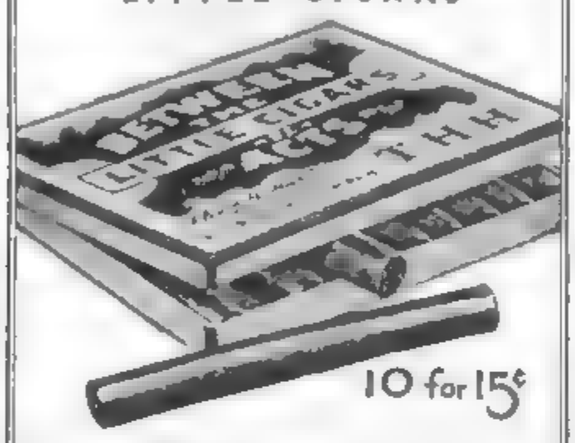

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PROMPTNESS ASSURED

Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 724-9th St., Washington, D. C.

and they are generally the ones chosen because they have silk hats and striped pants. These dident have on the regulation regalia. They were just a bunch that had stayed up all night in a poker game and happened to be going home when the train come in. There was a Mayor and some bankers among 'em, but that meant nothing as far as social standing went.

Well, they were a fine bunch, even if they were masking under an assumed name. We went down to a nice up-to-date Hotel, had a good breakfast, talked a lot of politics. They seemed tickled when I told 'em that the Democrats had finally decided to have another go at the cup. They were like Sir Thomas Lipton—they believed if they got a good wind they could some day cruise in. I nominated Dan Moody for Vice President.

Well, soon as we eat all they would bring, and got the two parties straightened out, why, we pulled the old Rotary stunt of going out in a machine to see the town. I thought at first that I could have stood where I was and looked at it. But after I got out a ways, why, I saw that I was wrong.

The town of Laredo is a real thriving up-to-date little city. The only thing I was disappointed in was the river. I had seen the Rio Grande further up, and I looked for it to be pretty big away down there. But the further it went it looked like the smaller it got. I found out afterward what made it. It's the Americans taking all the water out of it. It's a good thing the Mexicans don't want to use their share, for if they did they would have to cross the river to get it.

Laredo on the Mexican side was a mighty good-looking town itself. There was about a four or five story brewery on their bank of the river that give them just about as envious a looking sky line as a town could wish. Then they had a place on our side where they used to watch the Revolutionary battles across the river, when some overambitious bandit would decide he would like to have the brewery. Then the Americans would rush down to the river to see the battle, watch them shoot each other, then go home and condemn the Mexicans for being so cruel-hearted as to sit and watch a Bullfight.

Then we drove down the river, and do you know what the rascals had the nerve to show a Californian? Why, orange trees—miles and miles of 'em! Where did this cattle and Burro raising State come in to be butting in on our National commodity?

The Border Towns

Then what do you think they had—hundreds of acres of them? Onions! I am not kidding you. There was enough in one field to change the breath of North America. I never had any idea that anyone took Onion raising serious. I just thought when everybody got through planting their garden, if they had more room left over they put in some Onions. I had no idea anybody made it a business. But with this Laredo the odor of a growing Onion was fragrance to their nostrils. It's what Machine-gun fire is to a Chicagoan; what Tom Heflin's voice is to a Klan sheet and pillow slip.

But here was the great Southwest Texas, where if a man dident come in to the ranch at night dragging a lobo wolf or a mountain lion on the end of his lariat, we had always been led to believe he was a sissy. Here they was out day-herding onions! You can never tell what a great State will come to.

Well, like all Mexican-border towns, they get along great with the other side. Both sides of the line, or river, understand each other and get on fine. Our only trouble with Mexico is caused by people that never saw it. Laredo, Nogales, El Paso, Brownsville and all the rest of them, they could go along forever and never have a word's difference. It's always the guy from New York or Chicago that has the grievance. And here's a tip for you, Calvin: When you are appointing one of these commissions some time to deal with them over some problem, appoint some of these fellows on the border that knows both sides' angle.

Well, this Mayor and these Bankers, that was still disguised as prominent Citizens, took me over on the Mexico side, where I was to catch my train again. The Mexican customs are very nice, and don't want to put you to any more trouble than is possible. But they are very strict about Liquor. They used to, before Prohibition in this country, have no trouble, because both sides of the river had practically the same stuff. But now we are making corn liquor of which nobody don't seem to be able to get ahold of the recipe but us, and it's what they have to keep out of Mexico. It's the stuff that causes all the uprisings. They have a native drink there called Mescal, or Tequila, that they use to think was pretty Bravo; but since we got to smuggling in our concoction, why, they just use these two Mexican drinks as a chaser. Our Bootleggers guarantee a Revolution in every bottle. A half case will make you a General and a whole case you believe you are President.

A Great Disappointment

But when I told them I dident have any, why, they dident search me at all. They are the funniest custom officers. They seem to believe you. They are not a bit like some of ours in New York. These take it for granted that you are not smuggling in anything, while the N. Y. ones believe everybody is, until they find that you are not; and that makes 'em think they have made a mistake and they start all over again.

It is a very nice train—has a couple of Pullmans that go clear through from San Antonio to Mexico City. They are regular Pullman sleepers leased from the Pullman Company. There is a Club and Buffet car, where you get your meals. The waiters speak English, so there is no need to start trying your Spanish yet. You leave Laredo at eleven that day and reach Mexico City the next night at eight o'clock. You are on a day and a half and one night. There is not much to see after you leave. It's mostly level and nothing but mesquite brush. Nature so provided that the worst part of Mexico joins us. If it hadent been, we would have taken any good part long ago. That night I don't know what kind of country we passed through, but I suppose it was the most beautiful part of Mexico, for if you ever talk with a native of any country where you have spent a night and day on the train, he will always say, "Oh, it's too bad. It was during the night that you passed through the loveliest country. What you saw in the day was our poorest." So I guess we hit some pretty stuff that night. I dident look out much. I was still leery of the Bandits. I knew how sore a bandit got when he held anyone up and they dident have enough to suit him. Every time the train stopped I would wait for the shots and groans.

I had made my will and looked over the insurance papers to see if they covered foreign countries. All this was due to the bandit tales you read in our papers. If they are short of a couple of local murders and a robbery at home that morning, they can always fill in the three columns with some imaginary holdup in Mexico. Or if it's a California paper they can put in a Frost in Florida Kills all the Citrus, or if it's in Florida they can get a couple of columns with Snow in California Freezes Tourist to death.

Well, I was kinder disappointed when daylight come and nobody had robbed the train. I felt like suing the American Newspapers for advertising something that I dident get.

While I am just a sitting here looking out the window, I just wonder what you-all are doing up around the old Capitol. I can see the Senators and Congressmen with their knapsacks, ready to carry out Andy's hard-earned savings. I understand he told them he had saved 225 million for

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'em, and they think he is holding out on 'em. They want to split 300 million. So it looks like a fellow don't get much credit for saving anything, for the more he saves, the more they think he ought to save.

But I can't be studying about you and that gang. I got to tell you about this sister Republic of ours. You see a lot of Ox teams, only they have the yoke fastened onto the horns; we fasten them onto the necks.

I can just hear Americans coming down here say, "Oh, isn't this a primitive country! Look at them still working oxen! You would think they would have a tractor."

Well, it might strike them as being sorter primitive. But to you and me, Cal, it ain't so primitive. The last oxen I remember seeing was right up there in the edge of Plymouth, Vermont, last summer—in fact on your farm. So Oxen don't seem to have been any great drawback when we needed a President and an Attorney General; for ain't Sargent right out of that Gee-and-Haw neighborhood too?

Burros—lots of Burros. You don't see many horses along here. Everybody is either riding or driving a Burro. (You know what a Burro is, don't you? It's a little old kind of a mule; it's not a piece of furniture. That's spelled Beaureaux.) And the loads they can carry! Here is one with two big baskets, one swung on either side. I bet you could put a full-grown barrel in either basket. Then the man is riding up on top of that. His feet stick straight out along the Burro's neck. Here is a whole pack train of them, packed with mesquite roots for wood. It looks like a cord of wood on each one.

Oh, get this! Here is a street car come to meet the train. It runs on a track and has mules, not Burros, hitched to it. They are taking them off one end and hitching them on the other. They don't have to turn the car around, and the driver conducts, when he is not conducting the Mules. The people are getting in the little street car to go up to the Pueblo. It hasent been so long since we had 'em, and I always wanted to drive one, only we used horses.

Ten Minutes for Refreshments

Got out just now and walked up along the station platform along by the day coaches. They are just packed. It looks like half of Mexico is in those coaches and the other half come to the train to sell 'em something to eat. They must just wait till they get on a train to start eating. They have every kind of eatable in the world to sell. All kinds of candies and sweets, and at this particular town they have a kind of a candy that is like a very thick sirup. It's in boxes and is considered quite a delicacy all over Mexico.

Here is a bunch of soldiers going to get on the train. A lot of them have a stick with green-looking lemons stuck on it like a string of fish. Sucking on a green lemon would just about make me want to get into the heat of a good revolution. Here's little carved wood furniture and little wooden dolls to sell.

A great thing that seems to sell pretty pronto is just sticks of sugar cane that they just eat like a long stick of candy. Every station has an old deformed-legged beggar, a meek-looking old man that drags himself along. Every one looks like they are over a hundred years old.

Men meet and embrace like women. They don't kiss, but they give what is called the Embrazo—a term of great affection. They embrace and pat each other's backs. With us, if one fellow pats us on our back, our chest is stuck out so far we couldent reach out and pat him on his.

Here is a young girl whipping her dog. He run under the train and she thought he was going to get run over. She sure is working on him.

Every town, no matter how little, has one or more big churches, their steeples rising high above the other buildings.

We are winding our way down along a stream, with big old Cottonwood and Pepper trees around the little Dobie—sod—houses. Pretty near every man you see has his blanket over his arm. They don't have to go to a whole lot of trouble to go to bed.

Here they are plowing with forked sticks as plows, like Bible days. Then we run into a town and there is up-to-date American Autos, and the young girls all with bobbed hair and lips painted.

It's a great country of contrasts. Goats—you see lots and lots of Goats. They use them for the milk. Every little hut has a goat staked out in the grass some place near. Here is a big band of them herded by a little boy. He has a stick. It looks like a staff, and one of those early Biblical pictures of the shepherd boy.

Quaint Mexicana

The thing that strikes me is that we go away over to Europe and prowl all around hunting for odd and different things, and here they are at our very doorstep. I was all around Spain and Italy, Russia, Holland, Switzerland, and all of them, and there is more quaintness and different things to see here than I saw in the whole of Europe. They are building roads now, too, so when the American Tourists do start they won't have room to put 'em.

Every Mexican woman has a shawl over her head, and if it's early in the morning, when it's kinder chilly, why, the men have theirs wrapped all around their head. They seem to figure if they can just keep their heads warm it don't matter about the rest of them.

Here is another big band of goats and a woman is herding them. She is standing up. If a man was herding them he would be sitting down in the shade of a mesquite bush. They have more odd-colored goats—every color in the rainbow, striped ones, spotted ones.

Here is a pack train of burros with big rocks weighing a hundred or more pounds each—and some of them have several on them. Oh, I savvy now! It's from the mines. It's Ore being brought down to a smelter to be melted up. There must be fifty of them. A Burro and a Ford is two things you can't seem to overload.

Cactus—some of the oddest shapes you ever saw. The fences are all made of rock or of cactus that is planted in a row. Every woman looks like she is leading or carrying a baby, some of them Indian-fashion on their backs.

All the women seem to wear black. There can't be that much mourning in the country for dead husbands. Why, even up home, if women wore mourning for divorced husbands there wouldent be this much black.

Here is the women down at the creek washing clothes on the rocks. They look like they make a kind of a picnic out of it. They all got their families and you can't hardly tell whether it's a washing or a camp meeting. The bushes are all full of clothes drying.

Oh, here goes an old-time stagecoach pulled by four mules! It's not quite as big as our old ones, but it sure is just like them.

Here is a couple of kids got a goat roped and the woman is trying to milk it. That old goat sure is wild.

(Continued on Page 198)

a soft black easy writer
VELVET PENCILS
with the Blue Band

The best 5¢ pencil value
Used by Millions
SAMPLE OFFER
send $1.00 for 2 dozen
American Lead Pencil Co.
218 Fifth Avenue - New York
Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

There's MONEY in It!

Increase your income! Start a business of your own! Be your own boss!

Would life be happier if you could earn more money? We'll tell you how.

Would you like to run your own business? If so, you can!

You can turn the spare hours you now have into cash. Or you can lay the foundations for a permanent, profitable, full-time business.

Why You can Win

It makes no difference what your age, your experience, whether you live in a large city or a small town. And you positively need no capital to start. You can earn more money the very first day you hear from us

Here's the coupon that will start things coming your way. Use it *now!*

Scissors Here

Box 1624
c/o The Saturday Evening Post
458 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna

What's your offer?

Name ..... Age
Please print your name and address

Street

City ..... State

for Men
(Confidential)

What to Give a Girl

As a member of that great fraternity of husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, you know the baffling problem of the gift. Each year it rises to face you as sweet girl graduates step out from school and brides step up to the altar. And wives, too, have birthdays and anniversaries that are treacherous to forget.

But now, for this year at least, it is all settled. When Singer created the New Electric, when Singer took a time-honored sewing machine and made of it a thing of beauty, the most practical of gift selections became a token of good taste. For here is a piece of fine furniture, for the new home or the old, that holds within a cabinet of graceful charm a machine of such magic ease of operation that all thought of sewing as a task is swept away forever.

Perhaps you have a daughter just on the threshold of the responsibilities of family life. If so, nothing you could choose for her could be a more lasting evidence of thoughtfulness than this—a modern Singer that will inspire in her a love for sewing, a useful, practical, long remembered gift that will be treasured through the years.

Or perhaps a day is approaching when you would like to surprise your wife or mother with the sort of remembrance that will give her years of happy afternoons at home. For her, replacing a faithful old family machine with this perfect modern Electric will make all her sewing a joy.

The Library Table model shown above is only one of six new Singer Electrics, among them beautiful cabinet machines and compact convenient portables. All are silent, swift, easy to operate. Hidden power, under perfect control, does all the work.

If you or your family have not discovered the modern Singer Electric, stop at the nearest Singer Shop and see one of these tempting new models yourself. Or let the Singer man bring a machine to your home and give an interesting demonstration.

The New

SINGER ELECTRIC *Sewing Machines*

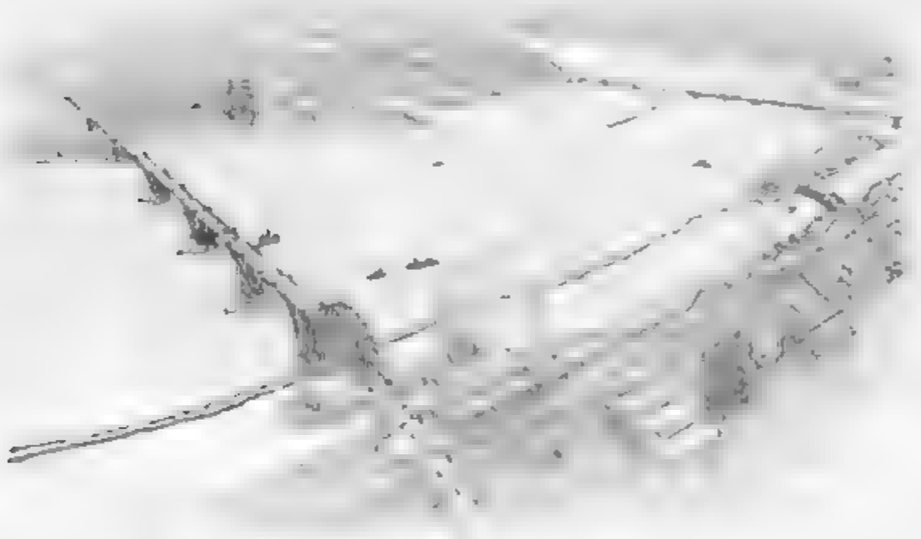
Sold only by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Shops and salesmen in every community. Easy payments. Liberal allowance for your present machine.

S. A. 1918 by The Singer Manufacturing Co. All Rights Reserved for All Countries

3½ *minutes*

to U.S.A.'s best customer

BUFFALO is the largest city nearest to three-fourths of Canada's industrial population. This population gives the United States the bulk of our Canadian trade. Purchases from the United States represent 66% of the Dominion's total imports. Of all the express business, to and from Canada, three-fourths is handled through Buffalo.



WITH your plant at Buffalo, you can have a branch factory in Canada only 3½ minutes away. Under preferential rates, such branches can export to foreign lands at savings of from 3% to 15%. Buffalo's advantages of inexpensive power, steady labor and extensive transportation facilities also apply to Canadian communities across the river.

Investigate Buffalo . . . Visit Buffalo

WITH all its other advantages, Buffalo has financial institutions of the first order. The Marine, organized in 1850, is closely linked up with the prosperity of Buffalo. More than *225 million dollars* of Marine resources are at the service of Buffalo's industries.

Ask the MARINE *more about* BUFFALO.

MARINE
TRUST COMPANY
OF
BUFFALO

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS OVER $27,000,000

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

"Why can't we save some money?"

The question of saving money is up again in the MacNulty family. Last night they were at the family accounts long after the children had turned off the radio.

Lucille does not get the roadster. Mrs. Mac loses out on the fur coat. The living-room will not be redecorated this year. And the new electric refrigerator is put back a season, too. Will they hold to this Spartan schedule? Heavens, NO! They even overlooked the fundamental point in the whole discussion—money is saved by shrewd buying and not by going without the things that make life interesting.

But Mrs. Read, across the way, has found that out. Mrs. Read studies the printed pieces that come in the mails. Before she sets out to buy, she is fully informed on the exact difference in the products that the salesgirl puts before her.

Mrs. Read knows how to cut grocery bills by adding variety to simple foods and left-overs. A booklet told her.

Mrs. Read re-dressed her living-room with an inexpensive wall paper, a lacquer brush, and a few yards of cretonne. A booklet offered by a wall paper advertisement described just how good decorators set about it.

Mrs. Read knows how to dye a georgette blouse to an even tone, how to wash a sweater to prevent shrinking, and a dozen other tricks of the wash-basin. A brochure packed with the package of soap flakes told her. Mrs. Read is on the mailing list of the cosmetic manufacturers, the home furnishing companies, the fabric people. Not all the literature they send her is worth careful reading. But most of it is; particularly the printed pieces that come to her on good paper. Mrs. Read has found that good printing makes her dollar go further.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books that you require may be obtained without cost through your printer. Write to him, asking that you be put on the regular mailing list for them. Or write direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Warren's Standard Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

Mrs. Read seems to have found the secret

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

(Continued from Page 194)

Here is the town of Quaretario, or something like that. Anyhow, it's the town where they killed Maximilian. He is the fellow that Napoleon III sent over to rule this country. He couldent come himself. I guess him picking somebody to send over here is kinder like your job, Mr. President, trying to pick somebody to go and run the Philipe. I thought we was going to give 'em up soon as they was ready for independence. How can you tell when anybody is ready for independence? Can't judge by us.

Here they are trying to sell Opals. The Opal mines are near here somewhere, so the Porter says. I get all my news from him. He is my Massachusetts Butler; he digs up all the news for me.

After I left home I got a wire from Mr. Robinson, President Calles' American son-in-law, asking me to join the President's special train that is coming back up this way on a tour. I told him I sure would join him. So I guess I won't any more than get into Mexico City tonight than I will have to go right out. Morrow is going with him too. So I will see that Morrow looks after our interests on the trip.

We are climbing now, because Mexico City is away up on a kind of a high Plateau. I always thought the place must be hot. But they say it is cool the year round. It's getting late in the evening, and we see the women or little boys driving the cattle or goats home at night. They pen them in corrals near the houses. There is a little bit of boy with his dog driving in some big old oxen. What a cow-puncher he will be if they ever give him a horse! Here is a very pretty woman riding a burro and sitting sidewise.

We are passing over a bridge with a stream and some women are bathing. Oh, you Russia! But these are very modest about it.

Here is another Station. Oh, what beautiful drawn work the women are selling! They do make beautiful things down here. It's getting dark. We can't see anything else till we get into the city. I am awful anxious to see this Presidential train. You know, I never saw one in my life. I read a lot about yours when you was going to the Black Hills to pacify the farmer last summer, but I dident get to see it. I remember about you taking Rebecca the pet Coon out there. I just got to thinking, mebbe that's what I will be on this trip.

Yours for information you can't get through a Diplomat, WILL.

P. S. Don't worry about me down here. I have already announced publically to the World that I am not a Candidate for a thing. Don't let the boys take everything that Mellon has saved.

That is a well-built house!

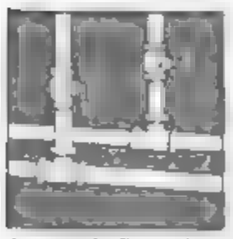
It is rust-proof throughout. Anaconda Metals will save the owners $62 yearly in upkeep.

Bronze Weatherstrips give permanent protection and save fuel.

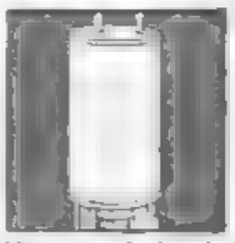
Well-built houses nowadays have water pipes of rust-proof Anaconda Brass. That means . . a free flow of pure, clean water, always, at the turn of a tap. No costly leaks to soak through ceilings, to damage furniture, to upset the house.

Solid Brass or Bronze Hardware retains its beauty indefinitely.

Spring brings no worries and no repair bills if your leaders, gutters and flashings are of Anaconda Copper. They will last indefinitely. No mysterious leaks—no rotted wood—no unsightly streaks of rust.



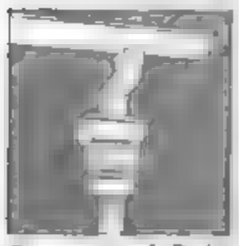
Anaconda Brass Pipe will not clog nor rust through and leak.



Hot water is highly corrosive. A copper boiler *cannot* rust

Screens of rust-proof Anaconda Bronze will not sag, bulge or develop fly-inviting holes. Up in the Spring—down in the Fall—they serve faithfully for years.

Thousands are building these Anaconda lifetime economies into new homes and demanding them when they buy. Thousands more are replacing rusted metals with imperishable Anaconda metals. The first cost is the only cost with Anaconda.



Gutters and Rain Pipes of Anaconda Copper need no attention—ever

Send for free booklet on the advantages of rust-proofing with Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze, the metals that *cannot* rust.

Bronze Screen Cloth—rust-proof and *strong*—lasts indefinitely

ANACONDA COPPER
BRASS ANACONDA BRONZE

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY S-72
General Offices, Waterbury, Connecticut
Please send me a copy of booklet "Rust-proofed".
Name
Address
City *State*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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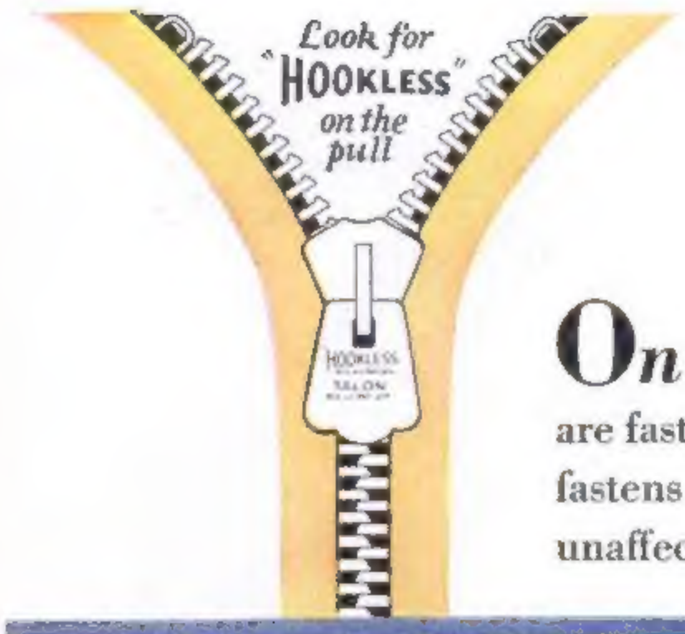
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



On and Off in an Instant! Slip into them . . an easy pull and the garments are fastened in a second. Completely fastened—without gaps. Another easy pull as quickly unfastens them. No buttons, no hooks, no buckles to detain or annoy you. . . Free from faults—unaffected by laundering—stranger to rust—the original Talon Fastener always works.

The Talon—the original slide-fastener . . . The Talon Fastener is the same dependable slide-fastener you've always known. It's popular on sweaters, overalls and work shirts. Smart luggage comes equipped with it—golf bags, spats and wallets. You've also seen or used the Talon Fastener on Goodrich Zipper Boots and Locktite tobacco pouches. It is rapidly replacing buttons, hooks and eyes; snaps and laces; straps and buckles on countless items of apparel and equipment. You can identify the Talon, the original slide-fastener, by the word "Hookless" or "Talon" stamped on the pull.

Sweater and tobacco pouch, gloves and hi-cut boots, showing application of the Talon Fastener

Write us, the original manufacturers, for names of companies making articles fitted with the Talon Fastener

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

CHICAGO: 14 E. Jackson Blvd. NEW YORK CITY: 393 Seventh Avenue

THE TALON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FASTENER

Our over-refined diet deprives our gums of the exercise and stimulation they need so much

Modern food...*so soft, so rich*... threatens the health of our teeth and gums

COOKING, once a plain and homely art, has changed. It has lost its old simplicity. Chefs have set the style, and our wives and hostesses have followed it. An abundance of delicious things to eat, daintily prepared and appetizingly served—these, modern taste demands, and gets.

But these soft foods of today—these tender cuts of meat, these creamed vegetables, entrées, and fluffy puddings—they have no power to give to our gums the stimulation that should keep them constantly nourished by a brisk flow of fresh blood within their walls. Gums become tender—they bleed. All too often "pink tooth brush" gives its warning that more serious, more stubborn troubles may be close at hand.

Fortunately the dental profession offers a simple remedy for this difficulty. They recommend massage—a gentle frictionizing of the gum surfaces with the brush while brushing the teeth, or with the fingertips after each twice-daily brushing.

How Ipana aids massage in restoring the gums to health

And thousands of dentists order their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for both the massage and the regular brushing. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic well known to the profession for its value in toning gums and in strengthening weak, undernourished tissue.

Ipana's power to promote gum health is one of the important reasons for the hearty professional support it has enjoyed from the day of its introduction. In fact, the recommendations of dentists are chiefly responsible for the nation-wide success Ipana has made.

The first time you use Ipana you will like its clean taste, its delicious flavor, and you will quickly see how much whiter and brighter it makes your teeth. The ten-day sample the coupon brings will prove these things.

The full-size tube makes the better test of Ipana Tooth Paste

But a fairer way to test Ipana is to get a regular tube at the drug store and use it faithfully, twice a day, for one full month. Then examine your gums. See how much healthier in color, how much firmer to the touch they have become. Then you may know that they are more resistant to disease and infection than ever before—and that you have found the tooth paste you want to use for life!

IPANA Tooth Paste

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P-38, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

Let the gift be worthy of the "best girl" you ever had

Mother's Day, Sunday, May 13th

This is the world-famous Sampler specially wrapped for Mother's Day giving.

Whitman's

Sampler

The Sampler is expressive of the qualities that most appeal to mothers. Inner character and goodness. Outward charm and refinement. A gentle whisper from bygone days in the quaintness of its "dress". Yet thoroughly modern in the variety of its sweets and the skill with which they are made.

Yes, *genuine* things are most acceptable to Mother. And she will recognize in the Sampler your desire to express a real affection.

Many will prefer to give the Sampler in its special Mother's Day wrap, with Lincoln's famous tribute, or other appropriate sentiments, cross-stitched in the design. The Whitman Agency near you — probably the leading drug store — will attend to all details of mailing or delivery for you.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
New York Chicago San Francisco © S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

Her Pretty Teeth *a social asset*

Read how Miss Marjorie Sidney has kept her teeth sound and lovely for 14 years, with the daily use of this one cleansing dental cream

A smile that men admire! That's the kind Miss Sidney has, and it's won her a host of loyal friends

NO wonder men pay tribute to a smile like this. Brilliant . . . flashing . . . glorified by lovely teeth since childhood days.

For 14 years Miss Marjorie Sidney has used but *one* dental cream . . . and today her teeth are more beautiful than ever.

Miss Sidney when she started using Colgate's

They flash a clear message to you and everyone else anxious to keep teeth healthy and attractive for years to come.

She gives much of the credit to Colgate's. "A daily cleansing with this famous dental cream . . . and a trip to the dentist every six months"—that's her secret.

Not an unusual record

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file.

Many of these letters are from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade.

We could fill the pages of this publication with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results.

The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself.

They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years.

Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

Made specifically to clean teeth

You see, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream stands apart from most dentifrices. It is expressly and scientifically made to get teeth *clean*.

With Colgate's, cleaning is not a side issue, or an added feature . . . it is the *main thing*.

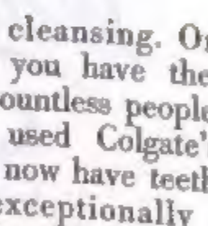
Naturally, no dentifrice that you have ever used will *clean* your teeth more thoroughly. And, mark you, this supremely efficient cleansing is the basis of beautiful and long-lived teeth.

On the one hand you have Colgate's, the chief feature of which is thorough cleansing. On the other you have the fact that countless people who have used Colgate's for years now have teeth that are exceptionally fine, sound and healthy.

So don't you agree that here is the best dental cream you can employ?

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experience of thousands of people like yourself?

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice *you* were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?



CLEAN

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream—designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can properly do.

At your druggist's

So, for lovely teeth . . . for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be . . . ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, let us send you a sample to try.

Just jot your name and address on the coupon at the left and we will gladly mail you a trial tube of Colgate's to test in your own home.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 200-E, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____